

SCREENLAND



February

15¢



**Paulette
Goddard**

*George Sanders
Answers The Woman Question! ★ This is what I Believe
by Humphrey Bogart*

Blue Swan

LOVELY LINGERIE

UNDIES • SLIPS
GOWNS



Unrestrained freedom
with brilliant touches
of tailored virtuosity
are yours . . . in lingerie
fashions styled by
Blue Swan.

BLUE SWAN MILLS

A DIVISION OF THE MCKAY PRODUCTS CORP.

EMPIRE STATE BLDG. • NEW YORK



"HUNGRY, HONEY?"

GIRL: No, I'm not *hungry*. Just *looking*.

CUPID: *Just looking*, she says! "Lovelorn Maiden Gazes Yearningly at Valentine, and says she's—"

GIRL: Smart-aleck! Know-it-all! Instead of poking fun at me, you might try to *help*!

CUPID: *Me help you?* Why don't you stop moping long enough to help yourself? *Smile* at men. *Gleam* at 'em, give 'em the old glitter. They'll eat it up!

GIRL: And then have stomach-ache! You should see my smile, Cupid. Looks as though it got dragged along a country road. I clean my teeth faithfully, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, eh? And "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, now that I think of it—

CUPID: *Now* that you think of it! You beanhead! "Pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let *him* figure out what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then, as I'm walking out, he'll hand me a box containing one bright smile—

CUPID: Nitwit, bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana not only cleans teeth—it's designed, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, start right in ... and Baby, you'll be on the way to a smile that'll have men eating their hearts out for you!



For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This is the year of "The Yearling" and this month we're going to let a number of America's famous authors tell you about M-G-M's finest picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

All these writers saw the preview of "The Yearling" and it's a privilege to have them as our guest columnists.



THORNTON DELEHANTY of "Redbook Magazine": "Heart-warming story, and superb acting and production. 'The Yearling' is an enthralling film, a masterpiece."

★ ★ ★ ★

LOUELLA PARSONS, Hollywood's famed columnist: "A tender, true and really lovely picture—one you will thank M-G-M for making... I laughed at it and wept at it and loved every minute of it and I think you will too. Claude Jarman, Jr., as 'Jody' is great!"

★ ★

URSULA PARROTT: "An enchanting background of woodland and wilderness, photographed in Technicolor so subtly perfect it deepens and intensifies every mood of the story."



★ ★ ★ ★

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN: "The outstanding feature of 'The Yearling' is (to my way of thinking) the superlative performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter. She plays an exacting and difficult role with superb restraint and dynamic power."

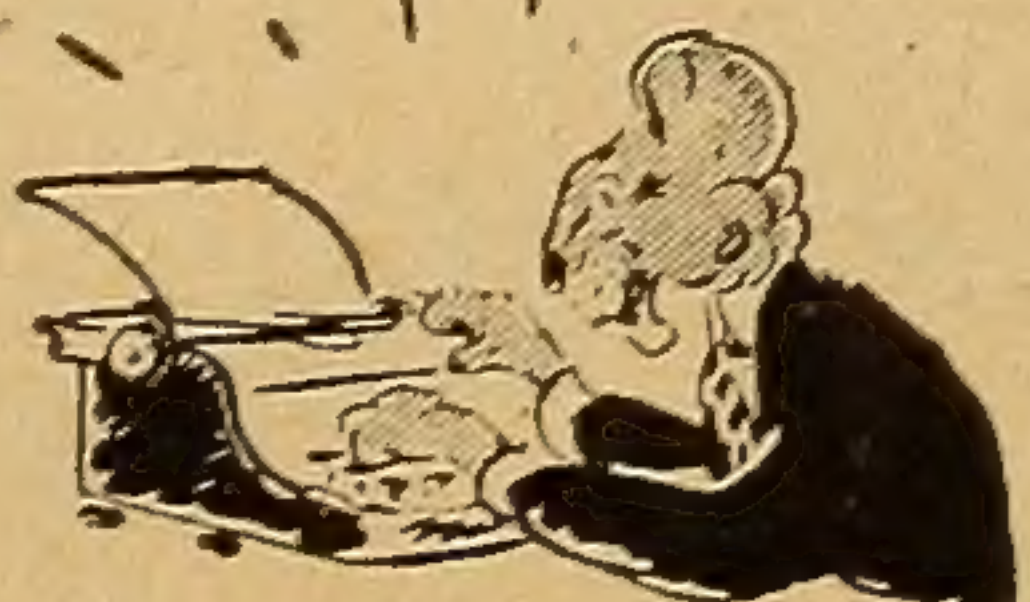
★ ★



BENNETT CERF, author and columnist: "If there is any justice in Hollywood, 'The Yearling' should waltz off with just about all the Oscars in sight."

And that's why: This is the year of "The Yearling"!

—Leo



"The Yearling", starring Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, is a Clarence Brown production. The cast also includes Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker. Screen play by Paul Osborn, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor.

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher
DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Representative

ANTHONY FERRARA
Art Director

HELEN FOSHER
Assistant Editor

JACK ALBIN
Staff Photographer



On Our Cover: Portrait of **PAULETTE GODDARD**, starring next in Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring." Kodachrome by **A. L. Whitey Schafer**.

★ ★ ★

First Run Features

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	27
An Open Letter to the Clark Gable and Lana Turner of Tomorrow		
George Sanders Answers the Woman Question.....	Gladys Hall	29
A devastatingly frank interview on the subject of women		
She's the Boss!.....	Jack Holland	30
That's what Dick Powell says, but June Allyson argues that ...		
He's the Boss!.....		31
Nebraska Yankee.....	Gertrude Shanklin	33
Henry Fonda's a typical New England Yankee—from Nebraska		
Meet the Mad McCreas.....	Lupton A. Wilkinson	34
Home to Joel and Frances is a little white cottage on 2300 busy acres		
This Is What I Believe.....	Humphrey Bogart	36
Humphrey Bogart undresses his mind for fans' benefit		
Taboos of Hollywood. By Joan Leslie....	As told to Marie Kirkwood	40
It's worth your career to buck any of them		
How Una Merkel Won Her Victory.....	Constance Palmer	42
Comedienne comes back after a bout with doubt and despair		
The Montgomery Method.....	Fredda Dudley	44
Robert Montgomery, actor turned director, introduces new technique		
Portrait of a Perennial Bachelor.....	Alyce Canfield	46
That's the status of Jimmy Stewart, as we go to press		
Tough Luck Lew Ayres.....	S. R. Mook	50
Most misunderstood man in Hollywood sympathetically appraised		
Can You Say "Gay-Zah?".....	Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson	52
Then you're calling Charles Korvin by his right name		

PLUS: Exclusive Color Camera Shots

George Sanders and Angela Lansbury, in "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami".....	28
Ginger Rogers, in "The Magnificent Doll".....	32
Judy Garland and Van Johnson, starring in "Till the Clouds Roll By".....	38
Hemingway Hero: Gregory Peck, in "The Macomber Affair".....	41
Merle Oberon, next in "Temptation".....	43

PLUS: The Hollywood Scene Current and to Come

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Your Guide to Current Films.....	8
Fans' Forum.....	12
Celebrity Party.....	24
Annie Sheridan—at Home and at Work.....	54
Photo Previews.....	58
Butch's Buddy. Pete Lawford and Butch Jenkins.....	60
Here's Hollywood.....	62
SCREENLAND Salutes "Humoresque".....	66
Rory Calhoun Rests Up.....	67

PLUS: For Femmes Only

How Beautiful Are Your Eyes?.....	Josephine Felts	16
Guide to Glamor.....		23
In Style with the Stars.....	Lilian Lewis	48
SCREENLAND Hollywood Fashions: Claudette Colbert's Fashion Favorites, designed by Irene.....		56

★

FEBRUARY, 1947

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE
NUMBER FOUR

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

FLOYD B. ODLUM,
President

PAUL HUNTER,
Executive Vice-President

HOMER ROCKWELL,
Vice-President

THOMAS W. KAVANAUGH,
Secretary and Treasurer

A. J. Cutler, Circulation Manager

SCREENLAND. Published monthly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., at 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. Advertising Offices, 37 West 57th St., New York; 400 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 649 S. Olive St., Los Angeles 14, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$2.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.50 in Canada; foreign \$3.00. When entering a new subscription please allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing your subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1947 by Liberty Magazine, Inc.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

*You'll share the intimate secrets of an
amazing love affair!*

M-G-M PRESENTS

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT · WALTER PIDGEON
JUNE ALLYSON**

"The Secret Heart"

She had
no right
to love
him...
but she
did!

She had
the right
to love him...
but
hesitated!



A **ROBERT Z. LEONARD** PRODUCTION

with **LIONEL** **ROBERT** **MARSHALL**
BARRYMORE · STERLING · THOMPSON

Screen Play by **WHITFIELD COOK** and **ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN**

Based Upon an Original Story and Adaptation by **ROSE FRANKEN** and **WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY**

Directed by **ROBERT Z. LEONARD** Produced by **EDWIN H. KNOPF** • AN M-G-M PICTURE

INTIMATE FACTS you should know about THIS HIGHER TYPE

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient



Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours. Easy To Carry If Away From Home!

Too many wives still live in much ignorance about this higher type intimate feminine cleanliness. If only they'd learn about Zonitors—one of the most effective methods ever discovered and so widely used among highly intelligent and exacting women.

Zonitors are so much easier, daintier and more convenient—so POWERFUL yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissues.

Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smarting

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours—assuring you *hours of continuous* medication. Yet they are SAFE to the most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

Leave No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor. Help guard against infection. They *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors *immediately* kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.



FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZSS-27, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

HOT from HOLLYWOOD



How'd you like Rita Hayworth's new blonde, shingled hairdo? You'll see her wearing it on the screen in "The Lady from Shanghai," Columbia picture directed by her husband, Orson Welles, with her here on the road to Acapulco where they filmed exterior scenes. But first, you'll recognize the familiar red-headed Hayworth complete with glamor bob in current release, "Down to Earth."

BOB HUTTON, now married to Cleatus Caldwell and living way out in San Fernando Valley, is so happy he's superstitious about mentioning it. Believe it or not, Bob, who used to haunt the night clubs with Lana Turner, now has to be coaxed to come in to a Hollywood party. He and Cleatus are so in love with their little home, they're trying to buy it.

WHEN Nora Eddington Flynn's second child is born next February, Errol will still be somewhere around Tahiti. Upon his return, Errol reports to MGM to fulfill Warner Brothers' obligation for the loan of Bill Powell in "Life with Father." They're looking for a vehicle to co-star Errol with Greer Garson. What a team they'll make!

Ann Sheridan, below, still has eyes for Steve Hannagan; Michael O'Shea and Virginia Mayo lunch at Brown Derby, right, below; Yvonne De Carlo dresses in gingham for costume party, right, with Robert Stack.

IN ORDER to complete her rôle in "Chicken Every Sunday" in "time," Jeanne Crain is the busiest chick on the 20th lot. Jeanne expects the stork this spring. At least her search for a cradle is ended. Betty Grable, hearing about it and knowing how hard they are to find, sent word to Jeanne that she may use the one Betty and Harry James originally purchased for their own little glamor girl.



He's a hit with the misses...
They go for his kisses...

He's the Woman's Home Companion!

Eddie's a howl as the oil well millionaire
who becomes first prize on a radio
show... and the boy friend of 5,000,000
husband-hunting females!

"Ladies' Man"

Wait till you SEE Spike Jones play
"Cocktails For Two" and "Holiday
For Strings" in the year's first
romantic-musical fun riot!

starring

Eddie BRACKEN • Cass DALEY • Virginia WELLES • Spike JONES

with Johnny COY Virginia FIELD

Produced by Daniel DARE • Directed by William D. RUSSELL

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Jack Rose and Lewis Meltzer • A Paramount Picture

SCREENLAND

"How to Relieve PERIODIC PAIN?"

I'll answer that..."



Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water. That's all!

Then you can forget that old-fashioned idea that functional periodic pain means suffering, for you will be doing what millions of girls and women do, to get relief from periodic pain, headache, backache and that "let-down" feeling.

You see, Midol's formula is so compounded that it doesn't interfere with the normal menstrual process, yet it helps give quick relief from pain and discomfort in 3 ways: 1—Midol contains an exclusive ingredient that relaxes tense muscles—*soothes cramps fast*. 2—A second ingredient *relieves menstrual headache quickly*. 3—Still another ingredient acts to dispel "blues", *picks you up!*

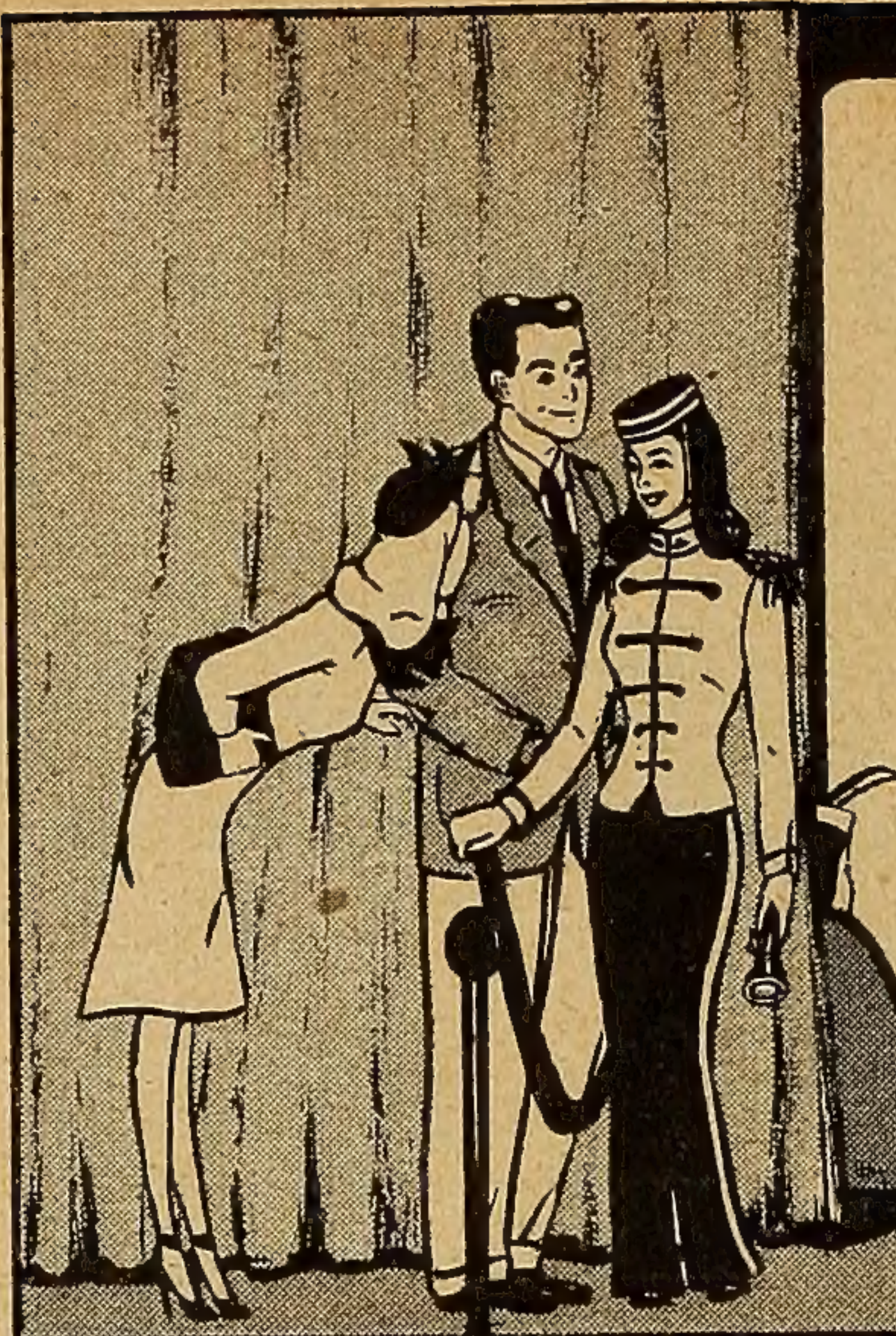
So take a Midol tablet with a glass of water at the first sign of menstrual pain, and learn how easy you can go through your period. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—in plain envelope.

Write Dept. H-27, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES



Goldwyn-RKO



HUMORESQUE



Warners



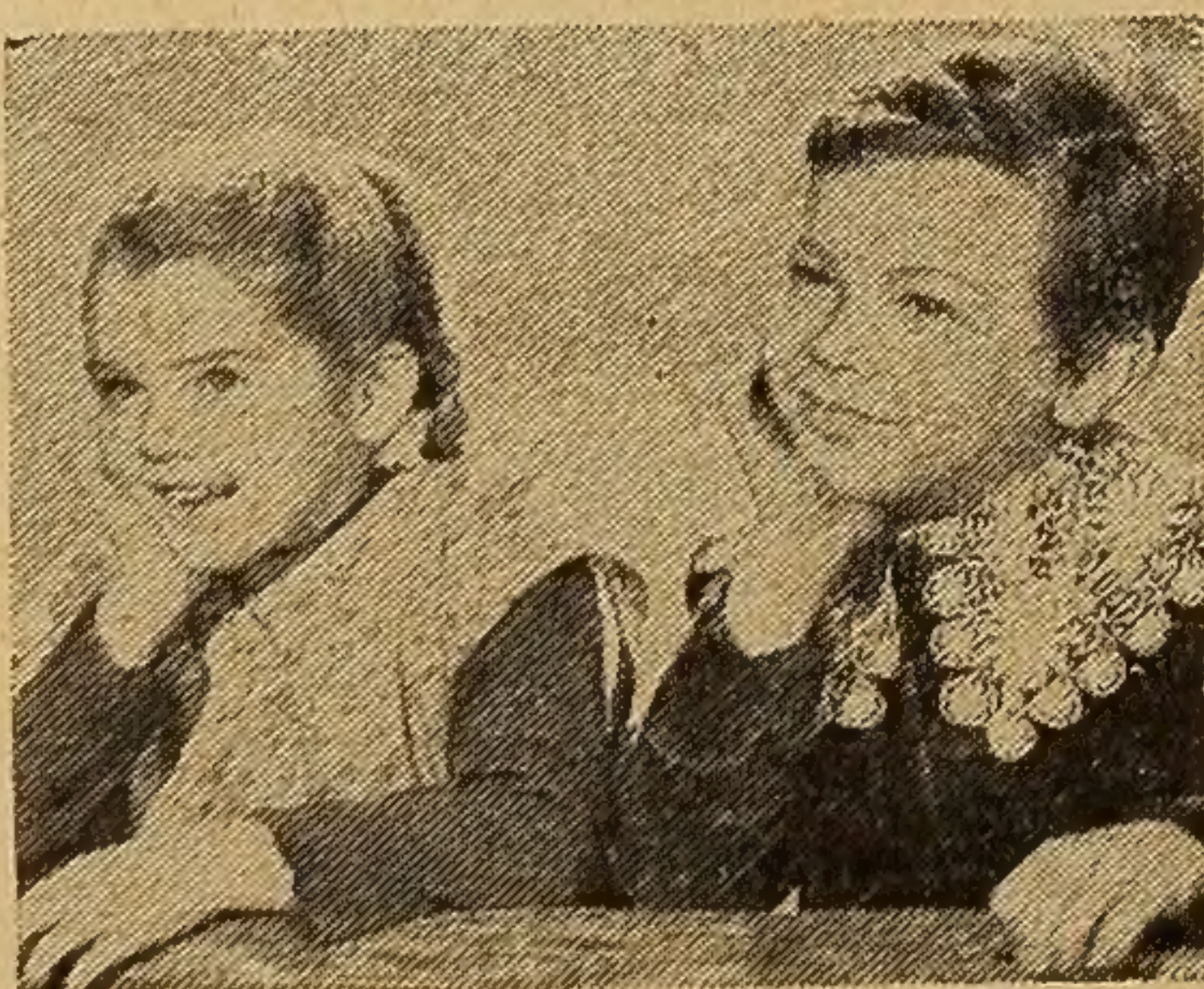
THE RAZOR'S EDGE



20th Century-Fox



SONG OF THE SOUTH



Walt Disney-RKO

A great picture? We say yes, even though the story deals with the every-day events which might have happened to you when your serviceman came home—perhaps like the sergeant and former bank official which Fredric March plays, or an air force hero and ex-soda-jerk like Dana Andrews, or perhaps like Harold Russell, the sailor whose man-made hands cause a momentary shock to his family and friends. Is there a reason for their restlessness that first night when they convened at *Butch's* place to rally deflated spirits? Yes, here are the answers to many questions. Aiding their reconversion to civilian life, in splendid performances, are Myrna Loy, the sergeant's wife, his daughter, Teresa Wright. It's MacKinlay Kantor's story, and William Wyler's direction of it deftly mixes laughter and tears.

A brooding sadness sets the pace in the opening scene as John Garfield, a famous violinist, haunted by the tragic ending of his ill-fated romance with his beautiful patroness, Joan Crawford, suddenly interrupts his concert. But the scripters, Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold, who adapted this version of Fannie Hurst's story, hasten to alleviate the mood in the flashback to the virtuoso's childhood days in the family's home over a grocery store, his struggle to master the music he loves so much, and his compelling love for the brittle and disillusioned patroness, a rôle Joan Crawford plays to perfection. It's the stars' picture, but the fine support given by pianist Oscar Levant in a particularly satirical and witty performance, J. Carrol Naish, Ruth Nelson and Joan Chandler puts this film in the top-drawer class.

Few pictures have ever achieved the impact of this one! Daring to be different, Darryl Zanuck has presented an amazing adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's book—amazing because it never compromises with the true purpose: to explain the process and method of a sincere young man seeking spiritual attainment. Edmund Goulding directs so discerningly that *Larry Darrell's* search becomes exciting drama. As *Larry*, Tyrone Power is superb, his striking good looks subordinated to an inspired characterization. Gene Tierney is fine as the girl whose beauty is not enough to make the hero forsake his spiritual quest. Anne Baxter is a revelation as *Sophie*. Clifton Webb perfectly realizes his assignment as the cynical snob, *Templeton*. His death scene is memorable acting indeed.

Too many of us, perhaps, have forgotten those character-molding events of our childhood—those tragic adolescent mishaps, our ecstatic pleasures over the simplest things. But Walt Disney didn't forget, and we have him to thank for this picture, based on Joel Chandler Harris' *Uncle Remus* tales. It's unparalleled in Technicolor beauty, in homespun philosophy anyone can use to excellent advantage, and in the pleasurable account of two very personable youngsters, Bobbie Driscoll and Luana Patten—not to mention the cartoon characters of Brer Rabbit and all of his fellow critters. James Baskett, as *Uncle Remus*, might well have been the original, he is that faithful to the rôle. Rounding out the live talent cast, Ruth Warrick, Lucille Watson, and Hattie McDaniel score in fine performances.

"There
ought
to be
a law

**AGAINST
KNOWING
THE THINGS
I FOUND OUT
ABOUT
MEN!"**

**THE MORE
YOU KNOW
ABOUT LOVE..
THE MORE
YOU'LL LOVE
THIS PICTURE!**

**IDA LUPINO · ROBERT ALDA
ANDREA KING · BRUCE BENNETT
"The Man I Love"**

WARNER HIT

*Hear and hum! 'The Man I Love'
'Just My Bill' 'Why Was I Born' 'Lisa'
'Body and Soul' 'If I Could Be With You'*

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH** SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTATION BY JO PAGANO
AND CATHERINE TURNEY • FROM A NOVEL BY MARITTA WOLFF
Produced by **ARNOLD ALBERT**

HERE'S A HEAVENLY REVELATION IN 7 DAYS



MAKE
THIS
EASY
7 DAY
TEST

★LONGER HAIR
DRESSES BETTER
IN LATEST STYLES

DO YOU WANT...

LONGER HAIR?

★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY
SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR ★ ★ ★ ★

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

● Hair May Get Longer

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal beauty,

● BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS!

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

● Send No Money!

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this Fully Guaranteed Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.

JUEL COMPANY, 4727 N. Damen, Chicago 25, Illinois

Mail This INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. A-602,
4727 North Damen, Chicago 25, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00.

☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

JUELENE Comes in 2 Forms

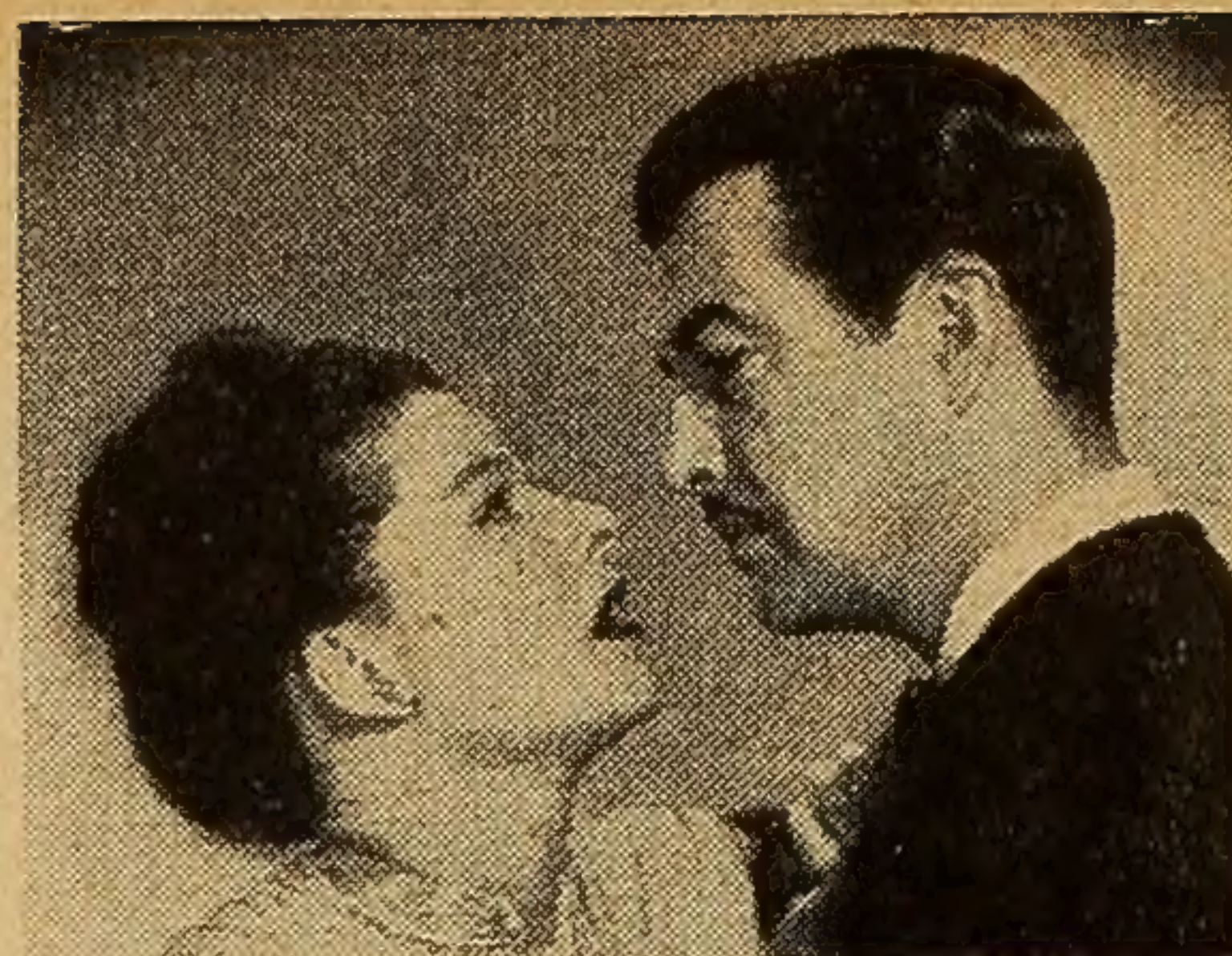
☐ POMADE ☐ LIQUID

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

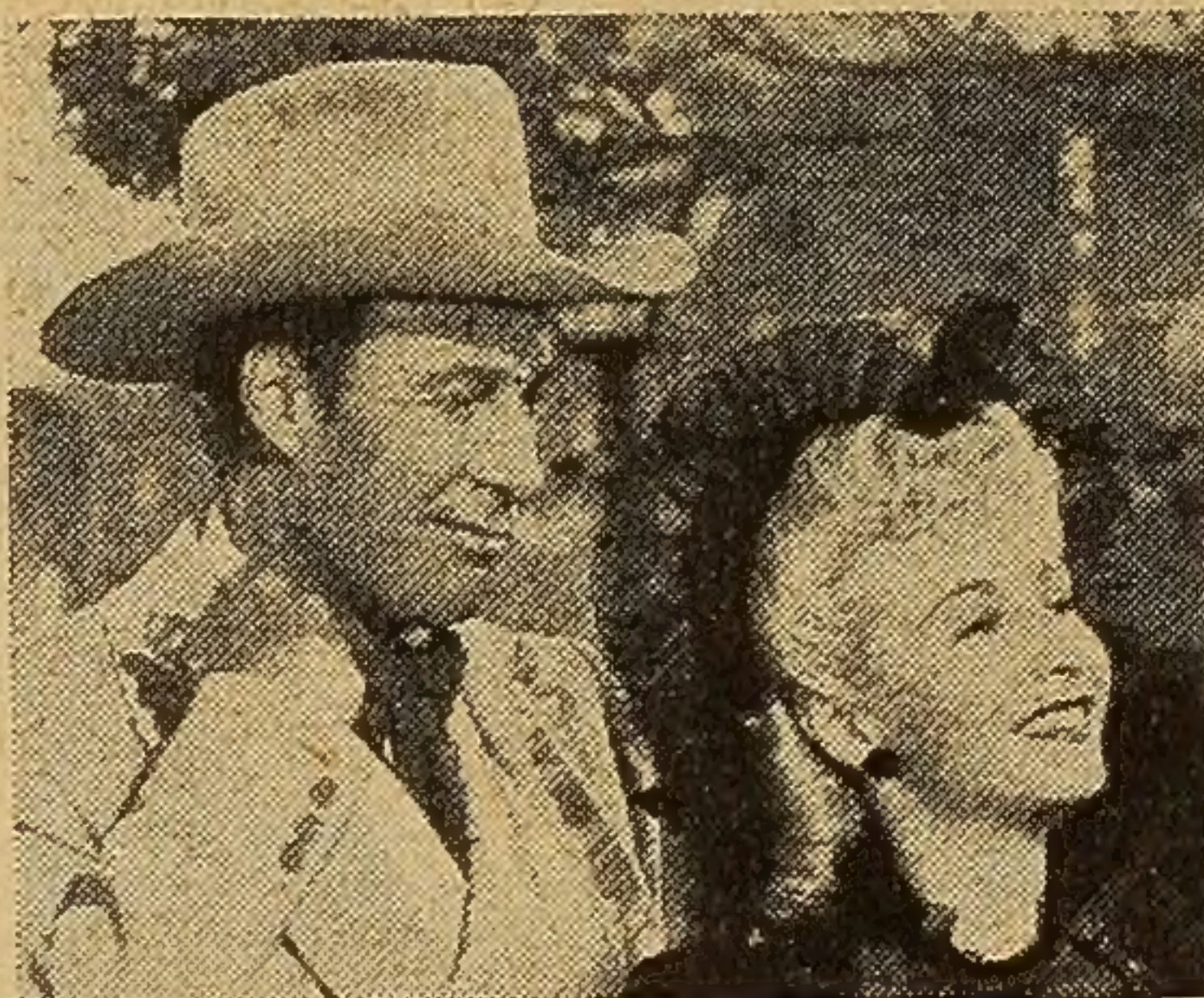
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Our Customers Participate in Gifts



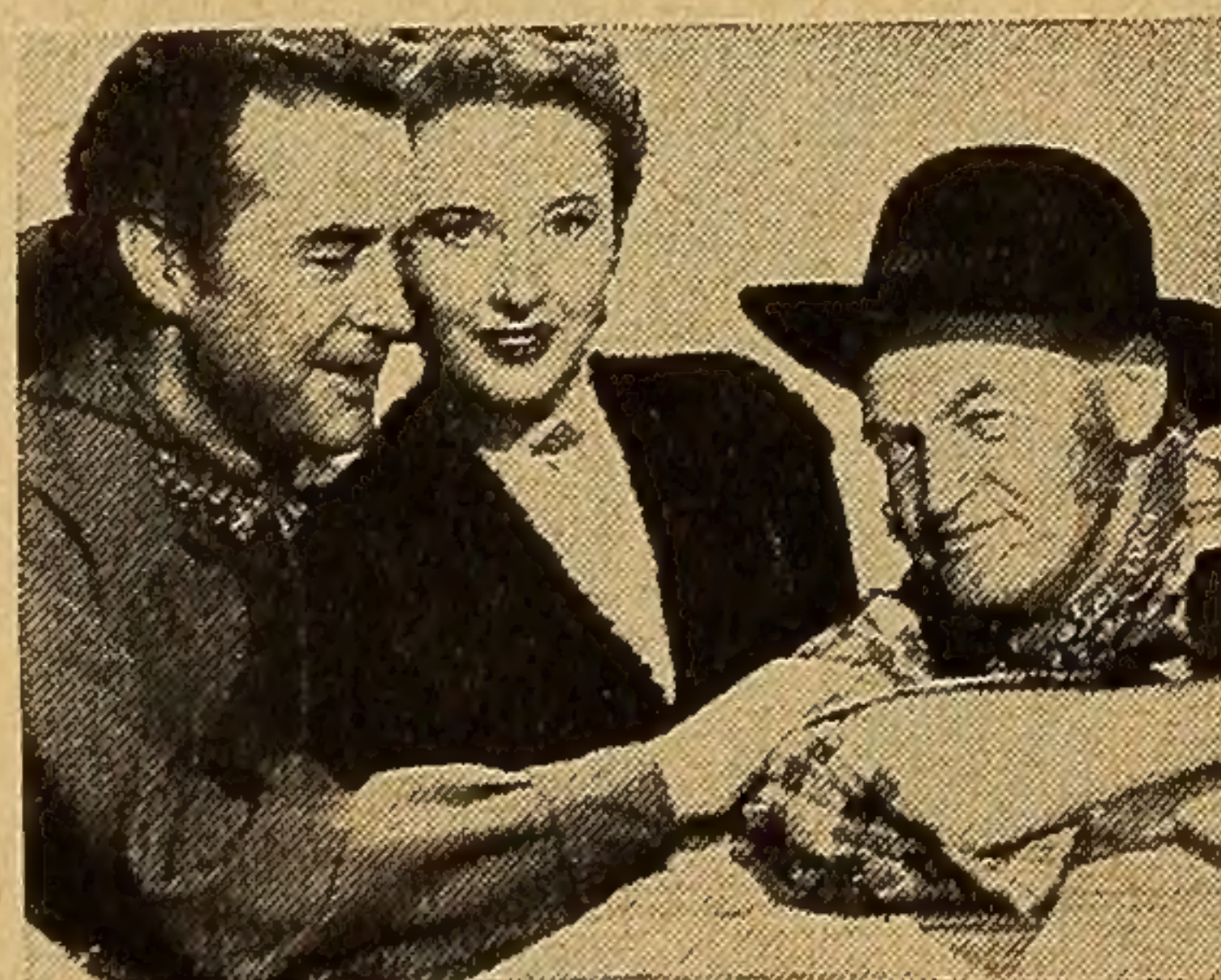
UNDERCURRENT—MGM

Robert Taylor comes back in this film, co-starring Katharine Hepburn, and sets a brand new standard for himself—one which will have his faithful fans singing his praises. Never again will they be satisfied with those sweetly romantic rôles he used to play before his service in the Navy. His forte for drama and suspense matches Katharine Hepburn's well-proved talent, and his delineation of the war industrialist whose past history forms a mysterious undercurrent which threatens to wreck his marriage will have you gnawing your nails with anxiety. His wife, a scientist's daughter more at home in the laboratory than in the drawing room, is another superb rôle for Katharine Hepburn. There's another treat—Robert Mitchum—and a spine-tingling climax.



PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY—Republic

The Pony Express has always provided first rate action for horse operas, and it doesn't fail its duty for this one, with William Elliott and Vera Ralston in the co-starring rôles. Scripters also have cooked up a fine political intrigue to hound the horses' hoofbeats across some spectacular scenery of the wild west, which lets the audience in for a variety of settings ranging from Washington ballrooms to the usual rip-roaring saloons. With exciting skirmishes with fake Indians hired by the smooth villain, Joseph Schildkraut, his femme counterpart, Gail Patrick, who frees herself to marry him by literally shocking her wealthy banker-husband to death, and you have all the ingredients for a top action thriller.



CALIFORNIA—Paramount

Adventure runs riot in this Technicolorful scenic film based on early California history when her admittance to the Union was threatened by 1848 "gangsters." There's never a dull moment with Ray Milland (super in his first Western rôle) as the covered-wagon guide, and the leader behind the people's choice for delegate to the Convention at Monterey, and Barbara Stanwyck, the beautiful gambler who becomes the first lady through her association with the power-mad "dictator" of Pharaoh City. That's a fine set-up for a lot of excitement, but in addition you'll enjoy Barry Fitzgerald as one of those characters he does so well, a philosophical old farmer with heart of gold.



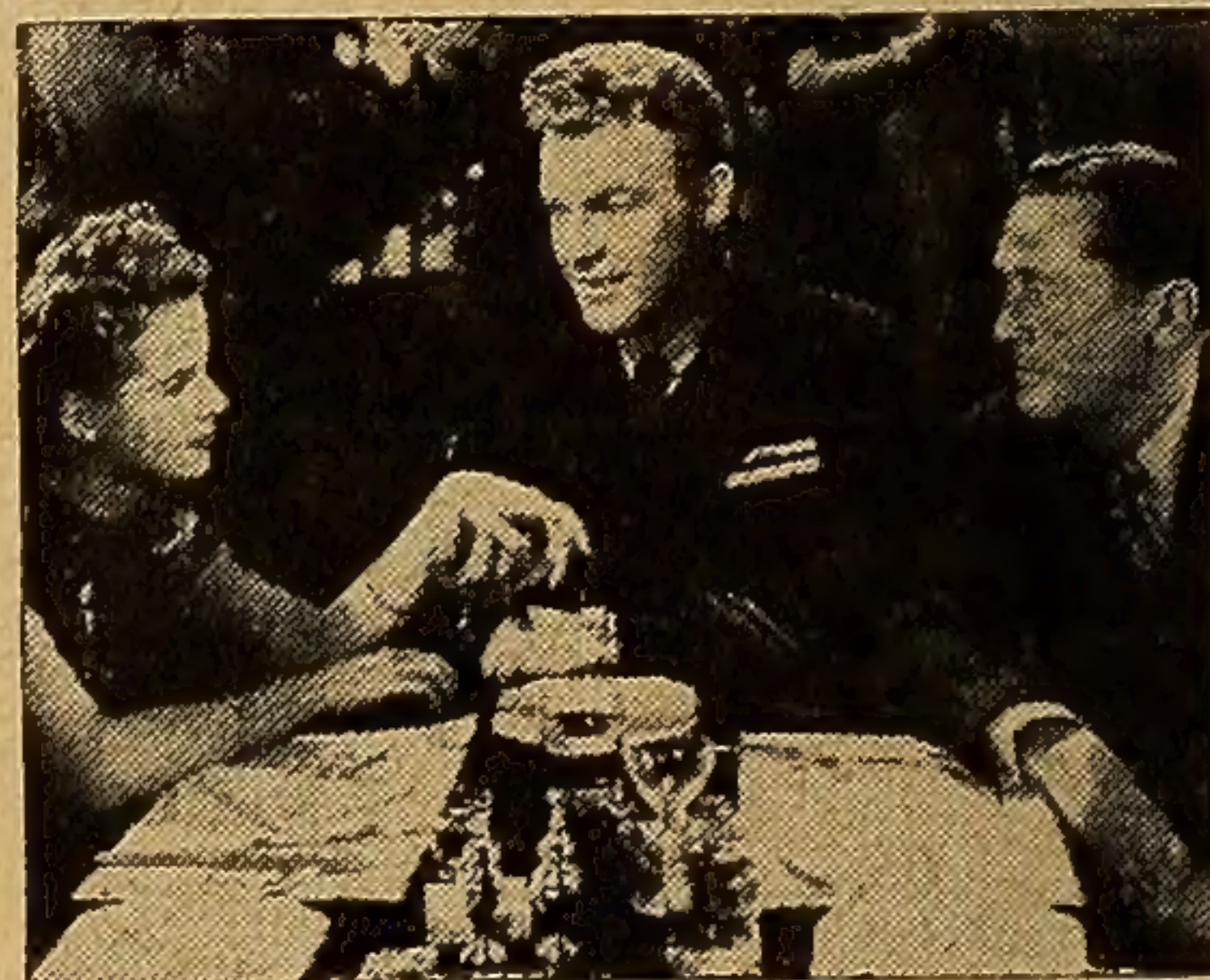
THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—Wallis-Paramount

A pleasing welcome-back picture for David Niven, six years with the British Army, is this sophisticated comedy of blitzed wedded bliss. He was having a happy time with his screen wife, Loretta Young, on their tenth wedding anniversary, until ennui set in and they both fell victims to their meddlesome, gossip-mongering friends. So just see what happens! Daughter *Cookie* (Nona Griffith) learns the astonishing behavior of other children of divorce. That result, added to the fact that Loretta's intended second husband (Eddie Albert), a rugged individual who proposes living somewhere in the wilds of South America but doesn't know how to cure the recurring crick in her back, is enough to bring about a hasty reconciliation and make theirs a perfect marriage.



NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Rank-Universal

The portrait of a thorough-going scoundrel, who knows he's one, is a rôle which Rex Harrison plays magnificently. If we didn't know he is really a very nice guy—his performance, and the script by Sidney Gilliat and Frank Lauder are that convincing! Of course, it's necessarily episodic, but fine direction by Gilliat welds the engrossing incidents neatly together. It starts with the rake's expulsion from Oxford, takes him to South America on a coffee plantation job, back to the continent as a contestant in hazardous auto races, to England with a refugee wife (Lilli Palmer, his real-life wife) where he falls in love with his father's secretary (Margaret Johnston). It's a frank history, with an heroic, satisfactory end.



THAT BRENNAN GIRL—Republic

Adela Rogers St. Johns' story about mothers, contrasting those who really deserve the title with those who should be in some kind of institution for wayward parents, makes engrossing film fare, with Mona Freeman and James Dunn giving telling performances in the co-starring rôles. Mona's mother is so selfishly vain about her own appearance that she poses as her sister, while James Dunn's is the typical Irish provider of corned beef and cabbage, who knows all and says nothing about her son's racketeering trade. Mona gets her first good break when she marries William Marshall, a naval officer who returns to war. There's a happy ending and a pointed moral to parents.

*"What does a girl
have to do
...turn inside out
...to make you see?"*



HUMPHREY
BOGART
LIZABETH
SCOTT

in JOHN CROMWELL'S

Dead Reckoning

A
COLUMBIA
PICTURE

WITH
Morris CARNOVSKY • Charles CANE • William PRINCE • Marvin MILLER • Wallace FORD

Screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett, Steve Fisher
Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Produced by SIDNEY BIDELELL



CARY
GRANT



JEANNE
CRAIN



CORNEL
WILDE

GINGER
ROGERS



*Fans'
Forum*



Boos and Coos

Are you in a fret because your favorite star is not getting the credit he or she deserves? Well, you can at least do your part in rectifying the oversight by writing about it to Fans' Forum. Or do you want to call your fellow Forumeers' attention to a particularly grand film which shouldn't be missed, and just what you liked about it? Producers, stars, writers and directors are all interested in these subjects and any other topic concerning the making of movies. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and ten \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WONDER CITY

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

While in the service, I was for several weeks stationed on a Navy Base within easy distance of Hollywood. Having always been a "movie fan," I was naturally quite interested in seeing as much of that city as possible in the short time afforded me. So, practically all my liberties were spent there.

I don't quite know just what my imagination had led me to expect from that city. Some sort of wonder town, maybe, a metropolis of fantasy in an earthly setting in the hills near Los Angeles, its streets of gold and pearl scintillating in the California sunshine, trod by fabulous inhabitants to be gazed upon with awe and reverence by the likes of me. Not that I didn't enjoy the time I spent there; loved it after recovering from that first dampening of my expectations. I found it a very pleasant city, with broad, beautiful boulevards and streets, a scenic location and an interesting skyline—the home of thousands of plain, middle-

class, working people. I don't know why I had just never associated Hollywood as even being remotely connected with any such class of people. Thinking about it now, people like that are the real backbone and foundation of any city. But that just adds more confusion to the Hollywood of my erroneous imagination. Even its more widely publicized people of radio and movie fame, despite the aura of glamor with which their work envelops them, cannot escape the down-to-earth reality of the place. Their work is a profession, one of the most exacting of all professions. It demands hard work and long, arduous hours. Probably to them, there is no more glamor to be found in their working-day routine than there is to the fellow who sells newspapers near the corner of Hollywood and Vine. It is the appreciative throngs, seeking relief from their seemingly run-of-the-mill tasks, finding entertainment and relaxation through the medium of motion pictures, that see all the glamor and excitement in the stars' profession. At least, that is the way I have myself analyzed, for I am one of the above-mentioned throng. Since covering Hollywood and seeing well over a hundred of its brightest names and personalities on radio shows, camp tours, at the Hollywood Canteen and one or two night spots, I still appreciate Hollywood as much as ever. But now my appreciation is more for the real labor that goes with the profession of giving us entertainment we demand and need, and not so much for the glamorous and exciting aspects I can see in the trade.

I appreciate Hollywood, too, for the cordial welcome and generosity with which she greeted all visiting servicemen. My thanks, too, to the vast bulk of her citizens who so warm-heartedly devoted their time, money and support to the USO, the Naval Aid and other organizations which made not only mine but the visits of countless other servicemen and women who "saw Hollywood" an enjoyable one, and one to be long remembered.

JESSE SHIRLEY, Cross Plains, Tex.

LET CORNEL PLAY BYRON

Second Prize Letter

\$5.00

I disagree with Margaret Donovan in the November issue of Fans' Forum. Did she ever compare a picture of Cornel Wilde with the portrait of Byron by Kramer? Cornel is Byron; even to the turn of his mouth, which never can be construed as a "leer."

Cornel Wilde knows Byron. He is younger than James Mason, more like the boy nobleman who paled contemporary scribblers with the imaginative vigor of his early masterpiece, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

This man Byron had virtues enough for a dozen biographies. He was a "loving, kind" friend to men like Shelley and Tom Moore. The very qualities which make him a controversial figure provide challenging screen material.

Byron was never English in his writing or his life; he is the most cosmopolitan of the romantics. Cornel Wilde should not be villainous in the rôle; rather, in the conflict that was Byron, he would prove again his genius for portraying the tortured man of inspiration.

As far as making Byron a hero is concerned, no drama can equal the physical and moral courage of the Byron who turned his back on "unworthy manhood," and gave his life for "the Isles of Greece" that cradled the freedom he loved. Byron wanted no apologists. By telling his story straight, with Cornel Wilde as the great romantic, Hollywood can recreate the Byron whose appeal is universal.

CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS, Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky.

MORE ADVENTURE FOR CARY

\$1.00

Why can't they get better rôles for Cary Grant? In "Notorious" he merely sat and looked clever. Nor is he the song-writer type, or one to admire dancing caterpillars. He looks handsome in tails, true, but to me he looks out of place.

To me, his hair should be mussed, his shirt open, his brow sweaty, and his eyes gleaming, as they were long ago in "Gunga Din." That's the Cary Grant most of his fans remember and still want to see—an adventurer with a smile, a wit, and a Sunday punch. Let the music he writes be the song of lusty action and the whispering of suspense.

Why bind and cover him with sophistication? Or maybe he's just gone soft.

FRANCIS N. DUFFEY, USNR, N.A.S., Ottumwa, Iowa

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

\$1.00

Give me the complaint department please! I'd like to register a protest about the treatment that's being given Jeanne Crain. Miss Crain is lovely to look at. Miss Crain is lovely to listen to. But does she have to be so very, very dewy? Can't she be given a chance to show us whether or not she has versatility?

We have seen, time and again, that she knows how to enact the rôle of a sweet, young thing. She does it perfectly. But she does it a little too often. The moment we see Miss Crain's name in the cast of a picture, we know that she's going to be the nicest little lady in the show, that she'll probably suffer a little bit (but daintily! No torment or tantrums) and that in the end she'll get her man—not by flirting or wangling, and never, never by using a small

The



author of
"LAURA"
now brings
to the
screen

**THE
WICKEDEST
WOMAN
WHO
EVER
LOVED!**

MARGARET LOCKWOOD
as
BEDELIA

who had more than
her share of men,
jewels, and love
— and wanted
more, more,
more!

*Beguiling...
Bewitching...
Bedevilling...*

66

Bedelia

J. ARTHUR RANK presents

MARGARET LOCKWOOD • IAN HUNTER
ANNE CRAWFORD • BARRY K. BARNES

in
VERA CASPARY'S

"BEDELIA" with

JILL ESMOND • ELLEN POLLOCK • JULIEN MITCHELL • BEATRICE VERLEY
BARBARA BLAIR • LOUISE HAMPTON • KYNASTON REEVES • OLGA LINDO

Directed by Lance Comfort • Screenplay by Vera Caspary, Herbert Victor, Isadore Goldsmith
Produced by Isadore Goldsmith • Additional Dialogue M. Roy Ridley, Moie Charles

A JOHN CORFIELD PRODUCTION



Too Strong!



Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* can leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!



Ex-Lax is thorough in its action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

10c and 25c at all drug stores

Buy U.S. Bonds on Payroll Savings



portion of deceit—just by being very noble.

I think Miss Crain's studio does her an injustice. I think she could handle stronger rôles than the ones given her, and handle them very competently. Out of curiosity, if nothing else, I'd like to see what she'd do with a part like Ann Blyth's in "Mildred Pierce."

Frankly, in some of her pictures—particularly as the character she portrayed in "Leave Her to Heaven"—she was so demure, and so long-suffering, and so coy, and so impossibly, irritatingly *sweet*, you almost wished you could get up on the screen and slap her or pull her hair, anything to ruffle that noble, saccharine calm.



Here's looking at you! Angela Greene, starlet of Warners' "The Time, The Place and The Girl," rushes the season in ultra modern bathing suit. At right, Warners' newest find, Arlene Dahl, from Broadway musicals.

In real life we tend to dislike and distrust people whom we feel are "too good to be true." That goes for people we meet in our movies, too. So, please, Hollywood, don't make us dislike Jeanne Crain!

ANNE MCGREW, Shelbyville, Tenn.

WARMED-OVER REMAKES

\$1.00

Just how gullible is the American public supposed to be? The publicity blurbs on "Woman in the Window," "The Spiral Staircase," and "Uncle Harry" pleaded with said American public to "keep the ending secret," and warned them that "nobody would be seated during the last ten minutes of the pictures," etc. Now here we go again. The "Secret Order of the Dark Mirror" urges one and all to "keep the secret of the Dark Mirror." As we say in Constantinople, the routine is being slightly overworked.

Another misconception is that when the average person leaves the theater, he completely forgets the picture he has just seen. This, of course, leaves the producers free to offer the same tired old stories warmed over from year to year like hash. Accord-

ing to this theory, Hollywood could offer "Gone with the Wind" under some other title, starring Mickey and Minnie Mouse and the public would be expected to say, "My, what a wonderful, original story."

The latest warmed-over picture being offered is "Three Little Girls in Blue." My first recollection of it had Loretta Young clutching Joel McCrea and murmuring, "Dahling, dahling" a number of times. The next time it appeared on the horizon we beheld Betty Grable dancing on her legs and Carole Landis magically transformed from the "Vroom Girl" to an unattractive spinster, by donning a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

Now it has been shoved back to a couple of decades ago, given a new cast of characters who sing a bunch of new songs and—what ho—the movie-goer gets to see a brand new motion picture. To remake even



good pictures seems rather silly to me because they are doubly subject to criticism and comparison than an original story. But to take a limp story about a bunch of sisters who blow the family fortune on a swank suite and all land disgustingly rich husbands, and keep remaking it, comes under the heading of sheer insanity. And when you consider it was made all three times by the same studio in the space of 8 to 10 years—zounds!

BETTY GOOD, Chicago, Ill.

BORN TO PLAY BYRON

\$1.00

I protest! M. Donovan of Milwaukee, Wis., in a recent Fans' Forum stated she has been "horrified at the thought that Cornel Wilde is to portray Byron." She says, "Since Mr. Wilde has hitherto played only the parts of a hero, his fans would be aghast at the handsome Mr. Wilde even registering a leer." So then she says, "The producers will (among other things) make him even a patriot."

I offer information. The handsome Mr. Wilde's fans would be delighted to see him leer for he's good at it. In fact, he was so (Please turn to page 18)

YOU'LL BE GASPING FOR BREATH AT THE END OF

"THE CHASE"

Seymour Nebenzal
presents
ROBERT
CUMMINGS
in
"THE CHASE"
with
MICHELE
MORGAN
STEVE
COCHRAN
and
PETER
LORRE
Screenplay by
PHILIP YORDAN
Directed by
ARTHUR RIPLEY
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

THIS month SCREENLAND nominates for beauty fame Gene Tierney for her "most beautiful eyes." Just look at them! You see? There is a star glow in them for sure.

Now, maybe yours aren't as good to look at as Gene's. But whether or not your eyes are your loveliest feature, you want to make the most of them. And tricks of the stars in this connection are well worth knowing.

We won't give you the old prescription, happiness first and glamor next, for lovely eyes. You know all about that. We'll start right out with glamor. Any bright, wide-awake girl keeps her eyes wide open in more ways than one. First she will be sure that her lashes look as long and dark as possible, a frame to her eyes' good looks.

Notice Gene's lashes. On looking closely at your own, you may find that even if they are naturally dark their tips are lighter than the part of them close to the lids. Stars, in this case, put their favorite mascara on the under side of the upper lashes more heavily toward the corner of the eye and end with a little upward sweep of the mascara brush to help the lashes curl.

Some of the makeup directors frown on using mascara for the lower lashes. We feel that this is entirely a personal matter. It is certainly true that in putting mascara there you must be extremely skillful. Brush down with your brush on these lower lashes, and be very careful that you (*Please turn to page 22*)

By
Josephine Felts

How *Beautiful* Are Your EYES?

Who has the prettiest
eyes on the screen to-
day? **SCREENLAND** nomi-
nates Gene Tierney's.

One good look and we
believe you will agree!

Just look at those lashes, long and upswept, the delicate, arched brows, the warm glamor of her languid, lovely eyes! They belong to Gene Tierney, now starring in "The Razor's Edge."



Heaven
Protects
the
Working
Girl

...but
who
protects
the guy
she's
WORKING
to get?

SHE CROSSES UP MENJOU... KISSES DRAKE... AND CONNIVES WITH BENDIX!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Deanna Tom William
DURBIN • DRAKE • BENDIX

DEANNA!... dream-
teamed with the screen's
new young star sensa-
tion... and matched for
mirth with your favor-
ite laugh-makers!

I'll be Yours

with *Adolphe* **MENJOU**

Walter Catlett • Franklin Pangborn • William Brooks

Produced by FELIX JACKSON • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Associate Producer: HOWARD CHRISTIE • Adapted by FELIX JACKSON

From the Screenplay "The Good Fairy" by Preston Sturges • Based on a comedy by Ferenc Molnar • Translated and Adapted by Jane Hinton • Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.



Continued from page 14



THE MOST HEART-WARMING PICTURE OF THEM ALL!

WITH THE GREATEST ANIMAL STAR OF ALL TIME!

"The Return Of RINTINTIN"



FILMED IN ALL THE GORGEOUS COLOR
Of The Valley Of The California Missions

starring
RIN TIN TIN III
DONALD WOODS • BOBBY BLAKE
Gaylord Pendleton • Claudia Drake
Directed by **Max Nosseck** • Produced by **William Stephens**
Released by **PRODUCERS RELEASING CORPORATION**

good at it, Hollywood typed him at the start of his career as a "heavy."

Byron was the greatest influence upon European thought during the early part of 19th Century. His first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," published in 1812, placed him in the front rank of poets and thenceforward until his death he continued to produce poems, most being marked by an intense Republican sentiment. (Patriot?) Parting from an unhappy marriage, he lived abroad. He died at Missolonghi, whither he had proceeded to aid the Greeks in their battle for national independence. (Not a hero or patriot?)

He was the favorite of society, where, because of his cleverness, his handsome appearance and poetry, he was always welcomed. But he was a willful, moody and

hard for her to go back to drama as it was the first time. As for good scripts, Ginger, that's what script writers are for. You should have taken a second look at "Heart-beat," and for something personal, don't you remember the girl from "Flying Down to Rio," "Swing Time," "Follow the Fleet," "Vernon and Irene Castle," and "Lady in the Dark"? What's wrong, Ginger. Why don't you give your fans what they want and that is seeing you sing and dance again.

CPL. CHARLES W. HUGHES, Tucson, Ariz.

STICK TO STYLE

\$1.00

I go to see Xavier Cugat in a movie because I enjoy his sequintillating presenta-



Behind the wholesome countenance of Margaret Lockwood lies a psychological murder mystery in "Bedelia," Eagle-Lion's film version of Vera Caspary's popular novel, released by PRC. Ian Hunter (remember him?) plays her adoring husband.

passionate man—a romantic adventurer—who died as he lived.

And to the real blow. The life of this "Glorious Apollo" is not only a Hollywood product, but it was written by one Cornel Wilde! And for my money, having lived an adventurous, romantic life, and being the moody, extraordinary actor he is, Cornel Wilde is the actor born for the part of Byron.

TERESA PIPER, Vancouver, B. C.

SWING TIME FOR GINGER

\$1.00

I read in a magazine where Ginger Rogers stated something to the effect that she has not made a musical yet because a good script is hard to find, and before she makes a film she has to see something personal in it, then if it fails she can say she has tried. Personally, I think she doesn't make a musical, because she is afraid that the care-free feet, that captured the world with their dancing, will overshadow the dramatic hand, that won an Oscar. I think if she made a musical now it would be just as

tion of South American music. I buy a ticket to see Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth dance, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin sing. I adore Danny Kaye's dialectical deliriums. I thrill to Sonja Henie's swift patterns on ice.

So what happens? All through "Holiday in Mexico" I waited for Cugie to give out with a rhythmic rhumba in his individual style, complete with one or two honeyed harmonies. So what do I get? A tremendous chorus, acres of dancers, a few measly samba-tic shoulders swaying to South American rhythm of symphonic proportions. Cugie has gone highbrow?

All through "The Kid from Brooklyn" I sit on the edge of my seat waiting for Danny's dynamics. What do I get? One niggardly Russian rally.

Why must stars who have become famous through their unique talents desert these to try other fields in which they may not be so proficient? Why must Deanna Durbin and Betty Grable prove they are heavy "drayma" actresses as well as wonderful musical performers in their own distinctive way? Isn't it enough that they have reached the top in their own particular



The junior Margaret Lockwood enjoys her "job" of combing out Mama's long brunette tresses on the "Bedelia" set, while the picture was in production in England.

field? The fans are satisfied, why aren't they?

Does Bette Davis try to do ballet? Does Ingrid Bergman see what she can do with boogie-woogie?

ROSE LEION, Miami, Fla.

A GOLDEN WEDDING DAY \$1.00

Ever since I can recall I have been an ardent film fan and have spent my extra money for every film magazine. I especially enjoy your magazine and have my patrons and employees reading it at my Beauty Shoppe.

I was so bewildered and hurt to hear that Frank Sinatra and his wife are separating, I decided to sit down and take time to write my very first fan letter. I beg you not to think too harshly of me for writing such a rude letter, but I feel your Fans' Forum does like opinions, especially from such an ardent fan as I am.

I have considered Frank Sinatra and his wife, Nancy, that rare ideal couple. I, for one, always defended him when people stated that his popularity would not last. That was even before the swoon fans adopted him as A-1 on their list. I had supreme faith in him and can't tell you how much I had welcomed such an unassuming person of wide-spread fame.

Why, oh why, does Frankie want "freedom but not a divorce." Surely tolerance and patience should begin at home. His viewpoints and ideas of living happily together in harmony have won the approval of every mother, father, sister and brother. Have fame and fortune gone to his head? Has Nancy, after years of having faith, devotion and courage, become just a stepping stone? Has the glamor of night life, movie queens and personal attention made "Frankie" into the selfish, egotistical hero?

I know the world enjoys the sweet and sentimental songs by Sinatra, but remember the sentiment of people always revolves around a closely knitted family. My interest in the rise of his career was heightened by his love and loyalty to his family. "My Nancy" has won millions of hearts.

So, to two very wonderful people—please make up, and someday, may you celebrate your golden wedding anniversary together.

Mrs. ANNE MARGIOTTA, Youngstown, Ohio
Editor's note: As we go to press, the Sinatras have "made up" and all signs point to that golden anniversary.

FORTE FOR FUN \$1.00

I hear that Dane Clark keeps yelling to go dramatic on the screen. Won't somebody please stop him! Doesn't he know what a grand comedian he is?

His is the rarest and most pleasant kind of comedy, and he is a master at it. Sometimes, in your own everyday living, you run across a person who seems funny any way you take him. His calmest remark brings a chuckle somehow, because of the way he says it. You watch for each little change of expression because you sense it will be amusing and you seek to enjoy it. These are the most likable and unforgettable people you ever know and everyone loves their company. However, this type of comedy is all but unheard of in professional entertainment. But Dane Clark has it down pat!

He is undeniably funny and yet gag men have not worked and slaved to put roaring retorts, tall tales or precocious puns on his tongue. Nor does Dane have to rely on singing funny songs and dancing funny dances to be comical. And does he ever resort to mugging? He should stoop so low! And his clothes—well, they are always as sensible as the next person's, so his wardrobe is definitely not responsible for any

Head of the Class



For you (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see ... You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class ... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to DeLong Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Glamour-Eyes with LASH-KOTE

For bewitching, sparkling eyes...enhance their beauty with Lash-Kote. Water-proof... tear-proof... smudge-proof... harmless!

Applies easily, dries quickly. Lasts for days.

In black or brown at all 5¢ & 10¢ store cosmetic counters.

25¢

VOGUE PRODUCTS 1151 Seward Street Hollywood 38, Calif.



DRAW for MONEY Be An Artist!

Trained Artists are Capable of Earning \$50, \$60, \$75, a week

Learn to draw at home in Your Spare Time for a Fascinating Hobby and Profitable Art Career! Study Art the pleasant and interesting W. S. A. way. Commercial Art, Designing, Cartooning all in ONE complete course. No previous art experience necessary—hundreds have profited by our practical step-by-step methods since 1914. TWO ART OUTFITS FURNISHED. Veterans! Course available under "G.I." Bill.

FREE BOOK gives details

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 172-H, 1115 15th St., N. W., Washington 5, D. C. Send your booklet and full particulars.

Name AGE
Street
City Zone () State



Hollywood's champion hand-holders, Guy Madison and Gail Russell, have eyes only for each other at a popular Hollywood night spot. Romance? It's wonderful!

of the hilarity! He stays quiet, handsome and neat, and yet, if he's so inclined at the time, he's funny!

Who but Dane can merely gaze weakly out of lowered lids and show that he's been highly insulted? Who but Dane can quietly make a small mouth and shove up slightly a couple of bushy eyebrows and be disappointment itself? Who but Dane can manage to get an extremely sunny smile all over his countenance even before his teeth show? He has dozens of expressions, and almost without a perceptible muscular movement. It's sheer magic!

Of course, he can be explosive, too, but he still doesn't need the song and dance angle or the foey-faces. You can fold up at his rapid-fire delivery of a frenzied speech, and yet it's pure plain-Joe lingo. No double talk or stuttering or mimicry for Dane! And this is just another bit of the rareness of his comedy—you just can't quite put your finger on its type.

I've seen him in dramatic parts, too, and he's good! And if he so much prefers those parts, I hope he lands some of them—but oh! he just mustn't desert completely his unique flair for comedy.

DORIS CRUISE, Keystone, W. Va.

LARRY PARKS' CARBON-COPY \$1.00

Last night I saw what, in my opinion, was one of the greatest motion pictures ever filmed. Aside from its greatness, this picture also brought to the fore one of the most talented young actors of our time, Larry Parks. The picture—yes, you guessed it—"The Jolson Story."

Here is a biographical picture that really rings true. By that I don't necessarily mean that it is authentic in every detail, but rather that the person being characterized actually seems real. The characterization is so convincing that throughout the film one forgets that it is just that—a characterization. And believe me, that's acting at its finest. So from here on in, my hat's off to one Larry Parks.

But because he was so convincing, I fear for his reward. I wonder if the public might not be inclined to forget Parks in favor of Jolson. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not writing this letter to pan Jolson (I'm too much of a Jolson fan to do that), but rather to praise Parks. It was looking out for his welfare that prompted me to write this letter. That and a few chance remarks overheard in the theater lobby where the picture was being shown. Remarks like, "That Jolson, he really was great," and "Boy! he really could put a song over. There's only one Jolson." But conspicuous by their absence were remarks like these, "Who was that fellow who took the part of Jolson? He was really terrific," or, "That guy Larry Parks was great."

Another reason for this letter was a review which came to my attention recently. In one breath the critic said that it was almost impossible to imitate Al Jolson and anyone was foolish even to try, and in the very next breath he went on to say that Larry Parks was not convincing as Jolson. Now to me that sort of criticism does not ring true. If by his own admission Larry Parks was taking on an almost impossible task, how could he belittle the actor for not being convincing? Why, instead, didn't he say that Parks was good in his impersona-

BLONDIE WITHOUT DAGWOOD \$1.00

Last night, I saw a picture entitled "Young Widow." No, this isn't in praise of its stars, Jane Russell and Louis Hayward, both of whom were exceptionally good.

This is merely to express my thanks to Hollywood for reminding the theater-going public that Penny Singleton is a talented actress. It was a real treat to see her in a rôle that pointed to her beauty and brains instead of a jumbled trail of getting *Dagwood* in and out of scrapes. May I offer a fervent prayer that we'll see a lot more of her in rôles that become beautiful, talented Penny Singleton?

MRS. JOAN DILL, Wichita, Kansas

tion of Jolson, admitting that it was just that, an impersonation. Anyone with an ounce of brains knows that the carbon-copy is never as good as the original. Even I will admit that, knowing full well that I'm writing this to praise Larry Parks. But you see where this critic and I differ is in the fact that he's comparing Larry Parks to Al Jolson, and I'm comparing Larry Parks, the impersonator, to Al Jolson, the performer. There is a difference. Let's give credit where credit is due.

ELORIE D. BOLL, Buffalo, N. Y.

PARENTS TO BLAME?

Honorable Mention

I am writing this letter because I have something to say to all the readers of your magazine concerning the letter printed in the November issue of Fans' Forum. A certain Barbara Bates of Waukegan, Ill., wrote her feelings toward this timely, if not overworked problem of "juvenile delin-



Meet Marissa O'Brien, Aunt Marissa to Maggie O'Brien, next playing with her niece in "Tenth Avenue Angel."

quency." In her letter, Miss Bates says that we teen-agers are not to blame for the wave of delinquency. With that I agree. However, I can't agree with her when she goes on to say that the whole movie industry is at fault. Here is why I think Miss Bates is wrong:

I think that the parents and only the parents are to blame. Now, I'll prove my point. There are some parents who are perfectly willing to sit back and remark, "The movies are the worst threat to morals that we parents have to contend with." Yet, these same parents are the ones who give their children money for the movies without checking up on the neighborhood theater's brand of picture. Leaving the motion picture side of this question, let us look at another side of it for a moment.

How many parents know, really know, where their children are the nights they are allowed to drive the car? How many parents show concern over their children's hobbies? How many parents try to get along as man and wife before they reprimand their children for their petty mistakes? How many parents attend church and other organizations of moral standing, setting examples for their children to copy? How many parents appeal to the schools and churches with the plea to "Please make little Mary stop smoking," and then proceed to smoke at their evening meal in front of the aforementioned "Little Mary"?

I think this whole business of juvenile delinquency could very easily be called

You can catch
a cold shoulder
in mink, Pet!

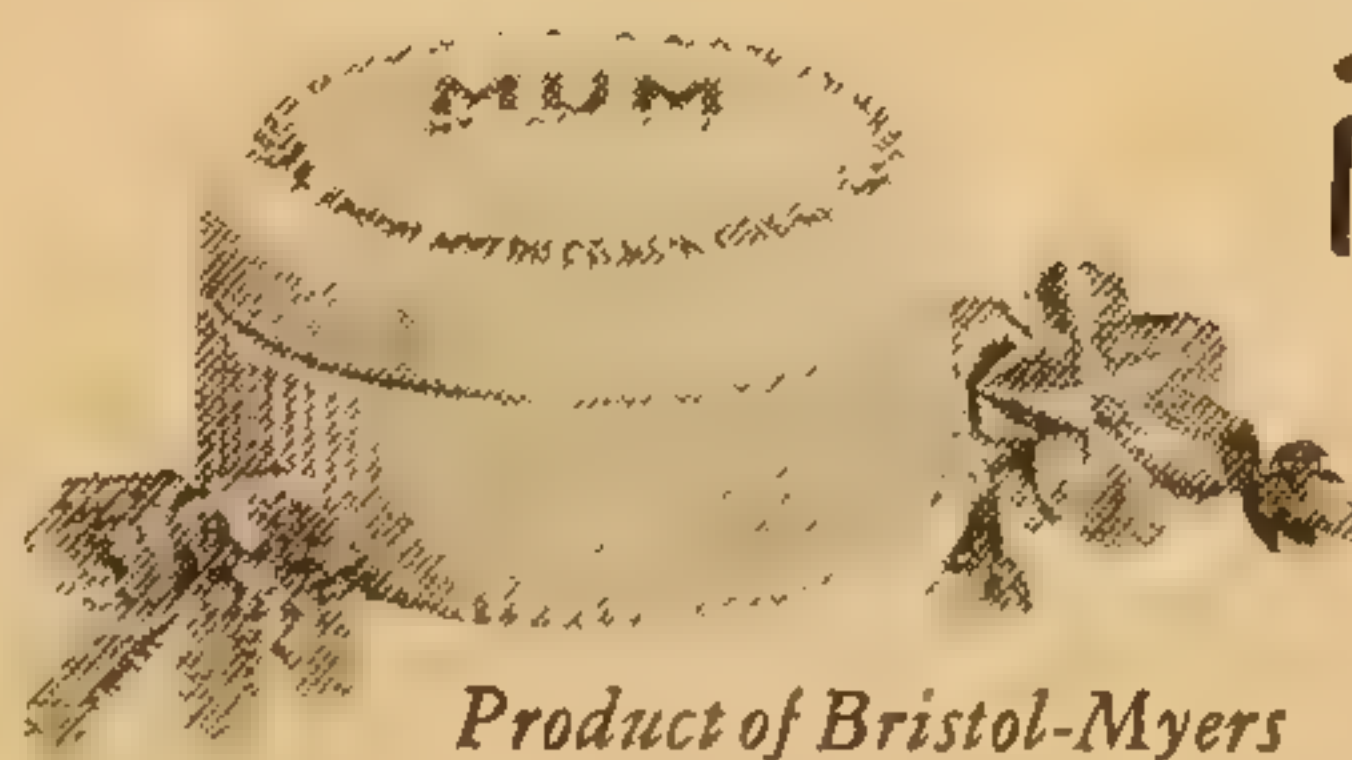


YOU *should* be a heart-throb in mink, Honey. But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if...

If you forget that even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form

without any noticeable moisture. And heavy furs... warm woolen clothes... increase your chance of offending. So *always*... after your bath washes away *past* perspiration... guard against *future* underarm odor. Use Mum.

Mum better
because
it's Safe



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or all evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for *this* use, too.

Skintees
FOR THE CURVES
YOU COVET



**FITS
LIKE
YOUR
SKIN**

Fluffy little whimsies — rose-petal soft and wee as a wink. SKINTEES knit panties accent your contours by banishing bulges and fabric wrinkles. The secret? A precise system of sizing based on your own hip measurements — in — inches. An explanatory certificate guarantee enclosed in each cellophaned garment takes the guess out of panty buying.

Tailored under the SYLCRAFT banner of Quality.

*Reg. Trade Mark

A. H. SCHREIBER CO. INC. H.S.
10 W. 33rd St., New York 1

I, too, crave beautiful contours like the SKINTEES Girl. Send me FREE booklet on Figure Control.

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY..... STATE.....

Sylcraft

**Ugly BLACKHEADS
OUT IN SECONDS**



Keep your complexion free of Blackheads this new way — look attractive instantly!

**Try VACUTEX
Blackhead-Remover**

The amazingly effective Vacutex extracts Blackheads automatically — WITHOUT squeezing the skin or injuring tissues. Easy to use with three fingers. It reaches Blackheads anywhere. Try it 10 days and if not delighted, return VACUTEX and your money will be refunded.

AT YOUR DEALER OR USE COUPON

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

BALLCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. A-202
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1. Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 plus postage; \$1 refund if not delighted.
SORRY. NO C. O. D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.

"parental delinquency" and I feel that the reason that the movies have been blamed so much is because the parents have been unwilling to own up to their faults.

Now, mind you, I'm not saying Hollywood doesn't come up with some prize boners once in a while; it does, but I do think that it has been blamed for this juvenile delinquency long enough.

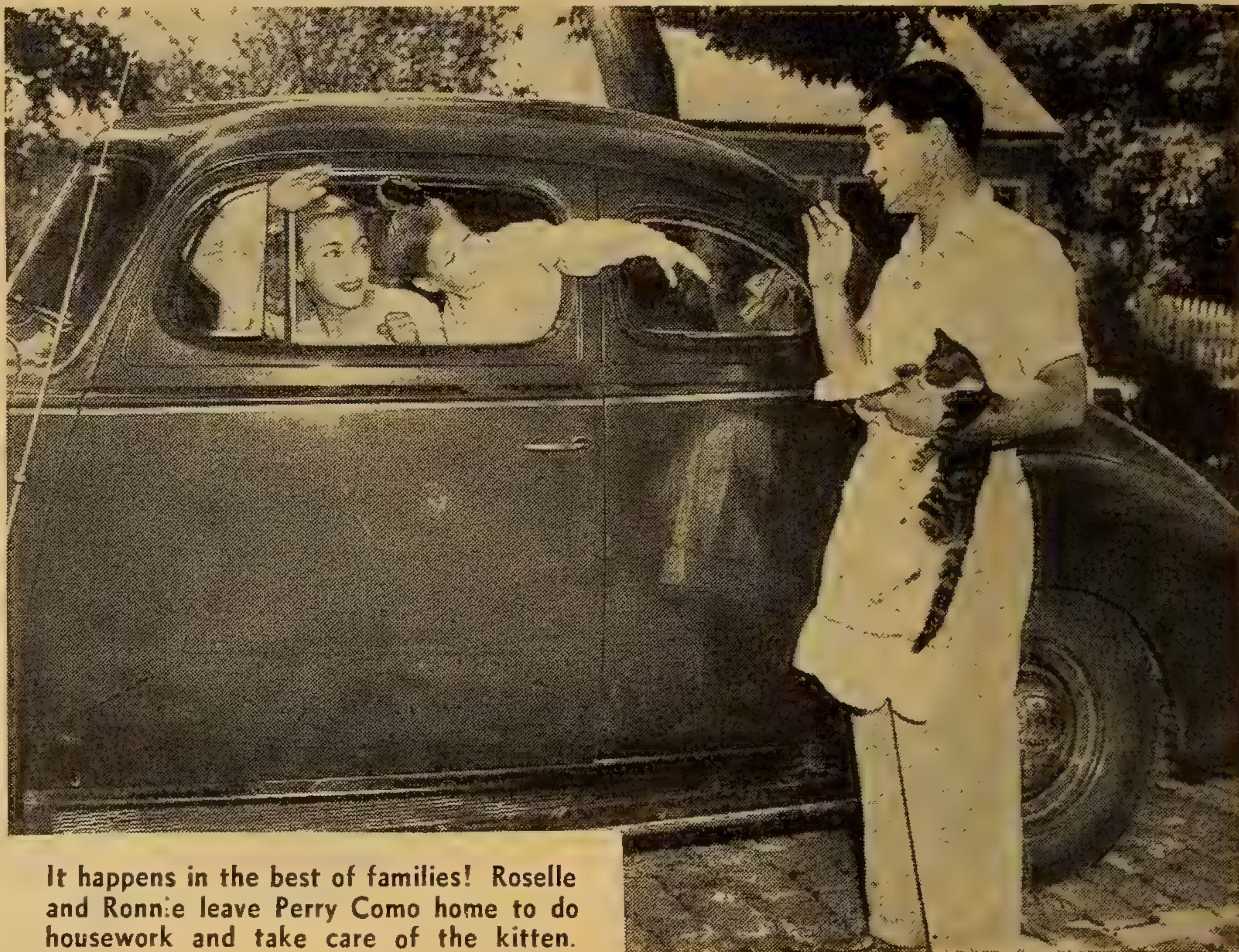
If it wasn't for those producers who, as Miss Bates puts it, "are so busy making money on these d-grading pictures that they don't stop to think what these pictures are doing to the American people," we wouldn't have any entertainment at all. If the producers are as busy as Miss Bates says they are, how come they ask the American people what kind of films they want to see? And why does Miss Bates think Hollywood

went ahead with plans to film "Forever Amber"? Probably because the producers who, according to Miss Bates are too busy making money, took the trouble to notice that the American public was reading that particular book more than any other at the time and they thought that perhaps their public would like to see it on the screen.

No, Miss Bates, I don't think that the movie industry should be blamed any more than the American public, because the movies are just a reflection of the taste of the American people.

Before I close, I'd like to state that I'm not an attorney hired as a safe-guard to the movie industry. I'm a 17-year-old girl who just happens to be another American with another empty soap box.

EDNA PICCIUTI, Upper Montclair, N. J.



It happens in the best of families! Roselle and Ronnie leave Perry Como home to do housework and take care of the kitten.

How Beautiful Are Your Eyes?

Continued from page 16.

color only the lashes. Any dark line under your eyes makes your face look unnecessarily hard. Be sure to go over your lashes a second time for greater accent.

Next have a good look at your brows. Gene Tierney's illustrate the good points of flattering line—not too heavy, not too thin, and continuing across above the eyes to just a little beyond the outer corner of the eye. You will be wise to tweeze your brows if they grow too close together above your nose. If you tweeze any of the brows over your eyes, take out only those on the under side of the brow. This has the effect of making your eyes themselves look larger.

This season fashion sparkles. The stars have made a beauty find of some new bright eyeshadow with lovely tints like jewels to go with glittering gowns. All eyeshadow, we feel, is an evening excitement and not to be worn with daytime clothes, particularly the shining shadows. If you decide to try a beauty trick like this, experiment with it before your mirror and keep it subdued. Properly used it will make you prettier.

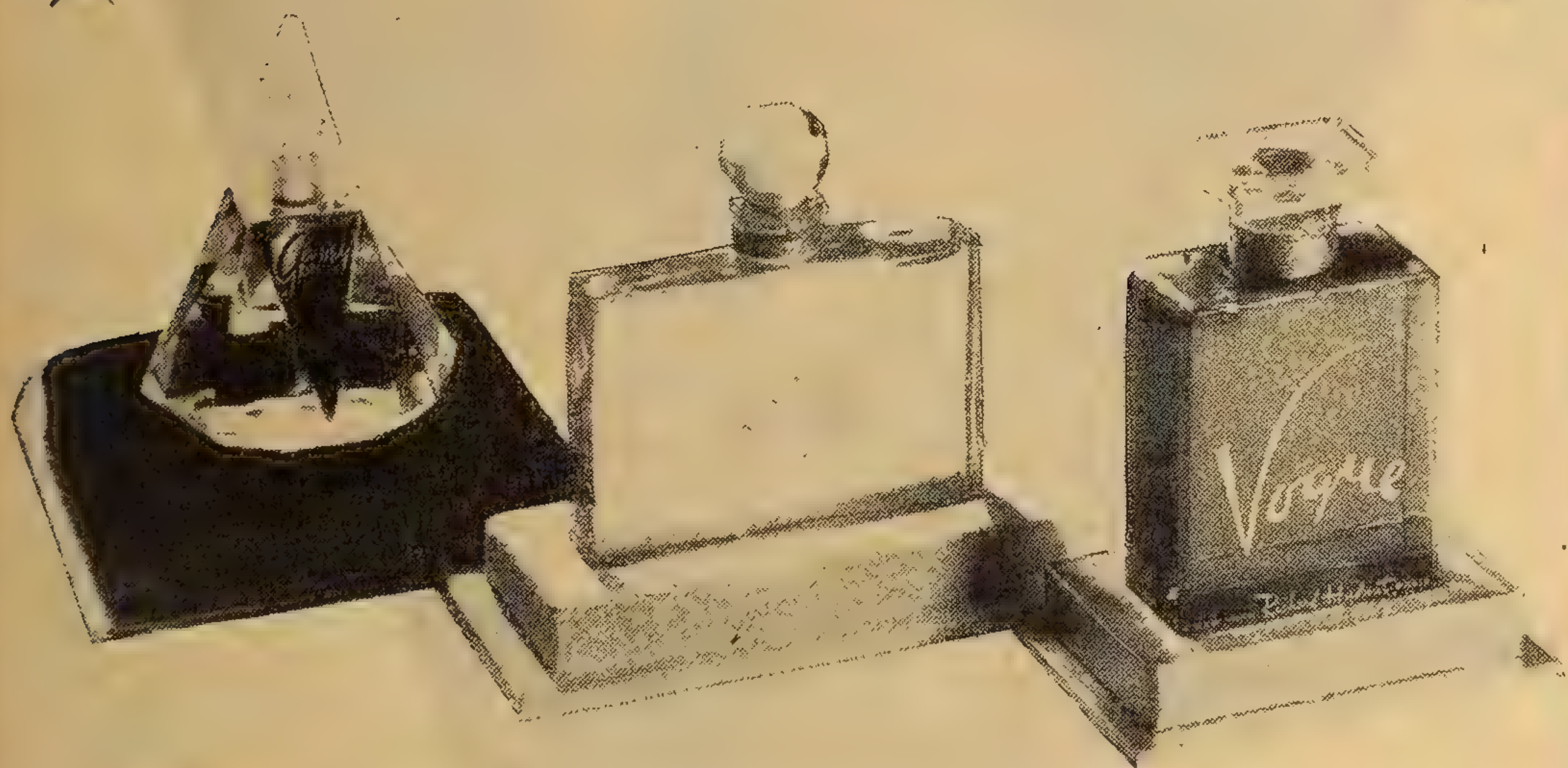
Mark it in your mind: handle with care, for appearance's sake.

The skin around your eyes needs special care, for it is a sensitive part and is one that is frequently overworked. You know, often every day it happens that you frown or you try to look hard at something, and in spite of yourself little lines come around your eyes. Then, of course, you often smile or laugh, and this makes lines, too. This part of your skin is thin, its circulation needs stimulating, and there are few oil glands in the area. The answer is to smooth and beautify the skin around your eyes regularly. Bathe your eyes with a good eye lotion, tap an eye-cream gently into your temple and above and below the eyes. It is a good idea to leave your favorite eye-cream on overnight. In the morning use your eye lotion again. This is one way to help your eyes look their loveliest.

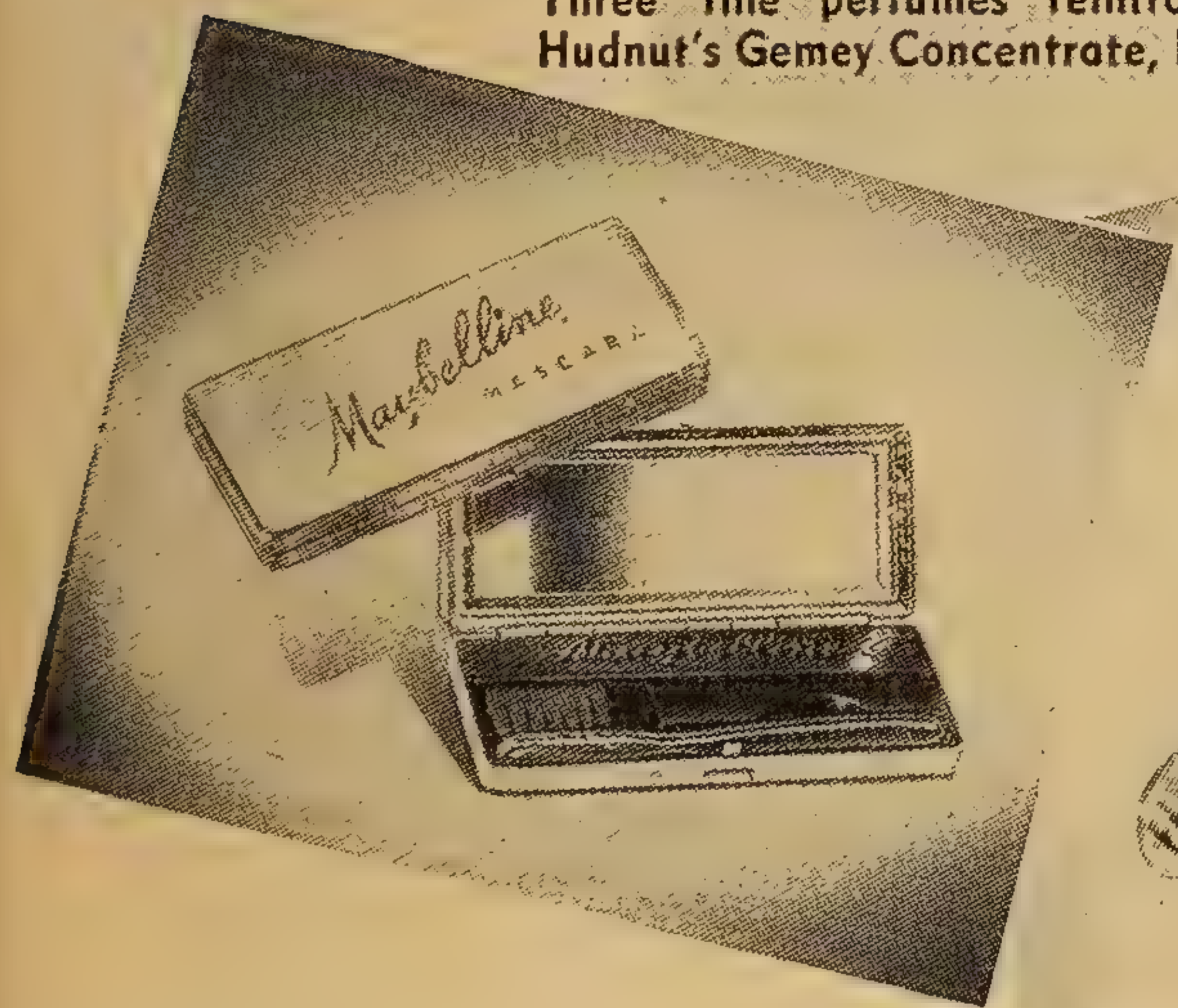
Makeup directors often insist that a woman is as young as her eyes look. Keep yours youthful, clear, and bright and it will help you look as "pretty as a picture" star.

Guide To Glamor

Feel a little bleak, like February? Here are some beauty tricks from the stars to change that



Three fine perfumes reintroduced beautifully: Hudnut's Gemey Concentrate, R.S.V.P., and Vogue.



Maybelline mascara newly, gaily packaged. The brush is your magic wand to lovely lashes.



Perm-o-comb, a brand new idea to help keep waves in your hair longer than you dream.

THERE is no time like the present mid-season for a beauty pickup. Now is the moment to start getting yourself in fine shape for the months to come. Your eyes, your skin, all of you, will appreciate a good going over and brightening up. To make February your Beauty Month, here are some new-old ideas to help.

First, ask yourself, have I lovely eyes? Or can I make them prettier? It's a good bet you can if you use Maybelline, the tried-and-true mascara so many girls insist on. It is easy to use, stays on ages, and—oh, I don't know, just *does* things to lashes. Give yours a chance.

Now at last, here is a comb that helps put wave in your hair instead of discouraging it. Look at the Perm-o-comb picture on this page. Clever, isn't it! It is made of two plastic sets of waved teeth, expertly placed to work together. It won't give you a permanent wave, but it will make your permanent last longer than ever before. You comb it *in* each time, instead of *out*. Perm-o-comb keeps your hair wavy and, used consistently, it will train those waves to behave as you want them to.

Speaking of gadgets, don't forget that handy little beauty aid, Kurlash. It is made of metal, you know, with a "curling" surface. Slip your lashes in, press with your fingers on the handle, and presto! You find your lashes curled.

Here comes Irresistible with a fine big Jumbo lipstick, new as new. It is in a new metal case and smells heavenly. You'll like the color. The texture is uncommonly smooth. They tell us the secret is that the stick itself is "whip-text." Anyway, whatever makes that pleasant gentleness, the effect is a good one.

There is a new Botany face powder you should know about. It has a lanolin base, as does the lipstick that goes with it. Fans say the powder gives you a smooth-as-satin complexion, and there is a shade called "Happy Ending."

We've always liked liquid facial cleansers and want you to know one of our favorites: Hinze Ambrosia Facial Cleanser. It works so lightly and quickly on the skin, cleanses and stimulates all at once. Wise girls use it, too, as a powder foundation—a sort of three-in-one package. There is an Ambrosia Astringent, also, for closing the pores.

THIS WINTER

give your hair—

New Beauty



SPARKLING COLOR—let Nestle Colorinse take away that dull-drab look. You'll be thrilled when you see how Nestle Colorinse gives your hair richer, warmer color.



GLAMOROUS HIGHLIGHTS—rinse dancing highlights into your hair. See how these sparkling highlights make your eyes and your whole face look brighter!

SILKEN SHEEN—"He" loves hair that's silken-soft, satiny-smooth to touch. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this wonderful sheen. Try it today—after you shampoo!



NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



Nestle HAIRLAC



SCREENLAND'S publisher Paul Hunter, at left below, with just two of the many famed guests at party honoring popular western editor Elizabeth Wilson: Dana Andrews and Edward Everett Horton. At right below, Phil Reed, Keenan Wynn, Jean Pierre Aumont. Right, Hoagy "Stardust" Carmichael with Liberty's Edward Maher. Left, Gloria Swanson with host Hunter; left above, with Samuel Goldwyn's blonde star, Virginia Mayo. Center above, Maureen O'Hara and Ray Middleton listen to Billy Martin's melodies. At right above, Bill Eythe and Buff Cobb exchange movie chatter.



Celebrity PARTY

Star turn-out makes
Manhattan look like a
little bit of Hollywood



AFTER THE PARTY

Look out for a Cold...

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

GOING from over-heated rooms into the chilly night air often can lower body resistance so that cold germs called the "secondary invaders" may invade the tissue. After a party it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic when you reach home because this precaution may forestall a mass invasion by these germs.

While a virus is believed to start many colds, certain threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" produce many of those miserable symptoms of a cold and its complications.

Anything that lowers body resistance, such as wet or cold feet, drafts, fatigue, or sudden change of temperature, may make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to stage a mass invasion of the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

So, when you've been thus exposed, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at once. Used early and often Listerine Antiseptic, because of its

amazing germ-killing power, may halt such mass invasions . . . may help head off the cold entirely or lessen its severity.

It is the delightful, easy precaution that countless thousands use regularly, night and morning, and oftener when they feel a cold coming on.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Bear in mind that tests during 12 years revealed this impressive result: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly and, at the first sneeze . . . the first tightening of the throat or other signs of a cold . . . increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile seeing that you get plenty of rest, that you keep warm, and that you eat wisely.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri



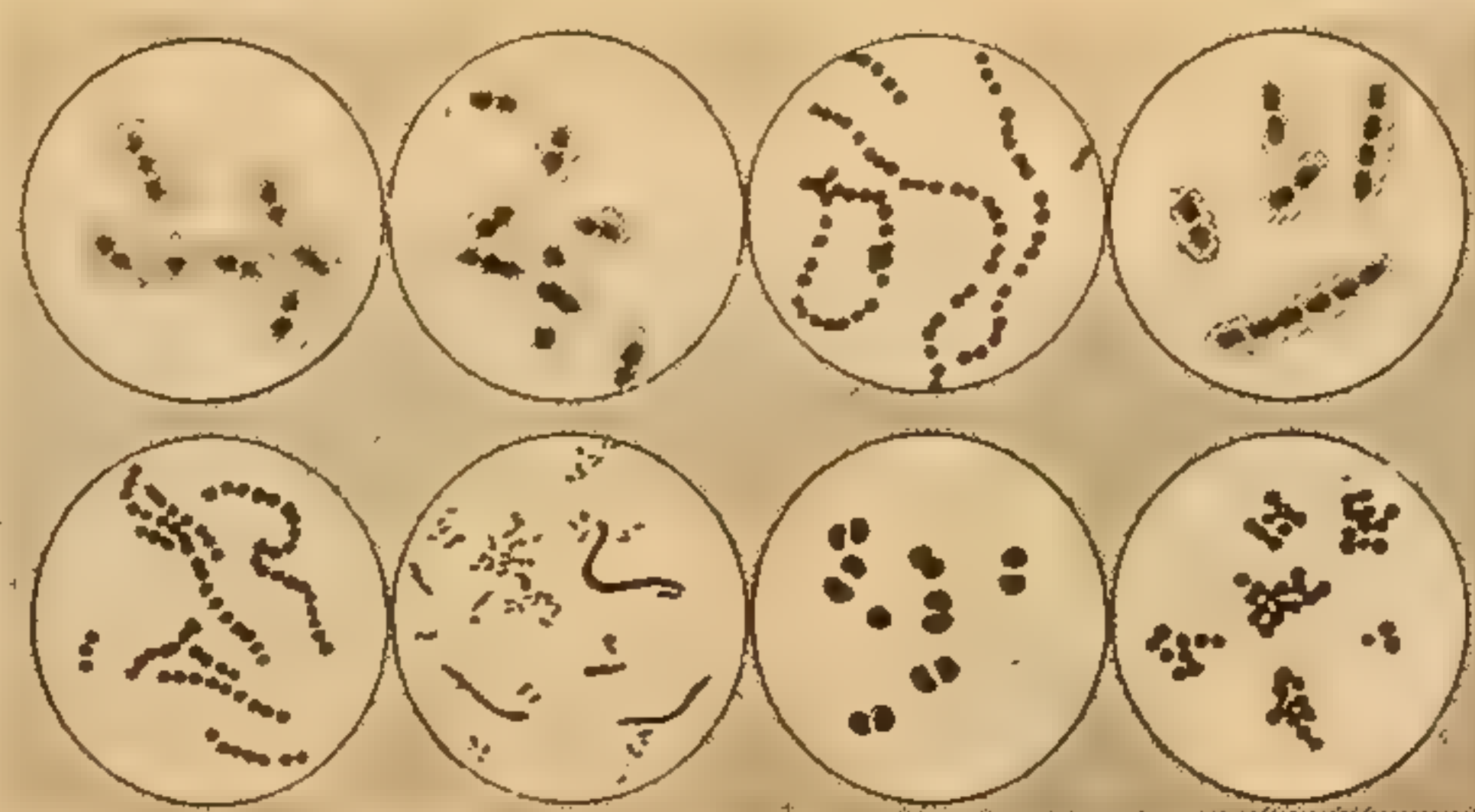
Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.



There's more to "The Shocking
Miss Pilgrim" ...than meets the eye!



Shameless?
Blameless?
Nameless?

BETTY GRABLE
and **DICK HAYMES** in



MUSIC BY
George Gershwin
LYRICS BY
Ira Gershwin
"FOR YOU, FOR ME,
FOR EVERMORE"
"CHANGING MY TUNE"
"AREN'T YOU KIND
OF GLAD WE DID?"
"WALTZING IS
BETTER SITTING
DOWN"

The Shocking
MISS PILGRIM
IN TECHNICOLOR

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
ANNE REVERE · ALLYN JOSLYN · GENE LOCKHART
Written for the Screen and Directed by **GEORGE SEATON** Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG**
From a Story by Ernest and Frederica Maas · Dances Staged by Hermes Pan · Costumes Designed by Orry Kelly

Have you seen Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. Somerset Maugham's "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"?

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CLARK GABLE AND LANA TURNER OF TOMORROW

BOBBY DRISCOLL,

9-going
-on-10

LUANA
PATTEN, 8



Two most terrific new kid stars are Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten, appearing in Walt Disney's new feature-length film based on the Uncle Remus stories, "Song of the South." Luana, above, with missing tooth. Left below, Bobby in a scene with Uncle Remus (James Baskett); right, as kids left for personal appearance tour.

DEAR Kids:
Next time the readers ask me, "Is it true that kid stars are just average children?" I'll refer 'em to you. The answer is NO. If you two were just average, Mr. Walt Disney would hardly have picked you for "Song of the South" and signed you up. would he, and you wouldn't be traveling around the country on a personal appearance tour, having parties given for you, and presents, and posing for pictures, and of course you wouldn't be going to school Saturdays, either, as you have to while you're on tour because your teacher travels with you and every day's a school day. (That's not so good, and that's probably why you made up this parody on the Seven Dwarfs' song: "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to school we go; we learn some junk and then we flunk, heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho.")

No, Luana, there's nothing average about you, even though as you say, "I'm really just a normal child." But apart from having real gold hair, blue eyes, and lashes so long they get all tangled up, you have FALSE TEETH—now just name one average child who has that. As you explain, your side second teeth aren't down yet, so whenever you have to pose for a picture you sing out, "Quick, Mommy, my teeth!" and in no time at all you've adjusted

your partial denture and face the camera with a dazzling smile. Such composure I never saw. And Bobby, you miniature Gable you, with that grin and sense of humor and even the ears, you're a veteran with eleven films to your credit, with another Disney number (with Luana) lined up, "How Dear to My Heart." And though you want to be an FBI man, and Luana a nurse, when you grow up, I think you'll change your minds, and there will be a great new screen team for fans to swoon over in ten years. See you in 1957.

Delight Evans



*George
Sanders
and
Angela
Lansbury
in
"The Private
Affairs
of
Bel Ami."*



OVER a period of years, the somnolent six-foot-three Mr. Sanders has loosed upon the ladies the scathes and scorns of an outrageous derision. In words amusing, but acid, and as pointed as pins, he has undertaken to prove that in all the arts, crafts and sciences; in the business world; in all the finer qualities of character such as fair play, generosity, stamina, the capacity for friendship and loyalty, women are on the bottom rung of the lower brackets. As for mentality—mention a woman possessed of a brain

to Mr. S. and he comes as near as it is possible for him to come, to compassion.

Once asked whether he believes women have any place whatsoever, or wheresoever, in the scheme of things, Sanders said, with his sultry but, alas for his squirming victims, insidiously attractive smile, "Indeed, yes—in the kitchen and the boudoir."

Recently—this time, on the air—Georgie Porgie Puddin'n'Pie, whose kiss (of death) makes the girls cry, mopped up the floor (Please turn to page 96)

Pictures in panel at right show Sanders in action on "Private Affairs of Bel Ami" set: in scene, and rehearsal, with Angela Lansbury; teasing costume designer Norma; waiting with Ann Dvorak to go into next scene; and helping singer Audrey Betz rehearse her song. Sanders really has fine singing voice, yet to be heard on the screen.

**By
Gladys
Hall**



George Sanders Answers The Woman Question!

You may not agree with Mr. Sanders when he calls women
aboriginals, among other things—we don't!—but
you won't want to miss this devastatingly frank interview.



She's the Boss!

"I guess I'm just a guy who likes to be kept guessing," says Dick Powell

By Jack Holland

"NINE out of ten husbands go slap-happily about thinking that they call the turns in their households. Who said husbands weren't an optimistic bunch of guys?"

It was Dick Powell talking and bringing up a subject most husbands like to avoid. But Dick isn't one to side-step anything. He goes into the most controversial subjects with an abandon that is as frank and as forthright as his socko portrayals in such pictures as "Murder, My Sweet" and "Cornered," not to mention his work on the air in "Rogue's Gallery."

Dick first met June Allyson in New York when he was giving a speech at a banquet. Only he didn't even notice her. He was so nervous as he faced that aus-

tere audience of show people that he was conscious only of the rattling script in his hands. The next time he saw her was in the cast of "Best Foot Forward" on Broadway.

"I certainly don't follow any so-called romantic pattern," Dick remarked, "when I admit that all I remember of June at that time was a little girl singing so loudly that the veins in her neck stood out. But by the time I did the picture, 'Meet the People,' in which June also appeared, I had an entirely different idea. Here was a completely wholesome, vivacious girl. Not to mention that I thought she was a darned good actress. Well, to make a long story short, I asked for a date and then another. And before long, we took the fatal step."

"June is a great little wife—but she's like all women. (Please turn to page 71)"

Kiss on that cute little Allyson nose, top, as Dick leaves for radio station. Right, June in her dressing-room at home, all pink and white. Note hair dryer reflected in mirror. Far right, the Powells, always clowning, play a game of hands where each tries to outslap the other. Still the newlyweds, are these two.

He's the Boss!

What's this? "Dick's the boss, and I love it," says June. Just who's right?



IF EVER a girl had dream dust in her eyes, it's cute little June Allyson. MGM's clever exponent of innocent naïvete. And the reason for the dream dust is none other than one Mr. Dick Powell, known also as the better half of this same Miss Allyson.

In a good many marriages, it's a race between the husband and the wife to see who winds up the boss of the menage. But June is so sublimely happy being Mrs. Powell that she's perfectly content to sit back and let Dick wield the reins. At least such is the impression I got when I saw June on the set of her new picture with Van Johnson, "High Barbaree."

"I know that I won't be accused of being original when I say that Richard is everything I ever dreamed a husband would be," June began. "but that's the

way I feel anyway. And if I sound prosaic or corny, well, that's not to be helped. He's the boss—and I love it."

When Dick and June really got to know each other she was something like a girl at loose ends. She was happy that her career was taking an upsurge, but she wasn't content. She knew what it was that she had been missing when she met Dick.

"There was a lot about him that I liked," June continued, "but most of all it was his wonderful sense of humor that impressed me. And, too, he made decisions so easily. He had an ability to take control of any situation. I think I'd always needed someone to more or less steer me, and Richard was that kind of a person." (June never calls her husband Dick since she doesn't like to refer to anyone by a *(Please turn to page 76)*



June plays at keeping house, admits she's not world's most domestic wife. Above, the Powells practically live in their backyard patio, which is cool and shady, facing on a beautiful view of the garden. Far left, June makes funny face as she gets slapped by Dick in their handy game in front of much-used fireplace.



Dorothy Rogers

New number for
Rogers fans: "The
Magnificent Doll,"
with David Niven and
Burgess Meredith





Fonda's first film after three years' active service in the Navy is "My Darling Clementine," in which he proves himself a better actor than ever as Wyatt Earp, the old West's famous marshal of the deadly aim and hypnotic eye. Above, with Linda Darnell.

"Fonda is a typical New England Yankee," his friends say, "even though he was born and raised in Nebraska." Catch up with Hank in this closeup
By Gertrude Shanklin

NEBRASKA *Yankee*

WHEN Henry Fonda put away his Navy blues last fall, after three years of active service, the peaceful life looked as inviting to him as it did to all the other returning veterans. And then, through one of those coincidences that can happen only in Hollywood, his very first day on the set of "My Darling Clementine" put him right back in the midst of gunfire.

The scene called for Fonda to recline in a barber's chair while the barber gave him a shave not, however, so close as the one apparently given him by two gunmen who suddenly appeared in the door and fired a couple of bullets past his face and into the mirror. After the scene, Fonda, who takes everything in stride, climbed out of the chair and remarked laconically, "That's a little more intimate than I like to be with bullets, but then the pay is attractive."

In "My Darling Clementine," Henry Fonda plays the rôle of Wyatt Earp, a peace officer with a deadly aim and an hypnotic eye, who, after cleaning up Dodge City and Wichita, moved on to Tombstone, Arizona, in the 1880's, to do the same thing there. The picture is a romanticized version of Earp's adventures in Tombstone, and centers upon the famous feud carried on by Earp and his three brothers against the Clanton (Please turn to page 68)





Exclusive to us, with this intimate interview by ace reporter Wilkinson—candid closeups of the Joel McCreas in their ranch home. It's no deluxe estate, but a little white cottage set in 2300 busy acres.

Meet the Mad McCreas

By
Lupton A.
Wilkinson

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin

THEY wouldn't follow the career rules. They wouldn't live like anybody in Hollywood will tell you you *have* to live to stay "in the swim." They've kept their private lives private, and hitched their dreams to a solid star—love for each other and the best break they can give (using *thought* rather than depending on what their income could buy) for Joel, Jr., 12, and David, 10.

That's Frances and Joel McCrea, and to visit them, out at their Santa Rosa Valley ranch (this is not a deluxe Encino small estate, but 2300 busy acres with Joel, Sr., and the boys doing their full share of the work), is a rare privilege and an experience the visitor will cherish through the years.

You drive out plus-forty miles from Hollywood and turn off a state highway, traveling five more miles without the sign of a house, until you come to a little white cottage, surrounded by a cool clump of trees, so precious in this rolling ranch country—precious because you have to water them. That cottage on the left is the caretaker's house, but you turn into a right-hand gate, past a white-washed barn—not a large one, cattle sleep outdoors in California—and head up a quarter-mile toward where you glimpse a garage and a kitchen door, peeping from another clump of trees. Just before you reach there, you see a *third* clump of trees, to the left of this inner road and down a bit. From between the leaves you catch the sparkle of brighter-than-sky-blue water and a voice yelling (can that bellow be Silent-man McCrea of "The Virginian" and "Ramrod"?): "Bring any women?"

"No."

"Well, then, come on down."

You walk down, past a vine-covered arbor that cost about twenty-five dollars—pre-war—to build, and come to full view of the one McCrea personal extravagance: a swimming-pool that makes the average Beverly Hills affair look like a kiddie-bath. At that, you notice, it's cement-bottom instead of tile, and the setting is natural, not expensively contrived by man. Highlighted by the blazing sun that reflects back from the white bottom through the pellucid blue water, frolic Rancher Joel McCrea and his younger son, David, brown as Indians and twice as unclad. (I learned, later, that Joel starts a day at home by four or five hours of ranch work, rides back to the ridge-perched house by noon, swims under that blazing sun for an hour, then eats lunch. Two lunches, if you count close. This day Joel, Jr., wasn't with the other two McCrea males, because "Jody" was threshing beans—working as part of a crew, doing a man's work, drawing a man's pay of sixty cents an hour—in a field six miles away. He'd carried his lunch. "Two lunches," Frances would later tell me, "if you count close.")

"Do you mind if we stay in a little longer?" called (*Please turn to page 84*)

Joel works hard on his ranch, grooms his prize horse, drives Caterpillar tractor himself. Soon as he finished "Ramrod," for Enterprise, he was back on the farm.

To visit Joel and Frances McCrea at their ranch is a rare experience, and we're proud and happy to be able to invite you fans to share it with us. (With scoop photos!)



This is What I Believe

By
Humphrey Bogart



Bogart's latest: a murder story in which he co-stars with Lizabeth Scott, above: "Dead Reckoning," for Columbia Pictures. At left, another scene from film, conferences on the set with Director John Cromwell and studio executives.



I LOVE actors, who send out messages on any subject. "Just ask me anything; just ask me anything, brother," is their attitude. "I've got all the answers." As for me, I've always said that any actor with a message ought to call Western Union. It's the quickest way to deliver a message.

And now SCREENLAND wants me to give out with messages on life, love, what is the world coming to and is there such a thing as immortality? My first impulse is to answer: How the devil do I know?

Young officers at Annapolis are taught that they should never discuss religion or politics in mixed company. Apparently, no gentleman is supposed to do that. While I've never pretended to be a gentleman, I'd like to stand on my Constitutional rights and refuse to discuss religion or politics. When SCREENLAND first approached me on these subjects, I said brightly, "Why don't you ask one of the really deep thinkers, of which Hollywood has so many?" SCREENLAND, however, brushed that aside by saying, they'd have to insist on my views. So it was my turn.

I'm still wondering how I got myself into this. I always fight against anyone probing into my innermost secrets, for I feel that discussing these things is like taking your clothes off in public. Excuse me a moment, while I undress my mind.

Life: Life shouldn't be lived in slipshod fashion. On the other hand, I can't picture myself planning my life years ahead. I believe in living your life as well as you can in day to day fashion. Live each moment as well as you can, one moment at a time—and perhaps when you put all the moments together,

you'll have something worth remembering. As a philosophy of life, I also like Shakespeare's lines, "To thine own self be true." If each of us could live in such a way that we had nothing to be ashamed of, we'd be happier people.

Death: I never think about death. As a child I remember I used to wonder what boundary marked the end of the world. I thought there was a fence at the end of the world, and then wondered what was beyond the fence. Nowadays I never speculate on what lies beyond the fence. I figure it's tough enough to live this life, without going into reveries about death and what lies beyond.

Immortality: I have no way of knowing whether or not there is such a thing as personal survival. Who has? In any event, I don't believe in reincarnation. I may at various times before my marriage to Betty Bacall have handed out lines to girls about "when I was a Roman Emperor and (Please turn to page 90)



"Till The Clouds
Roll By"

Van Johnson



Hollywood is full of taboos, and it's worth your career to buck any of them. Ask Joan—she knows, and she tells!

Taboos of HOLLYWOOD

By
Joan Leslie
As told to
Marie Kirkwood



YOU can be a talented actress, pretty as a picture and intelligent to boot, but if you don't play the old Hollywood game the right way, you won't get to first base on the road up. Believe me, I know! I've seen so many wonderful actresses in this town who were lost in the shuffle simply because they didn't know the ropes. Hollywood is full of taboos, and it's worth your career to buck any of them.

The most difficult part of the whole setup is that often one taboo seems to contradict another. For instance, you can't stay out every night and still get up and work the next morning. Any actress knows that. On the other hand, if you aren't seen out with glamor boys half the time, and gossip columnists don't speculate about you and your romances, studio executives are apt to think you couldn't act a sophisticated rôle should it

come along. So you have to walk a middle road. If you think this is just so much stuff and nonsense, don't be deceived, or you'll learn the hard way, as I did. For instance, I wanted to play the rôle of *Bessie* in "The Corn Is Green." When I asked the director for the part, he said, "Oh, you can't play *Bessie*. You aren't the type!" Now the girl who did play *Bessie*, Joan Loring, did a wonderful job. She is no more sophisticated than I, but she took along props for her audition, long dangling earrings, and so on; and the director found it easier to visualize her as *Bessie*. I think if I had gone on that interview in black satin, flicking a long cigarette holder, I might have had better luck. Or if I had been photographed dripping worldliness night after night at *Ciro's* maybe the director would have been able to see me as *Bessie*. Because that's (Please turn to page 77)



HEMINGWAY HERO

Gregory Peck stars in
"The Macomber Af-
fair," from Ernest
Hemingway's story



Comedienne comes back!
"Senator Claghorn's" leading lady conquered doubt and despair, and now she's headed for the top again



Kenny Delmar, famed Senator Claghorn of the Fred Allen radio show, makes his movie debut in "It's a Joke, Son," also Una Merkel's comeback picture.



All in fun, and uproarious, too, according to Hollywood grapevine, is this new Eagle-Lion comedy with Kenny Delmar, Una Merkel, June Lockhart (above)

How Una Merkel Won Her Victory

By Constance Palmer

WHEN you hit bottom, there's no place to go but up!"

Una Merkel was speaking quietly and confidently, a hard-fought wisdom and a deep, new knowledge in her clear eyes. "When you're face to face with something you believed you *couldn't* face—and can bring yourself to say, 'Well, this is it,' you've won half the battle."

Three years ago Hollywood's heart ached when the news flashed from New York that Una's mother, in the depths of despondency, had taken her own life and that Una herself was near death in that tragic, gas-filled hotel room. Only a few weeks passed before Hollywood heard again about Una: she was in a Glendale hospital suffering from a complete nervous breakdown.

"People are too apt to dodge facts," Una went on. "It is so much easier to close your eyes, to sidestep, to look at

the pleasant side, to think of something else. But when the breakdown came, I realized I couldn't fight it, so I simply gave up. I *had* to. There was nothing else to do."

It wasn't quite as uncomplicated as that, though. Una was a desperately ill girl. A fairly tall person—five feet, six inches—she weighed only ninety-four pounds. For weeks she was fed intensively on vitamins. She was not permitted to move from her bed; she was allowed no visitors, no phone-calls. Each day she was lifted into a wheel-chair and taken down the hall to be weighed; every ounce gained meant life right then.

The worst, though, was Una's lack of interest in living. She simply *didn't care*. Her tired heart had had to bear so much. And in her extremity there was the added hurt that some of the ones nearest her, some of those she had helped in times past, deserted her now. "Friends," too, who would logically have been expected to rush to her side now with love

and affection, conveniently forgot she existed. The disappointment and bitterness in her heart then was like gall in her mouth.

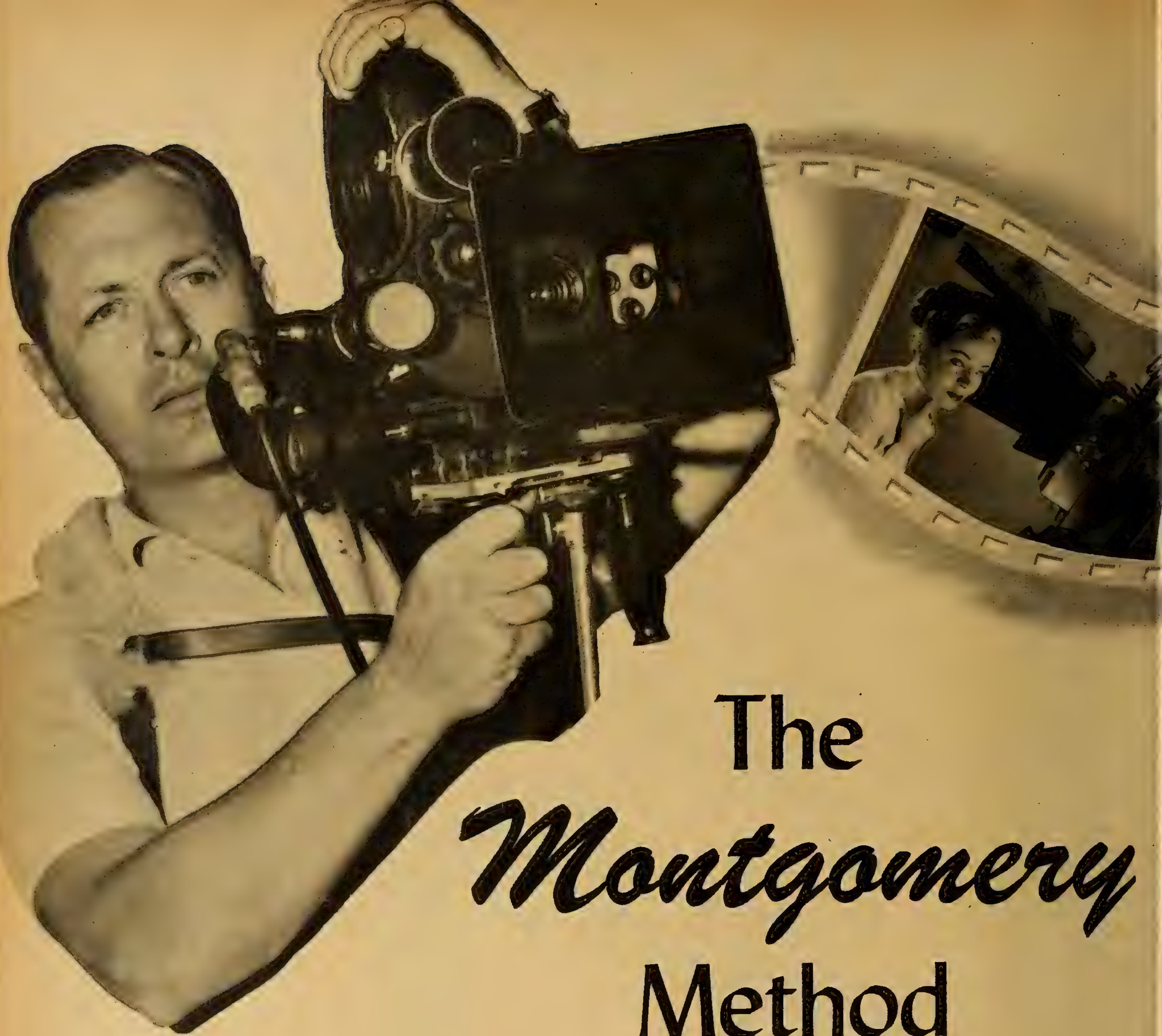
But there was one above all who didn't desert. Una's father, on business in Mexico, boarded a plane immediately. And there were others—strangely enough, not many who had been very close to her before—who stood by her in her trouble.

As Una told me all this in the cheerful living-room of her aunt's apartment in the Olympic Boulevard section of Los Angeles, it was hard to understand that she's gone through so much. She looks so well. She talks so cheerfully, so gaily. She's back doing her first picture, "It's a Joke, Son," with Kenny Delmar, for Eagle-Lion Productions. She's the same Una, but with a subtle difference, a depth and an understanding of the dark valley of despair that is given only to those who have walked through its shadows.

"After I'd gained enough pounds, friends who (Please turn to page 95)



Made Over In "Temptation!"



The *Montgomery* Method

They said it couldn't be done, but Bob Montgomery did it! Here's the unusual story of an actor turned director, and the brand new technique he introduces to the screen in "Lady in the Lake"

By Fredda Dudley

ACCORDING to present plans, a picture entitled "Lady in the Lake" will be rendering a spine-chilling assist to the mid-winter weather. Having cooled off the customers, "Lady in the Lake" will—contrarily—bring on a heated result: red-hot discussion of its technique is guaranteed to raise room temperatures at least five degrees.

Produced from the novel by Raymond Chandler, and directed by Robert Montgomery, in his début in that capacity, "Lady in the Lake's" cast consists of Robert Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan, Jayne Meadows, Leon

Ames and Tom Tully, and the manner in which it conveys its message is as advanced over standard technique as Morse code is superior to smoke signals.

It is imperative that you see the picture from the beginning, because you will have missed the excitement of the long buildup if you arrive in the middle of Reel Three and try to orient yourself. The story opens with a prologue in which Bob, as *Philip Marlowe*, challenges you, given exactly the clues *he* was given in a murder case, to determine the killer. Whereupon your eye becomes the eye of *Philip Marlowe* as played by Bob, whom you see only when the camera picks up his reflection in a mirror. When he lights a cigarette, the smoke drifts up





Montgomery, far left, wears the special eye-mo camera which has been rigged up by the camera department. On his shoulder is one special microphone constructed by the sound department. Now he is able to move about at will and get the action just as Phillip Marlowe (Raymond Chandler's detective character whom he portrays) saw it happen. Above, Audrey Totter as his girl friend plays her love scenes right into the camera lens and the audience sees her face in closeup just as Marlowe sees it. Pictures at bottom of pages show Bob Montgomery in his new dual job of star-producer. "Lady in the Lake" is his first directorial venture after sixteen years as an actor on the MGM studio roster.

across the camera, hence across *your* eyes. When he signs a register, a hand takes the pen—and by that time you are so engrossed in your adventure that you can almost feel the moisture of ink on your own fingers. When *Marlowe* goes to a cocktail party, you (as the camera eye) move through the rooms and people turn to nod and smile or speak to you. When *Marlowe* sits down, each member of the audience sinks into a proxy chair and undergoes a change of vision angle because you find yourself looking *up* at players you are accustomed to meeting on stage level. On the occasion when *Marlowe*, hence *you*, wake up in the police station, *you* get so infuriated at Lloyd Nolan (an officer) that you—assisted by *Marlowe's* fist—yearn to straight-arm him into the rolltop desk and turn the lock. All things considered, the unreeling of a picture in first person, singular, is the most adrenalin-making experience ever presented an audience.

Bob Mont- (Please turn to page 94)





He lives alone and likes it, so far. Dater of many of Hollywood's most beautiful girls, Stewart is still single. Below, his fans are still faithful, even after Jimmy's five-year absence from the screen.



Producer-director Frank Capra, below, and his favorite actor, James Stewart, who stars in Capra's Liberty film, "It's a Wonderful Life"—see stills from picture, right, with Donna Reed playing rôle opposite Jim.



Portrait of

AFTER a five-year absence from the screen, Jimmy Stewart is back before the cameras again. When he went away, his mind was on other things than Hollywood—things like helping win a war. He did his part so admirably, so without fanfare and publicity, so earnestly and with such deep-rooted conviction, that Hollywood is proud of him. So proud, in fact, that this glitter town can be understandably pardoned for holding him up as a shining example of how Hollywood men behaved in service. Sometimes this pride irked Jimmy a little. He didn't see why he should get any mental ribbons, medals or flags pinned on him when he felt he was such a small part of a gigantic whole.

But the reason people kept bragging about him and his admirable record was because Jimmy, more than any other Hollywood star in the service, typified to mothers, wives and sweethearts everywhere the average guy who went away to fight a war. He might not have liked being singled out as a shining example, but it was inevitable. To all the women who were left at home, Jimmy was the guy who went away to help win the war.

There are other movie stars whose records are admirable. There is Tyrone Power, romantic, exciting, adventurous, whose face turned grim and unrelenting in combat. There is warm-hearted, colorful, unpredictable Victor Mature who was three years and nine months in the Coast Guard, who knew bleak loneliness in the Atlantic, who lifted charred bodies from hell fires. There is Lew Ayres with the beautiful courage of his convictions; Lew, who ministered to the sick, who aged overnight at the stark and bitter reality of what he saw. There is Clark Gable, the most glamorous of them all; Clark, who had a personal stake in fighting a war when Carole Lombard found death in flames. Yes, Hollywood has every right to be proud of her men. Yet, somehow, even in the searing ugliness of war, these men were all touched with glamor. Not so, Jimmy Stewart.

Of them all, he was the least brushed with color. Jimmy is as unprepossessing as an old shoe. Yet there is a dependability about Jimmy, an innate modesty, a Yankee close-mouthedness that is reminiscent of every boy who went away. That's why, today. (Please turn to page 79)



*a Perennial Bachelor**

Jimmy Stewart, free-lance in the town loaded with scrumptious gals—How does he stay that way, what are his future plans? We're telling you here

By
Alyce
Canfield

*Bachelor, that is, as we go to press. Remember, this is Hollywood



IN STYLE

with the

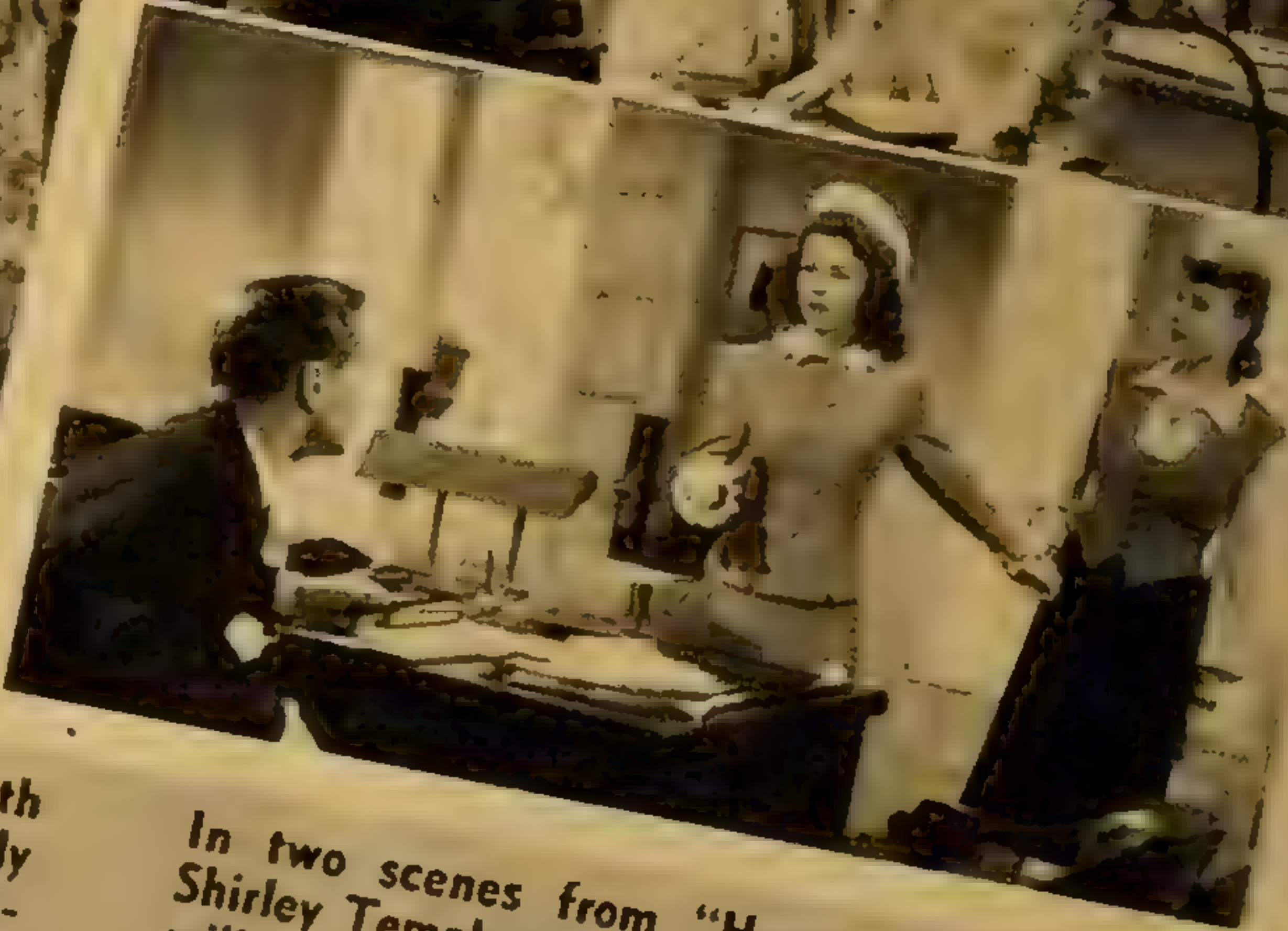
Something new for you! If you've admired the glamor clothes movie stars wear, but despaired of ever looking like that, listen to this practical advice, which tells you just how to adapt those tired old dresses in your closet into fresh, sparkling styles



There are lots of pointers to be had from the clothes Shirley Temple wears in RKO's "Honeymoon"—such as this suit, above, with the piqué embroidered yoke, collar, and cuff ruffles. Every detail can be transferred to your old suit.



Our accompanying article tells you how, with time, care, and patience—and that lively imagination—you can adapt Shirley's charming, Victorian dress, designed by Stevenson, shown above in the scene with Franchot Tone.



In two scenes from "Honeymoon," above, Shirley Temple wears clever costumes which will give any bright girl ideas for her own wardrobe. Top, the jumper dress; below, simple suit snapped up by collar and cuffs.

IT'S a matter of common knowledge that motion pictures have a deep influence on fashion. Future styles are often set, or created, by the costumes worn by well-known stars in well-publicized pictures. An entirely new fashion trend may be set by an important production.

As you and I look at a picture, the costumes may appear to be completely fanciful, or bizarre, utterly unfit for practical, everyday use. A dress designer, on the other hand, looks at these very same costumes and gets from them ideas that he will adapt for garments for present-day use. The next thing we know, we

are wearing clothes that bear, especially in detail, some resemblance to those costumes.

Now, the practical question is: if designers look to motion pictures for inspiration, why can't you, and you, and you? The answer is, of course, you can and you should! It is only a matter of knowing how, and what, to look for, and of learning how to *adapt* what you see to your individual needs.

For instance, you see something on the screen that reminds you a little—don't

mind *how* little—of that tired suit hanging in your closet. Or possibly something about the dress worn in the picture makes you think that maybe, with just a little fixing, the dress you bought a long while ago, and lost interest in, might be brought to life by spicing it with a bit of cutting away, with a little fitting here, or with a dash of trimming there. It resolves itself then, into our doing as the designers do and looking to motion

Stars



Suppose you envy your film favorite her Hollywood wardrobe, see a costume on the screen you'd love to own. Well, by reading this article carefully, you can approximate the smart effects achieved by the studios and surprise your friends

By Lilian Lewis



Laraine Day's clothes in "The Locket," her new picture, are of interest, especially her dress, above, with the knitted guimpe. This is an easy idea to adapt from an old dress you're tired of. See this story.



The blonde with Robert Mitchum in the scene from "The Locket," above, illustrates a suggestion to perk up a drab dress. The gleaming collar and cuffs on her checked blouse focus the eye immediately, are easy to adapt.



The sweater worn by Laraine Day above is the answer for you girls who have wanted a real original type of knitted garment. The treatment of the embroidered design on the turned-back turtle-neck gives nice rest

pictures for ideas that can be adapted to our wardrobes with advantage, with enjoyment and with profit. It's easy once you get the hang of it, easy and lots of fun to boot.

Let's see what we find in the picture, "The Locket," an RKO production starring Laraine Day. Her clothes are interesting, especially the ones you can use as your guides.

Look carefully at Miss Day's dress

with the knitted guimpe and cuffs, as illustrated. This is an easy idea to adapt. From the dress you're tired of, cut out a low, generous oval. The material from this oval should make a collar similar to the one shown in the picture. Fill in this low oval with either a guimpe you have knitted yourself, or with material you have bought. The new material doesn't have to be knitted, but you'd have an effective result if it were. Stitch a wide binding around the neckline of the guimpe, carrying the binding down the front

of the dress to the waistline. If the skirt of your dress is of generous proportions, slimming it will give you enough excess material for the binding. If, however, there should be no skirt material, use the guimpe stuff for the binding, as well as for the cuffs, the buttons, and the belt.

A somewhat similar idea can be used to perk up a drab dress if you follow the suggestion of the trim on the checked blouse worn by the blonde in the illustration. Her blouse accessories consist of gleaming collars and cuffs. They focus the eye immediately. Certainly they are easy to adapt. The slender, dickie-like front consists (Please turn to page 93)



Tough Luck

The most misunderstood man
in Hollywood is sympathetically
appraised here by his old friend,
Dick Mook. Loyal Ayres fans will
cherish this exclusive story

By S. R. Mook

Lew Ayres

Only a friend of seventeen years' standing could analyze Lew Ayres as penetratingly as writer Mook in our article. The Lew of yesteryear's popular "Dr. Kildare" series, at upper right, with Lynn Carver, is contrasted with the Ayres of today, co-starring with Olivia deHavilland in "The Dark Mirror," at right and below. It's a great comeback for Lew, still one of the finest actors on the screen. At left, when he was the idol of the bobby-soxers of the day, surrounded by palpitating pretties in "Spring Dance." Pick out Ruth Hussey and Maureen O'Sullivan in bevy of beauties?



WELL, he's back—the most misunderstood, ill-fated man in Hollywood. And it is a changed Lew Ayres who came back from the war to take up his film career. He has always been stubborn as a mule but even his worst enemy could never wish Lew the tough luck that has dogged his footsteps since he first came to Hollywood.

But, if he is stubborn, he is also true to his ideals. If something threatens them, Lew will stand up for what he believes, come hell or high water. A few years ago when the draft first went into effect, Lew was among the first to be tagged. Hollywood gasped and gagged when he point-blank refused to enter a training camp and take up arms. Many people muttered "slacker" and "yellow." A few recalled that he had been a vegetarian for years and, without bothering to ask, circulated the report that "All Quiet on the Western Front," his second great success (his first was "The Kiss" with Garbo) had given him a deeprooted aversion to blood and killing.

Neither was correct, although the latter version was the kinder of the two. An intimate friend of Lew's for seventeen years, I resented both of them. His vegetarianism was *not* brought about by "All Quiet." Riding the crest after its

release, he was enjoying to the fullest extent a happy, normal, young fellow's life. Many is the roast and steak I have helped demolish at his home after its completion.

It was several years later, after his divorce from Lola Lane, that he left Hollywood to escape both people and interviews; and went fishing up on the Sacramento River. Up there he met Norman Foster who was, himself, having trouble with his then wife, Claudette Colbert. Confiding their troubles to each other, they became fast friends and when the fishing palled they moved over to the Catalina Isthmus and went wild boar hunting.

It was on their return from that trip that Lew told me what had happened. "We were out one afternoon when we spotted what we thought was a wild boar. We both took aim and fired. When we saw the hog drop we ran towards it simultaneously. When we got there we found it wasn't a boar at all but a sow. While we stood looking down at her, six little weanling pigs ran out of the bushes looking for their mother. They were only about six weeks old, too young by far to forage for themselves, so we had to kill them, too. The worst of it was, the sow was so lean we couldn't even skin her

for the meat. Dick, you have no idea what a feeling that gave me." He turned away for a few moments, then faced me again: "Come up whenever you want to, as you always have," he said humorously, "but don't expect any more of those juicy steaks or roasts. I'll never again, as long as I live, eat anything that has to be killed to prepare it for the table." And he's stuck to that resolve, even though it was only a resolution he had made to himself.

If he felt that way about killing a hog you can imagine what the prospect of killing humans would do to him. After all the talk about his refusal to take up arms, I was surprised one morning to find a letter from a woman in Seattle in my mail. "I know," she wrote, "you are a friend of Lew Ayres and I am writing in the hope that you can throw some light on his case. He has always been both my husband's and my favorite actor. We know there is something behind his apparently inexplicable actions and, until we find out what it is, we have decided to string along with him. As far as we are concerned, we need no excuse but we are hoping you can supply us with an argument to use in facing his detractors who criticize, not only him, but us for continuing to (Please turn to page 81)

Can You Say "Gay- Zah"?



Then you're calling Charles Korvin by his right name! For Geza, pronounced with the accent on the "Gay," means victorious, and that describes him.

By
Virginia
Sullivan
Tomlinson



"A PHILOSOPHER," quotes Charles Korvin, "is a man who can stand in the wings and watch himself play his rôle in the Comedy of Life without weeping!"

The young actor whose principal rôle, since coming to Hollywood, has been one of waiting, whose life in the years before that was but a patient marking of time, has indeed achieved a philosophy of his own. "I've learned to wait," says Charles Korvin. "Sometimes it's hard to do; but believe me—it pays!"

Being shelved in Hollywood usually connotes failure, then oblivion. In the case of Charles Korvin, "shelved" by Universal Studios for long months following his screen bow in "Enter Arsene Lupin," the reason was exactly opposite.

"We couldn't let him go on," a studio executive told me. "As the suave jewel thief who made love to Ella Raines in that picture, his appeal to the public was as surprising as it was sincere. We decided he'd be a greater asset, idle, than wasted in an unsuitable rôle, merely for the sake of having his name and personality before the public."

So they waited. Then came "This Love of Ours," in which he co-starred with Merle Oberon—and the waiting of Charles Korvin was over, for a time at least.

It's hard to realize, when first you meet him, what it is about this young man that intrigues you. The amused challenge in the hazel eyes, the crest of dark hair, even the cleft in the strong, up-

e Korvin household is a gay and happy place. Face page, "Gay-zah" and Helena with their prize collection of pigs. Record collectors, too—and he's expert at skiing and fishing, likes fussing with a camera.



Merle Oberon is his lucky star! "This Love of Ours" opposite Oberon gave Korvin the follow-up break he needed after "Arsene Lupin." Now he makes love to Merle in International's melodrama, "Temptation" (below).



thrust chin are of a pattern familiar enough to Hollywood standards of masculine good looks. It's only when you talk to him that you sense the vibrance; something ardent and controlled, at once friendly and reserved—the charm of his continental manner touched with an engaging accent, leavened by his very American outlook on life and the force of a personality that will never salute defeat.

"I learned to wait during all those months I was trying to get to America," he told me. "You see, I was born in Czecho-Slovakia, but brought up in Hungary; and in 1932, when my father died, I'd have given everything I owned to come over here. I had a brother working in London, so I went there first. But it was no use—I could not get a visa to come to America. It isn't easy, you know. Nothing is easy that really matters to one. My eloquence did me credit, but it left the authorities cold. So, in order to eat, I went to work in a pacifist camp in Switzerland."

This was long before the war, of course; and the people in the camp, ranging in ages from 16 to 60, were Quaker-

supported, and pledged to work for a common goal. "As witness that bad time in 1935," Charles Korvin says, "when a dam broke in Switzerland, covering with water miles of meadow-land that furnished a livelihood to thousands of poor people. We cleared those meadows; they are producing today."

It was at the camp, known as the International Voluntary Service for Peace, that he met the young man whose friendship was to change the whole course of his life: an American boy named Bond, whose home was in Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"My home is yours, if ever you get to America," Bond told him. "Keep working at it!"

"I kept working at it," Korvin told me. "I went to the Sorbonne for four years; I travelled as courier to tourists. For three months I cleaned hotel rooms—took people skiing in the Alps—worked as an extra in French pictures—became a professional photographer. I learned German while teaching it to some children in London; I learned English by passing it on to youngsters in France. I kept just one lesson ahead of my pupils in the book. I even sold candies and

fruits in a night-club; anything so I might have enough to eat. I kept remembering something my father used to say: 'The reason why worry kills more people than work, is because more people worry than work!' So I kept working."

As a news syndicate photographer in Spain, he covered the battle action during the siege of Madrid. "That was where I met Dr. Norman Bethune," he continued. "The man who had the first blood bank in history. We made an educational film, which was very successful."

So successful was it that young Charles Korvin was entirely unprepared, one Sunday afternoon, when the head of the institute walked into his hotel room. "We're leaving for America tomorrow morning," the doctor said. "How about your coming with us?"

"What did you say?" Korvin asked him. The thing he had been working for, hoping for—the unattainable goal toward which he had struggled since 1929 was in sight!

"I took those hotel stairs on the bias," Charles Korvin laughed. "It was almost closing time, but I made the office of the American (Please turn to page 88)



Annie AT HOME





You know she's popular, when everyone, from producers to props, call her Annie. Here she's shown making her new movie for Warners, "Nora Prentiss," with Kent Smith as her leading man and Vincent Sherman as her director. These exclusive studio photos show how much fun there is on the Sheridan set. Left, other stars including Bob Alda, facing page, like to drop in for visits. Above, Director Sherman examines realistic bruise on Annie's knee while hairdresser gets her ready for next scene.



AND AT *Work*

Everybody's glad that Ann Sheridan is back home in Hollywood again, and hard at work. She was away too long—let's give her a great, big welcome

Ann lives alone in Encino, California. Favorite diversion, dancing to her fine collection of Mexican records; she does excellent rumba, samba, Mexican folk dances. The Latins call her "Anita" and have presented her with a piece of land in Vera Cruz where she will some day build a home. Right now she's intent on re-building her movie career which was interrupted by long suspension. Romance? Steve Hannagan is still most favored escort.





Designed for office eye-appeal, left, is Claudette Colbert's one-piece dress of crepe and wool. A form-clinging peplum and brown leather belt encircle the waist. Blended into the tailored white blouse is a strip of the skirt's brown and white check.



Gray is always good, so a "good gray suit" is included in the "year-round wardrobe" created by MGM executive designer Irene for Colbert to wear in "The Secret Heart." Slim over hips, the skirt flares in front in an unpressed pleat. Jacket is double-breasted.



The buckle suit, left, worn by Claudette is cut with simple, tailored lines, with square-necked jacket, turned-down collar, and turned-up cuffs. Of trim navy blue, this suit carries through the new unpressed pleat from jacket to the skirt, a graceful effect.



Gold wool and leopard is Claudette's combination for a traveling suit. The slim skirt is accented by a boxy hip-length jacket of leopard skin. Gold wool detail is woven through the shoulder line matching the little turned-down collar. Gold off-the-face hat.

Claudette's Fashion Favorites



For her role in "The Secret Heart," Miss Colbert approved these exclusive costumes designed by Irene

Special pet of Claudette's: this seasonless evening dress of black and white satin striped material with white silk piqué collar and cuffs and a black leather girdle belt to emphasize the tiny waist.



Photo

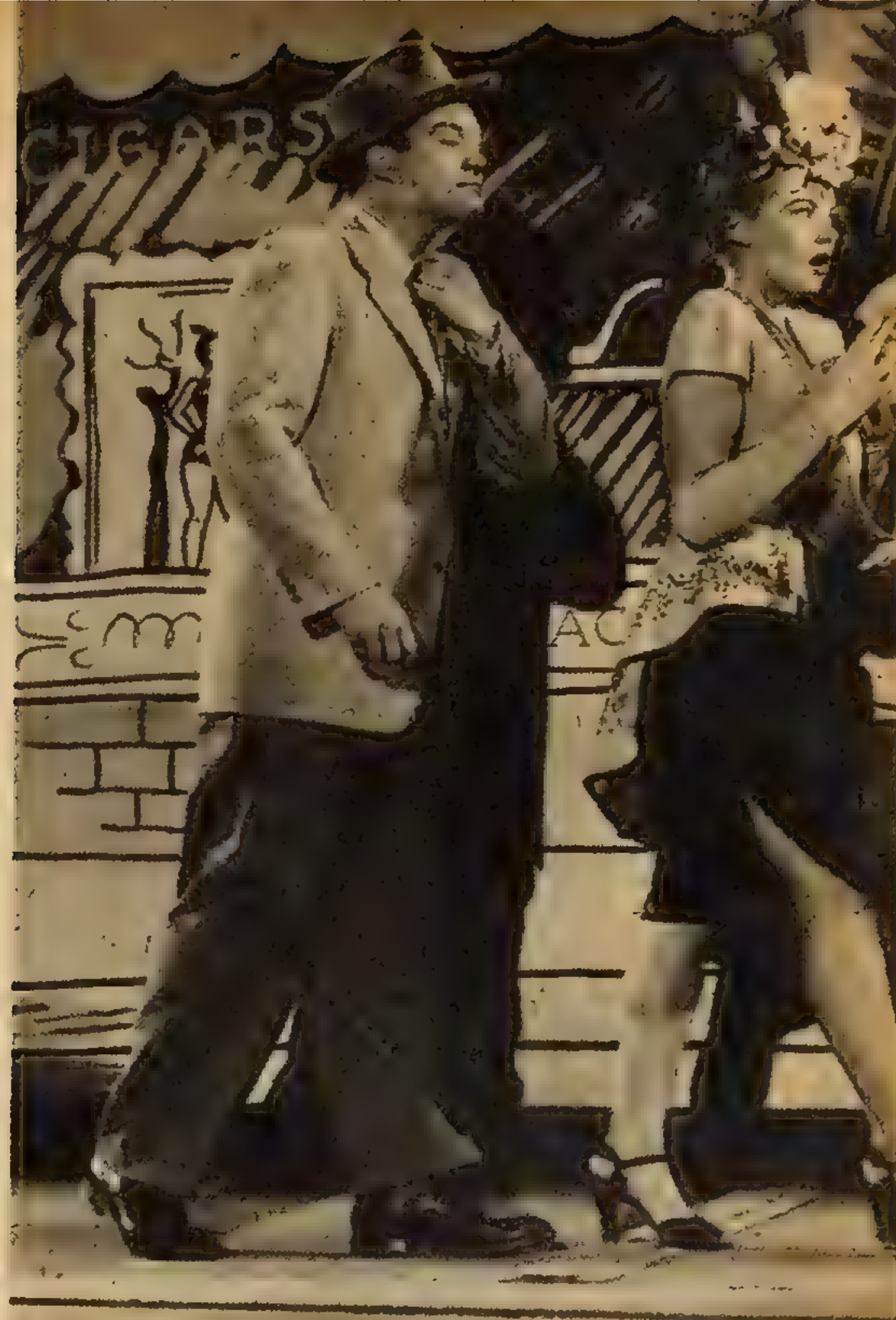
Hollywood says on
with the dance, and
top stars are stepping
lively in new films

Hand-picked by June Haver her-
self, Gene Nelson is screen's
new dancing sensation as June's
partner in "Wonder Who's
Kissing Her Now?" latest big
20th Century Fox musical.
Gene, former ice skater, looks
like a combination of Paul Dr-
aper and Johnny Coy, and hand-
somer than either. With Fred
Astaire's dancing days officially
over, there's keen competition
among the fast-stepping lads



Reviews

Margaret O'Brien, above, turns ballerina in her next MGM picture, "The Unfinished Dance," and David Lichine, famous ballet dancer and choreographer who directs the ballet numbers in the film, claims Maggie is one of the finest young dancers he has ever coached. The little star worked hard for six months to acquire sufficient ballet technique to perform the important numbers for the Pasternak production. And now—Dennis Morgan, of all people, gets into the act as a song-and-dance man! In Warners' "The Time, The Place, and The Girl" he discards all his dignity and clowns through a chase sequence with pretty blonde Angela Greene, pictured here.

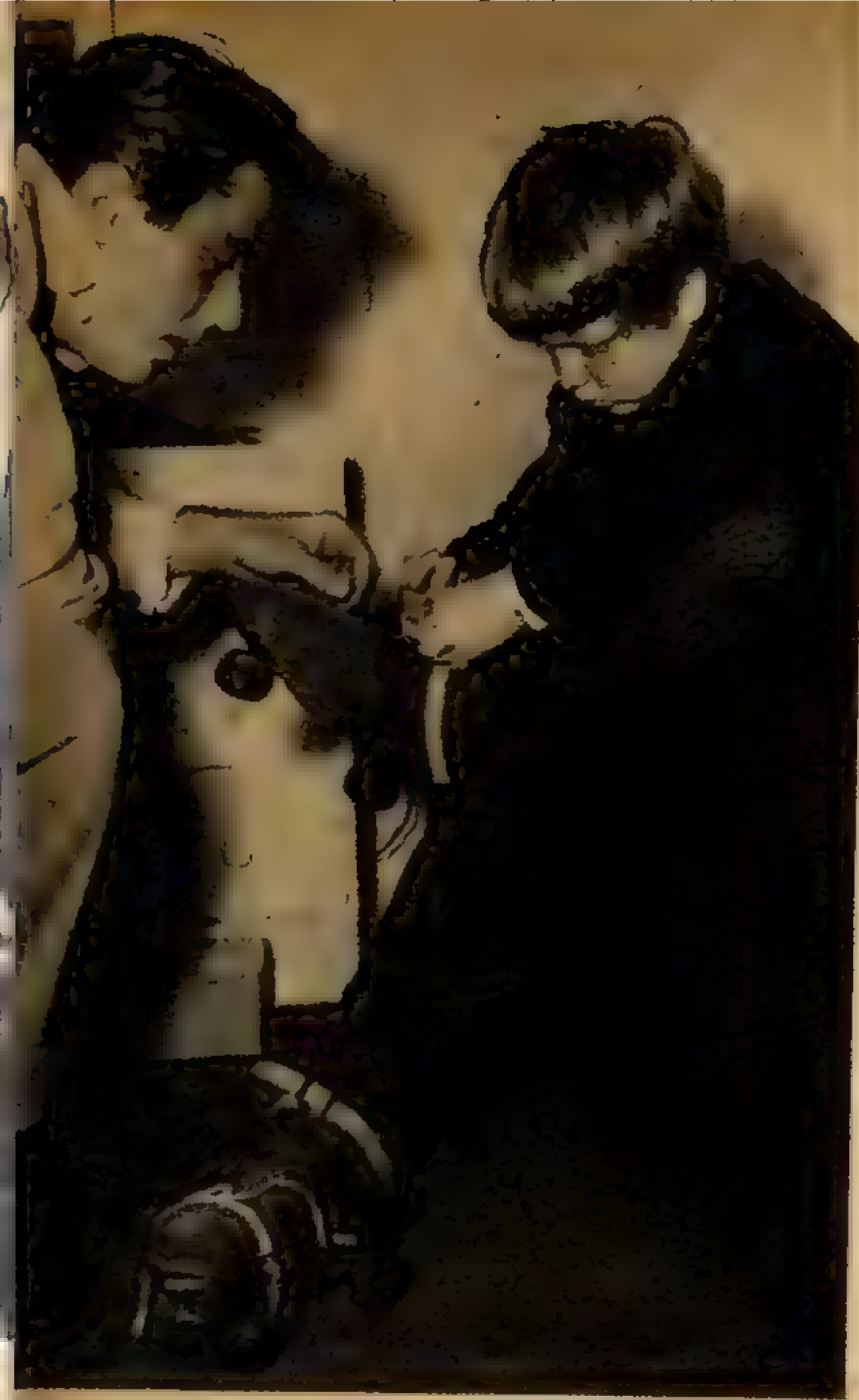




Tallest and tiniest actors on the Metro lot, Pete Lawford and Butch Jenkins, join forces in "My Brother Who Talked to Horses." Yep, Butch looks up to Pete, especially since the big boy taught him to box, gifted him with a new pair of skates on completion of picture

Fan in Mexico sent Butch these king-sized sombreros, left. Butch shared gift with Pete, who at twenty-three stands over six feet tall, gets more fan mail at MGM than any other male star except Van Johnson. Below, scene between the buddies, who play brothers on the screen in new, quaintly-titled comedy.





Butch's Buddy



Day picture finished shooting. Pete presented Butch with best skates he could buy, as well as the toy Tommy-gun Butch is drawing a bead with above. Top right, eight-year-old Jenkins shares studio kids' new hobby with Pete—breaking the inner glass away from the celluloid covering of used flash bulbs. It's quite a trick if you can do it, says Pete—61



Gayest event on Hollywood's current social calendar: the lavish Press Photographers' costume ball which took all of Ciro's for the staging. Our Jack Albin, who snapped these scoop photos, introduced the stars, then called on Ralph Edwards to start the games. June Allyson wore a Shriner's outfit, while Dick Powell, above, got all dressed up in cowboy suit. Top right, Kay Kyser's head comes in for a thumping when his sweet, helpful wife, Georgia Carroll, tries to pick the best melon, with Ralph Edwards' assistance. Isn't he a "devil"? Right, Esther Williams and Ben Gage are being primed for a "nose-guessing" gag. Below, Sonny Tufts, with his wife, ran off with Best Costume award with a real diver's suit.



Here's Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East

Exclusive candids by Jack Albin



Jane Powell, above, gets the giggles over Jim Davis' lively conversation. Right, the Zachary Scotts as bunnies provide their share of amusement to Cesar Romero, gaucho, with a real beard he's wearing for a picture, and the Mark Stevenses.



HOLLYWOOD cameramen's "Come dressed as your childhood ambition" party produced some strange results. Ava Gardner was the most beautiful, with a sparkling white plume costume. Gail Patrick wore the biggest hat and Jane Withers wore the biggest bustle. Greer Garson was sort of a gypsy, anyway just as gay as one. Guy Madison came as Guy Madison in a checked shirt. Van Heflin was a jockey. Cesar Romero, complete with beard and the genuine Gaucho pants he brought from the Argentine, was the most startling. Easily the most original were the Zachary Scotts who wore long-eared, cotton-tail bunny costumes. Even if their costumes had nothing to do with childhood ambitions, no kid ever had as much fun as your favorite star on this annual shindig.

WHEN NORMA SHEARER invited Rex Harrison and his lovely wife, Lilli Palmer, for dinner, they asked if they might bring along their house guest, also a Mrs. Harrison. Norma expressed her pleasure, naturally assuming it to be Rex's mother. When they walked in, the house guest turned out to be *not* his mother, but Rex's first wife! Number one and number two just couldn't be friendlier. In fact, part of the evening passed in the two of them discussing Rex, much to the surprised amusement of the other guests. Sounds like something straight out of Noel Coward, doesn't it?

JEANETTE MACDONALD, who will do one picture a year for MGM, was genuinely touched on the first day of shooting on "The Birds and the Bees." The big boss, L. B. Mayer, had arranged for all the old crew, who worked with Jeanette in the old days, to be assigned to this picture. When she walked on the set, they all broke out in cheers and applause. Her next picture will co-star Jeanette with Nelson Eddy, certainly good news for the MacDonald-Eddy fans. They've never stopped bombarding MGM with letters requesting the return of their two favorites.



William Holden, below, with Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, actually donned a Ciro's waiter's outfit and waited on tables for half an hour before anyone discovered his hoax. Right, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz came as a pair of pirates, just to make the scene more picturesque. Center right, behind the luxuriant black beard is a real glamor gal, Dorothy Lamour, who won first prize for best costume in the ladies' division.





THE "Lady from Shanghai" got awfully weary down in Acapulco, where Orson Welles spent many weeks (and lots of Columbia's money) shooting local color. His bosses are supposed to have agreed that Orson could have done just as well shooting the picture in Catalina. To top every other delay, one day when his face suddenly swelled up and started throbbing, Orson discovered he had been "stung" by a native plant. Anyway, Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier!

IT'S quite a triumph for Jean Wallace (Mrs. Franchot Tone) to be borrowed by Paramount for one of the leads in "Blaze of Noon." A little over five years ago she was a stock girl on that lot. When

she married Franchot they let her go, predicting, as an actress, she'd make an excellent housewife. No one could be happier than Franchot himself, who has long been sold on his wife's acting talents.

CESAR ROMERO can now sympathize with Monty Woolley. For his rôle in "Captain from Castile," with Tyrone Power, "Butch" can't shave off his beard until the picture is finished — sometime next April.

At left, the John Lunds exchange greetings with Adele Mara and Frank Latimore. Above, June Haver, as a Girl Scout, came with Dave Rose in train engineer's costume.

MARLENE DIETRICH may or may not do another Hollywood movie to follow "Golden Earrings." But one thing is certain. Before she returns to Europe, unless our nose for news deceives us, Marlene will have at least one date with Burt Lancaster. Accidentally or otherwise, they seem to run across each other quite often on the Paramount lot, where Burt is on loanout making "Desert Fury." On these occasions, Marlene always looks interesting — and interested.

THAT wasn't a party Olivia de Havilland threw just before she was scheduled to start shooting her next picture. True, Livvy's apartment was filled with Hollywood celebrities. They

Louis Busch (just out of a Keystone Kop Komedy?) "arrests" Janet Blair, far left, (a fugitive from "Arabian Nights"?). Center, David Street winds up a curve in his baseball uniform for Marilyn Maxwell's approval. The game Ralph Edwards chose for them consisted of singing, eating an apple, and kissing each other all at the same time. Right, June Allyson with Steffi Duna.





Rod Cameron was "in character" as a Western horse opera hero, came with Ella Raines dressed as Chinese princess, above, with Ralph Edwards. The Van Heflins, at right, share table with Ava Gardner, Irving Reis.



table, "when Maureen is ten, she'll probably want a date with Clark Gable!"

BILL HOLDEN was begging for work. The day he finished "Dear Ruth" they put him right into "Blaze of Noon." Overnight they bleached his hair for the rôle and Bill, as a blond, is taking an awful ribbing. "I asked for work, not the works," he growled grimly.

ACCORDING to rumor, Jennifer Jones can okay the actor who plays opposite her when she makes "Little Women." So the story goes, Jennifer saw the excellent test made by John Dall and didn't okay it. Why? we wonder. So far no one has the answer, or cares to explain.

were invited there to hear a political speech. Her new husband, Author Marcus Goodrich, is interested in politics. Like the devoted wife she is, Olivia has taken up his cause. Very happy she is too, over the whole set-up.

AT THIS writing about the two unhappiest people in Hollywood are Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. They're not divorcing, they're not even separated. But together with their twin sons and a nurse, they are living in two hotel rooms. The nurse cooks the boys' meals on an electric plate in the hallway. Susan and Jess eat all their meals out. Appalling but true, they can't find a place

to live without shelling out a huge bonus. This they refuse to do, and bravo, we say, for their courage.

NOT a doll, not a toy did young Maureen Reagan request, when Jane Wyman asked her daughter what she wanted for Christmas. "A picture of Claude Jarman, Jr.," said Miss Reagan, without hesitating. So Jane called up her "son" (in "The Yearling") and had him autograph one. "At this rate," quipped Ronnie Reagan, when Jane related the incident that night at the dinner

Mark Stevens, as Tom Mix, enjoys a dance with his "gypsy" wife, at left. Deanna and Felix Jackson, center, arrived late and had to wait twenty minutes to get a seat (just like you do at your neighborhood theater!). What could be more appropriate than Jackie Cooper's "Skippy" costume? At right he poses with Bonita Granville, dressed as a cigarette girl.





Joan Crawford
and John Garfield
will move your emo-
tions to the utmost in
this love story that reach-
es the heights of melo-
drama to the stirring
strains of musi-
cal masterpieces

Highlight scenes from
the Warner Bros. picture
show John Garfield as
the violin soloist whose
music is his entire life,
and Joan Crawford as the
wealthy sponsor of un-
recognized talent whose
bitter disillusionment in
life threatens his career.
For those lighter mo-
ments which every well-
balanced picture must
have, Oscar Levant, in
oval above right, brings
the best of his satirical
remarks to his rôle as ac-
companist. At far right,
Joan Crawford tops her
own dramatic talent in
the telephone scene in
which she talks to the
man she so desperately
loves for the last time.



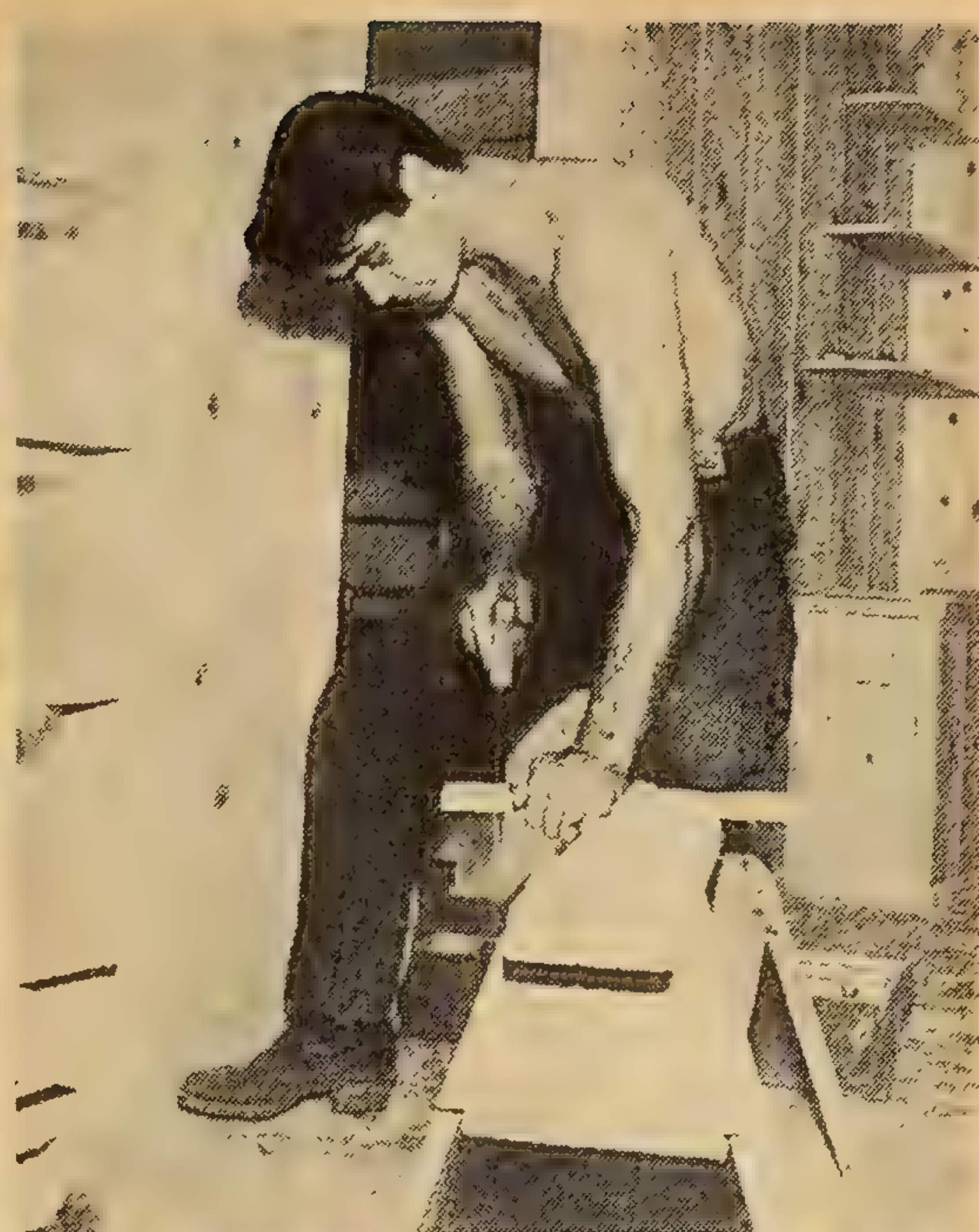
SCREENLAND
salutes



"HUMORESQUE"



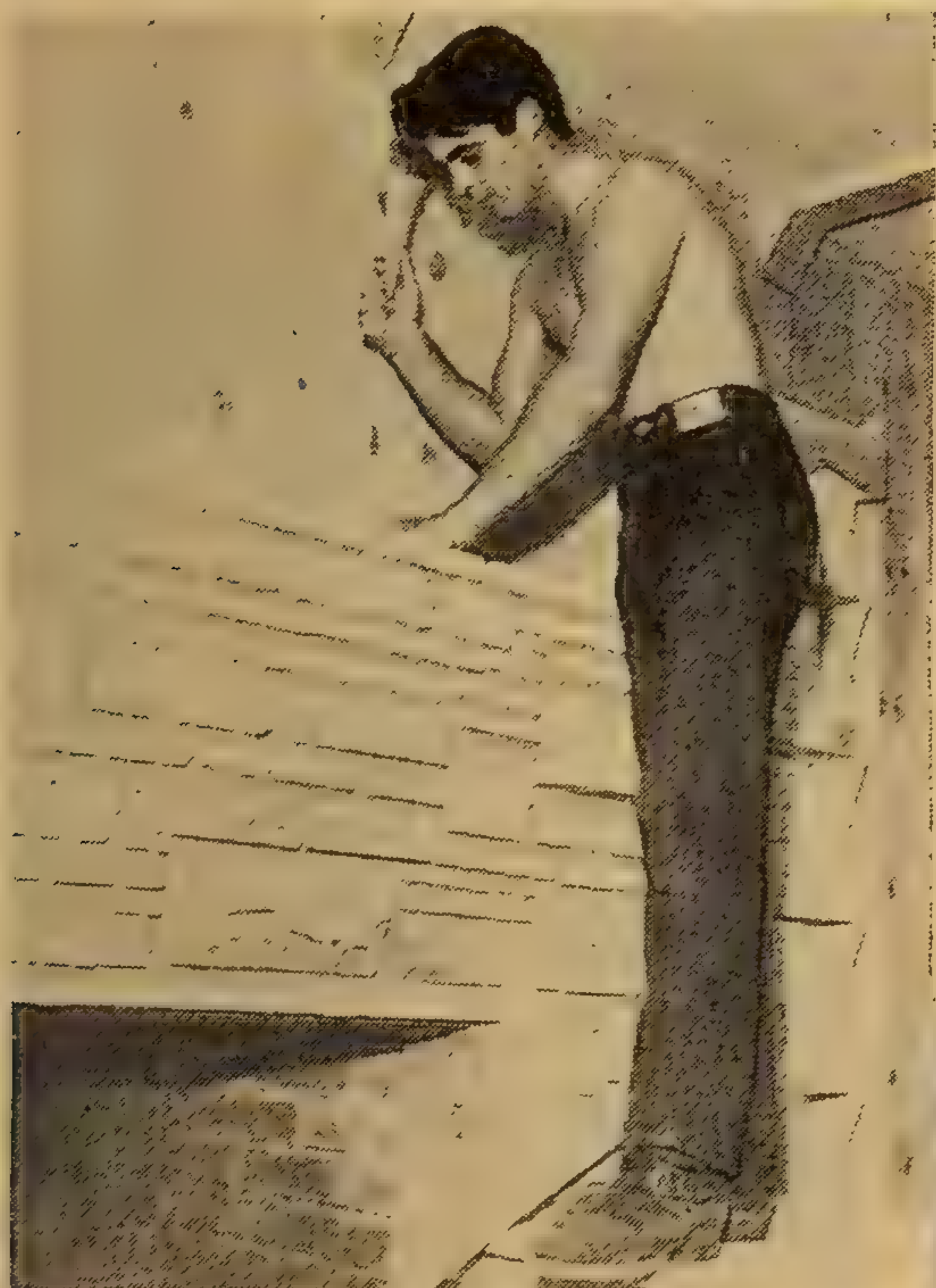
Rory with Julie London in "The Red House."



RORY

Rests Up!

Calhoun's idea of a vacation between pictures



Minute he finished his rôle in "The Red House," Rory Calhoun made tracks for his ranch. Staff photog Jack Albin trailed along, got these exclusive shots.

With buddy Bruce Shedd, above, Rory is building a small house on jointly owned property. It's hard work, too. Calhoun is an expert archer, rifle shot.



Nebraska Yankee

Continued from page 33

Boys, culminating in a famous pistol battle at the O.K. Corral. It's a hard-hitting story of the Old West, with Fonda and his leading lady, Cathy Downs, the only survivors (among the principals) at the finish. Victor Mature, as *Doc Holliday*, who takes to drink and other vices in Tombstone, is killed in the Battle of the Corral, and Linda Darnell, who plays his sweetheart, is done in by a bullet intended for somebody else.

To get the exterior scenes of this picture, a company of 360 people, including cast, crew, and technicians, spent nearly a month living in tents and stone cabins near a waterhole in the middle of the Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona, 187 miles from a railroad, 40 miles from a telephone. Director John Ford's passion for realism prevailed throughout, and you won't see a drugstore cowboy nor a Hollywood Indian in the whole piece—only genuine Arizona products.

This picture, besides being Henry Fonda's first since the war, is also that for Victor Mature, and marks John Ford's return to Twentieth Century-Fox. Before the war, Fonda had made three pictures under Ford's direction: "Grapes of Wrath," "Drums Along the Mohawk," and "Young Mr. Lincoln." And his next to last picture, before enlisting in the Navy, was "Ox Bow Incident"—also a western. All of which was helpful to him in taking up his work again where he left off.

"Hank" Fonda has always been known around Hollywood as a sincere, intelligent, and thoroughly nice person who still wears the same hat size he wore before fame caught up with him. He doesn't look up nor down at his fellow men, but straight in the eye, with friendliness and respect.

"Fonda is a typical New England Yankee," his friends say, "even though he was born and raised in Nebraska. He

has all the caninness, the honesty, the love for simple, homely things that are characteristic of the true Yankee type. They don't come any better."

Neither patronizing nor familiar toward his co-workers, but always co-operative, Fonda is a great favorite among the crews who know him chiefly through observation while he works—which is, after all, the acid test. Said one man, "The only time I ever saw Fonda excited was during the early days of the war. His mind was on it all the time. I never saw a man who was so bound up in the war, so intense about it. Every chance he'd get, he'd leave the stage and run outside to his car, to listen to news broadcasts. And if you'd come along, he'd say, 'What do you know about this?' or 'What do you know about that?' His conversation was entirely about the war, and he wasn't satisfied until he got into it."

He got into it in August, 1942, enlisting as an apprentice seaman. The following May, he graduated from training school as quartermaster third class, and was assigned to a destroyer at Bremerton, Washington, Naval Base. Later he graduated from the Navy Indoctrination School, and then from the Air Combat Intelligence School, after which he was assigned to overseas duty on the staff of Admiral John Hoover, in the Central Pacific and the Marianas. At the time of his discharge, October, 1945, his rating was Lieutenant, Senior Grade, and he held the Presidential Citation and Bronze Star.

The first few months after getting home, he spent in resting and catching up again with his family, which consists of his charming wife, Frances, and three children, Jayne, aged 9, Peter, aged 6, and his 15-year-old stepdaughter, Frances de Villers Brokaw.

"I played with the children," he says,



Husbands and wives on the Hollywood scene: Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford, left, attend party; above, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald greet fan friends at opening; below, Dennis Morgan takes his wife to a premiere.



"I flew kites, and I built airplanes. I did all the things I had been dreaming about doing. We went back to Omaha for a visit with my sisters, whom I hadn't seen for four or five years, and we took one or two short trips here in California. But there was nothing I wanted to do more than just be at home. I had no desire to do any more traveling. I had my fill of that in the Navy."

By April, "My Darling Clementine" was ready to go to work, and so was Fonda.

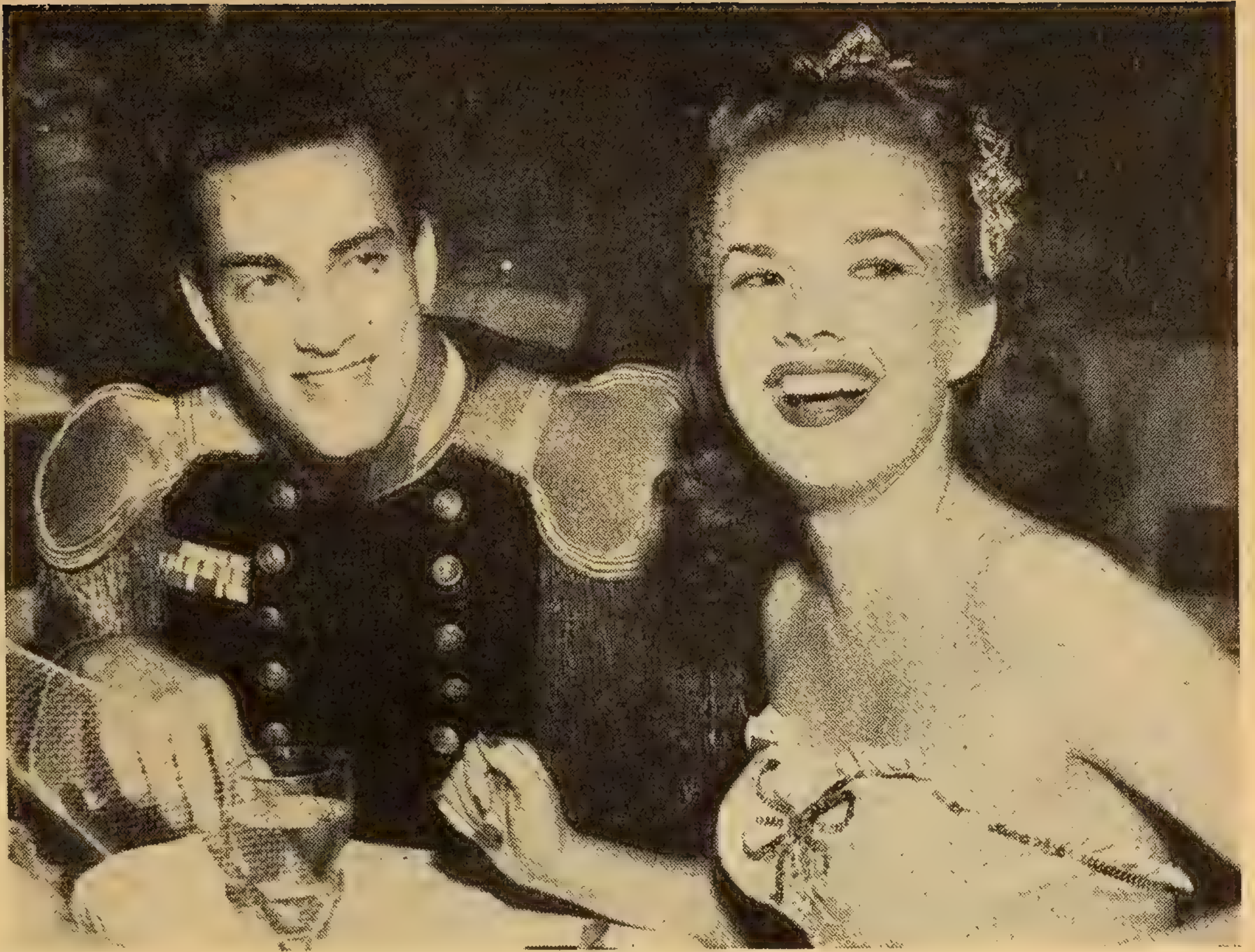
"Did it seem strange to you at first?" he was asked.

"No, I didn't feel any strangeness in getting back to work," he replied. "Some of the fellows I know did experience considerable nervousness when they went back to work. But I was fortunate in that my first picture was directed by John Ford, whom I knew so well, and all the other people in the picture had worked with him before, too. It made a comfortable, homelike atmosphere. It felt like you hadn't been away."

Henry Fonda never answers a question



Andrea King and Nat Willis, make a dazzling picture at a formal party, above; Janet Blair and Louis Busch, below, add gaiety to Billingsley's Bocage Room; right, Gail Storm and Ted Bonnell all dressed up for a costume party.



in an off-hand manner. He always considers a question carefully, and gives you a straightforward reply. His conversation is not sprinkled with wisecracks, but there are frequent shafts of salty humor.

"I'm not aware of any change in myself," he went on, "and if my friends have noticed any changes in me, they haven't told me about it." He paused a moment, thoughtfully, then added, "I'm happier than I was, but there are all sorts of reasons for that. One is the terrific happiness of just getting back to my family.

"Another is that I'm no longer under long-term contract. This doesn't mean that I had any grievance against Twentieth Century-Fox. It's just that when you're under contract, you have to do everything that comes along, and I wanted to play only the rôles for which I felt I was right. Under my present arrangement, I have a commitment to do one picture a year for Twentieth Century-Fox, and aside from that, I'll free lance.

"My next picture is at RKO, to be

directed by Anatole Litvak. It's called 'A Time to Kill.' It's a melodrama, told in flashbacks. At the very beginning, a murder is committed, but you don't know why. The rest of the story explains. It's really a character story, with four wonderful parts in it. Barbara Bel Geddes will play one. She's the girl who made such a hit on Broadway, and this will be her first picture.

"After that, I go to Warner's to do 'Ethan Frome' with Bette Davis. And somewhere in between, Jim Stewart and I are going to do a sequence together in a picture, 'A Miracle Can Happen,' that is a series of episodes, somewhat like 'If I Had a Million' and 'Tales of Manhattan.' It's a story written by John O'Hara, and Jim and I are both very excited about it."

One thing the war did to Henry Fonda was to make a red-hot movie fan of him—at least, for the duration.

"I have never been particularly a movie fan," he said. "I like to see certain movies, but I have never cared to go, just to be going to the movies. My wife is a movie fan, and there are many people who enjoy going to their favorite theater whenever there's a new program, whatever it is. But I've never felt that way about movies. Of course, I'm not the only one like this—I just explain it to give you the buildup to what movies came to mean to us in the service when we were overseas. There was a movie every night, whether we were at sea or on shore, and everybody that could possibly go, did go, because there wasn't anything else to do.

"Among the officers I worked with, there were two or three men who were much less movie fans than I was, and even so, they went every night, too. One boy hadn't been to a movie for over ten years. He didn't know me or anybody else whose names I mentioned to him. He finally went to a movie one night in Guam—and after that, he went every night. He still had taste about it, though. He knew what was good and

what was bad, and why. He didn't like everything he saw, but he saw everything that came our way.

"I don't know what all this proves, except what's often been said about how much movies meant to the G.I. audiences, and I don't think I could add to what has already been said about that. They're the most wonderful audiences in the world when they like something—and they'd certainly spoil the picture for anybody else if they didn't like it.

"I think it's understandable that the musical pictures were the most popular, because when you're out there in a war, which isn't the happiest situation to be in, and away from girls, the musicals provided good bright comedy which is just what you need. They were the best entertainment we had. Some were pretty bad, too, but I know I was completely entertained and relaxed by musicals that I wouldn't have crossed the street to see before. And I wouldn't now, either.

"You hear a lot of talk about whether movies should stick to pure entertainment or try to educate and get over a message. I think they can do both, but not in the same picture. Movies were extensively used during the war by the armed forces for documentary, propaganda, and educational purposes. Those were not Hollywood movies, of course, but the medium was the same. So now everybody realizes how powerful movies can be in such uses. I think that power should not be prostituted. And I think, because of the world-wide influence of movies, that power could be a very dangerous weapon if misused.

"But if it's controlled, and wisely used, I see no reason why some pictures should not be made with worthwhile messages. You can always sandwich in a picture of this kind between the feature and the comedy. You have to get people into the theater with entertainment, but after they're there, they'll look at the other kind if it's interesting. Personally, I don't have in mind any particular message that movies should attempt to put

over. There are so many things that need to be done, like combating racial prejudice and religious intolerance."

When it comes to recreation, Fonda is never at a loss, for he has many hobbies and interests. But you'll never find him whirling around like a dervish, trying to prove how many things he can do at once. Fonda does only what he can do well, and lets the rest go for the time being. And by keeping to that unhurried Yankee tempo, he accomplishes more than those frantic characters who waste so much time telling you how busy they are.

He's always liked to work with his hands, and has a well-equipped workshop at his home, where he tinkers about with household repairs, and dreams up and put together various handy gadgets. He's also a gifted amateur sculptor, though he hasn't had much time to do anything about it recently.

"I've never studied sculpture," he explained, "and I don't take it very seriously, but I'd like to take it up again. I get a terrific satisfaction out of working with that clay and moulding it into form. I've only done heads, but I'd like to have enough space to make something on a heroic scale. I have plans to enlarge my workshop some day, and make it into a studio that will allow me to do full figures."

When Fonda was about twenty-one, his modeling was good enough to bring him a scholarship to a New York art school. But it so happened that just at that time, he was making the acquaintance of the community theater in Omaha which started him on his acting career.

"I've never regretted that I decided to stick to acting," he says. "Later, when I was in the theater in New York, and in a play that had a long run, so that I was settled and had some free time, I used to work a lot at sculpture. I even went to the Art Students' League in New York at one time to see about taking some courses. But that is a serious art school, and they expect you to give a great deal of time to your work. I found I couldn't devote as much time to it as they required, so I gave up the idea. That's the nearest I ever came to studying sculpture. I would have enjoyed studying, but I'm not arty—not by a long shot."

When reminded that the studio biography says his favorite recreation is arguing—subject immaterial—he grinned and said, "I don't know how it got there, but I do like to argue. I'm no soap-box orator, and I'm not trying to persuade anybody. But I like to get together with a bunch of fellows over some beer and argue about something, any old thing. I don't know why, I just like to. We all do. It's fun, and you never have to go very far to get into an argument."

Another Fonda hobby is the complete candid camera record which he and his wife have kept of their children from babyhood days, and which they plan to continue until the children are grown. During the time he was in the Navy, Mrs. Fonda took over as cameraman, so there is no break in the family history.

"One of the nicest things that happened to me during the war," he said, "was receiving four reels of 16-mm. color

film that my wife had taken of the children for me. And maybe you don't think it was thrilling to sit there in a little quonset hut and see those kids on the screen! They knew it was being taken for me, of course, and they'd keep looking right into the camera, and you could see them saying, 'Hello, Daddy!' Well, you couldn't look at it without tears coming, and I don't know how many times I ran it off. Even the men who didn't know my family would come in to see it, and we'd all get that nostalgic wave of homesickness for our families. But it was the most wonderful thing that could have happened."

"This camera record we're making is a wonderful thing for us now, and it will be wonderful for the children in their adult life, too. I think it will help them to remember their childhood. I know when I look back to my own childhood, my memory is very sketchy. I can remember something that happened when I was about four years old, and then the next thing I can remember was when I was seven."

Ever since he first came to Hollywood

in 1935, Henry Fonda has been one of the busiest actors in the business. Three pictures a year is a minimum for him, and only twice—in 1937 and 1941—has he slowed down to that number. Every other year, he made four or five. In 1942, before entering the service, he made six. According to all the signs, he'll go right on as before, busy as a bird dog, and making his fans twice as happy.

With so many stars taking a hand in the production end of the business these days, Fonda was asked what his long range plans were.

"I have no ambitions to be a producer," he replied. "It's not my racket. Producing is a very specialized business job which I am not equipped to handle. I *do* have directing ambitions. I have directed on the stage, and it's an exciting job. I think the director is the one man in a production who really 'gets his licks'—to borrow a jive expression. But I have no definite plans for directing. I'm not in a hurry about it."

So you needn't start worrying yet about the Nebraska Yankee disappearing behind the camera.



Richard Greene's lovely wife, Patricia Medina, helps to decorate the scenes in MGM's "The Secret Heart,"



playing opposite Robert Sterling.



Virginia O'Brien's voice as well as her brunette beauty attract attention in the star-studded "Till the Clouds Roll By," with Tony Martin, right.





Another English import, Angela Lansbury, is making good in Hollywood films—her latest "Till the Clouds Roll By," below.



Lucille Bremer's dancing feet have carried her a long way from New York's Music Hall Rockettes—to a co-starring picture with Fred Astaire, and now with Robert Walker in the Technicolor film version based on the life of the composer, Jerome Kern.



She's the Boss!

Continued from page 30

She'll say to me one minute, 'I don't know what I'd do without you,' and the next minute she'll become so independent you wonder just what she needs you for. When I find myself on a merry-go-round at such moments, I take time out to remember that all women are as independent—and as confusing—as June. No man would want it any other way, no matter what platitudes he may utter among his fellow males.

"June's independence is exemplified in many ways, but the topper of all is her reaction to horse racing. We were in San Francisco once and had gone to the races. I'd had good luck on my picks and decided I was something of a handicapper. June, unimpressed by my knowledge, decided that a nag called Lake City seemed okay. 'That horse?' I exploded. 'It couldn't win a race if the rest of the horses stopped running and waited for it.' To which June only said wistfully, 'But I like it.' When I asked her why, she came up with a remark whose mean-

ing is known only to women: 'Oh, I just like his name.'

"I gave out with a few more choice words about the horse and thought I'd convinced her Lake City was a big beautiful lemon. But before the race began, June disappeared for a few minutes. She came back looking like she'd pulled a fast one. Only I was too interested in the horse I'd picked to pay much attention. I was sure she'd not bet on Lake City. I'd told her not to, hadn't I? But all during the race, she yelled, 'Come on, Lake City.' You've probably guessed the end of this tale. Lake City came in and paid terrific prices. Forty dollars to win to be exact. I turned sheepishly to June. She smiled, reached into her purse, and brought forth her two dollar win ticket—on Lake City! That should give you a fair idea of a guy trying to be the big cheese. The system never fails."

When Dick and June moved into their new home in Brentwood, June fashioned herself as manager. But the multitudinous details eventually got her down.

She finally hired a housekeeper to tend to the deal.

"The lady was okay as far as she went, but she went too far," Dick continued. "She wasn't content with running the house. Oh, no! She had to tell June how to live. I promptly fired her. So what did June do? She up and rehired her. But this time I held the reins. The housekeeper doesn't live here anymore.

"We've had to furnish the house piecemeal. June's an impatient little lady and I've noticed that she's gotten a little bored with the empty spots in our domicile. So, I try to add something new each day—just to keep her interested. If I were the wise guy, though, I'd just assert myself and say we had to wait. But like all men, you have to keep the whims of the little wife in mind."

When June and Dick aren't discussing whether to furnish the house in English country style or in Louis XIV, they're giving forth with ideas on careers.

"Yes, June gives me advice on my work," Dick went on, amused. "I get a bang out of the way she advises me. I've been hanging around this town for some little time and June's been here comparatively about twenty minutes. I ad-

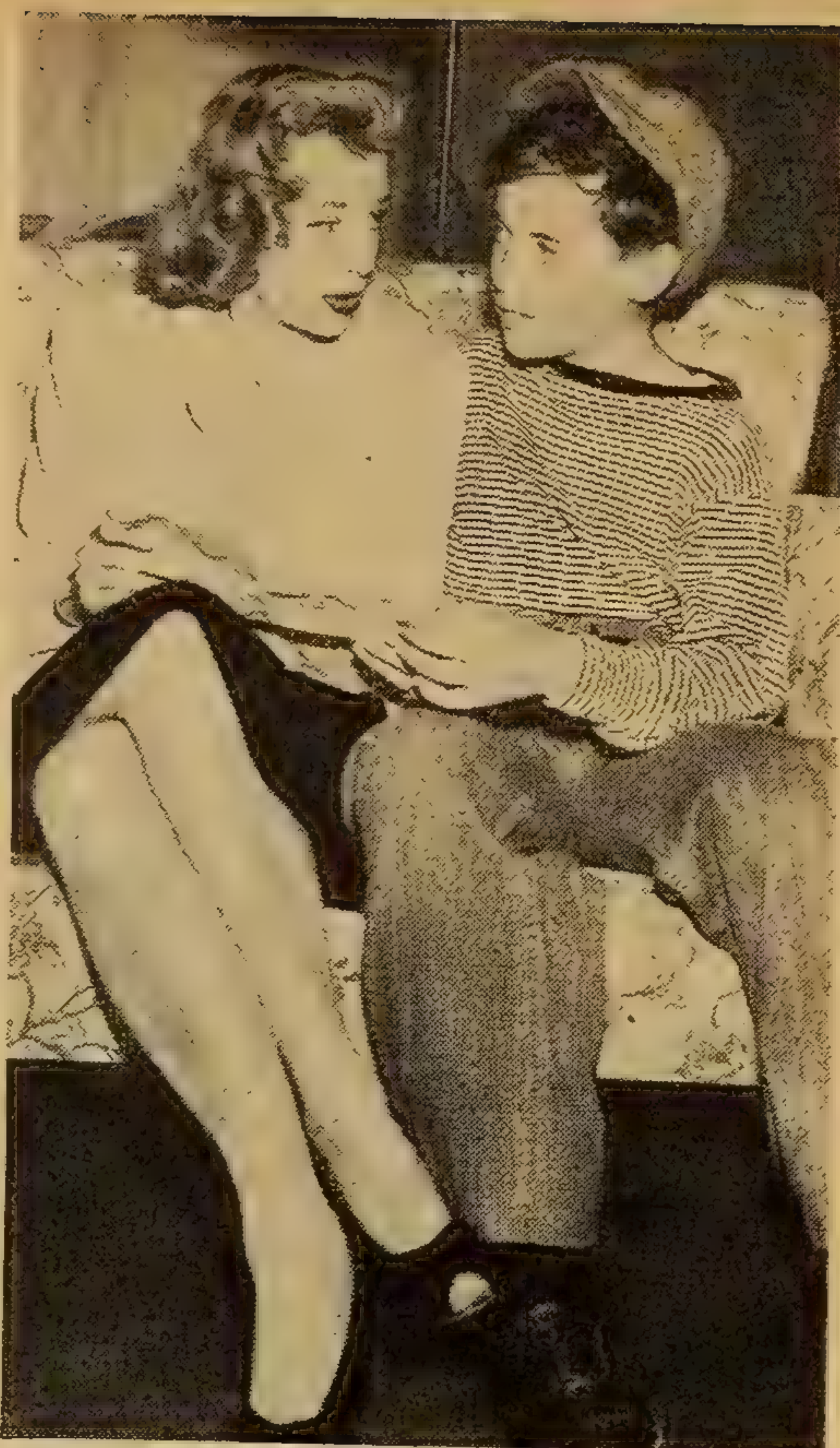


June Allyson swaps yarns with Marshall Thompson between "Secret Heart" scenes at MGM.

mit that she's right in plenty of her arguments, but she doesn't understand all the complications of the business—so she can't always figure out why I do things as I do. I don't waste any time advising her, though. Not so long ago, she didn't want to do a picture she was assigned at Metro. I told her not to do it. After all, I'd taken the bull by the proverbial horns and refused to make any more pictures until I got the kind of a part I wanted. June seemed impressed by my argument, but the producer told her the part would be rewritten and improved. When she told me this, I said something akin to 'Oh, yeah,' having long been hep to the erratic moments of producers. But did she listen? She did not! She issued forth with one of those beautiful complexities so much a part of being a wife and said, 'I know you're right, but I'm not going to take your advice this time.'

"When the picture was previewed and she was unhappy about her work, I could have gone smug and said, 'I told you so.' I didn't. She did come to me, though, and said she would listen to me from now on. She isn't any too anxious about going on working anyway, so she's only going to do the films she and I think are right for her. That is—if she doesn't change her mind in the meantime!"

June is inherently a shy person. But occasionally that shyness disappears. Dick won't forget the one time when she reverted to the other extreme. He was doing a personal appearance tour in San Francisco. For part of his act, he decided to bring June on. At the first show, he almost had to drag her out she was so frightened. The second time she came out more willingly. "By the third show, wild horses couldn't hold her off," Dick commented. "And then came our final appearance. I told her we'd have to cut out most of her part of the act since we



June's young brother takes time out from play to visit his big sister at the studio.

had a train to catch, a squad car was waiting outside the theater, and a police escort was standing by to get us to the train on time. Well, June listened to my explanation, smiled sweetly, and popped out on the stage. Came the place for the cut. June didn't cut. She turned to the audience and said instead, 'Dick doesn't want me to get in my jokes tonight, but he can't stop me now.' If ever husband looked for a small hole to crawl into, I did that night."

With her shyness there is also a cer-

tain naïvete. Once June and Dick went to see "Voice of the Turtle" when it played in Los Angeles. During one of the more suggestive scenes, the audience was howling. The meat of the moment was lost to no one. In the middle of the hilarity, however, June whispered to Dick, "What are they laughing at? I don't get it." The people behind her heard the remark and practically exploded.

June loves surprises since she is pretty much of a kid herself. Dick arranged a surprise party for her on their six months' anniversary. The night of the affair he told June to get gussied up as he was taking her out to dinner. They went into Chasen's where the owner, Dave, greeted them. They stopped for a chat. June happily exclaimed during the conversation, "This is our six months' anniversary, you know." He looked properly surprised, having been coached by Dick on the act. Then a friend came over whom Dick had invited and asked June where her party was. Dick almost fell through the floor, but June didn't catch on. She merely replied in all innocence, "Oh, I'm with Richard." Dave saved the day by saying, "Why not go upstairs to see Jimmy Cagney? He's having a dinner party." June didn't want to go at first since she wanted to be alone with Dick, but she finally consented.

"She was upstairs talking to Jimmy and the others for fifteen minutes," Dick added, still laughing over the affair, "before she caught on that it was her party."

June got a big kick out of it all but especially enjoyed the little cake which was brought out in proper ceremony. On it was the following inscription: "Six months—who said it wouldn't last?"

"June and I seldom go to parties, though," Dick went on. "We're Satur-



Walter Pidgeon and June Allyson exchange gags while rehearsing their lines for the next scene of "The Secret Heart," which also co-stars Claudette Colbert.

"Red Majesty is terrific!"

says: MRS. RONALD COLMAN

MRS. RONALD COLMAN

delightful wife of the distinguished screen star is one of many Hollywood beauties who give "rave notices" to Red Majesty.

World's Newest Shade!

No wonder this new queen of the reds—Tangee Red Majesty—is a sensation in New York and Hollywood. It's that rarest shade of all—a truly royal red. And you'll love what it does for your lips!

1947's Smartest Case!

Last word in post-war beauty! Gleaming brass—exquisitely etched. A simple twist of its swivel base and up comes your Red Majesty.

America's Top-rated Lipstick!

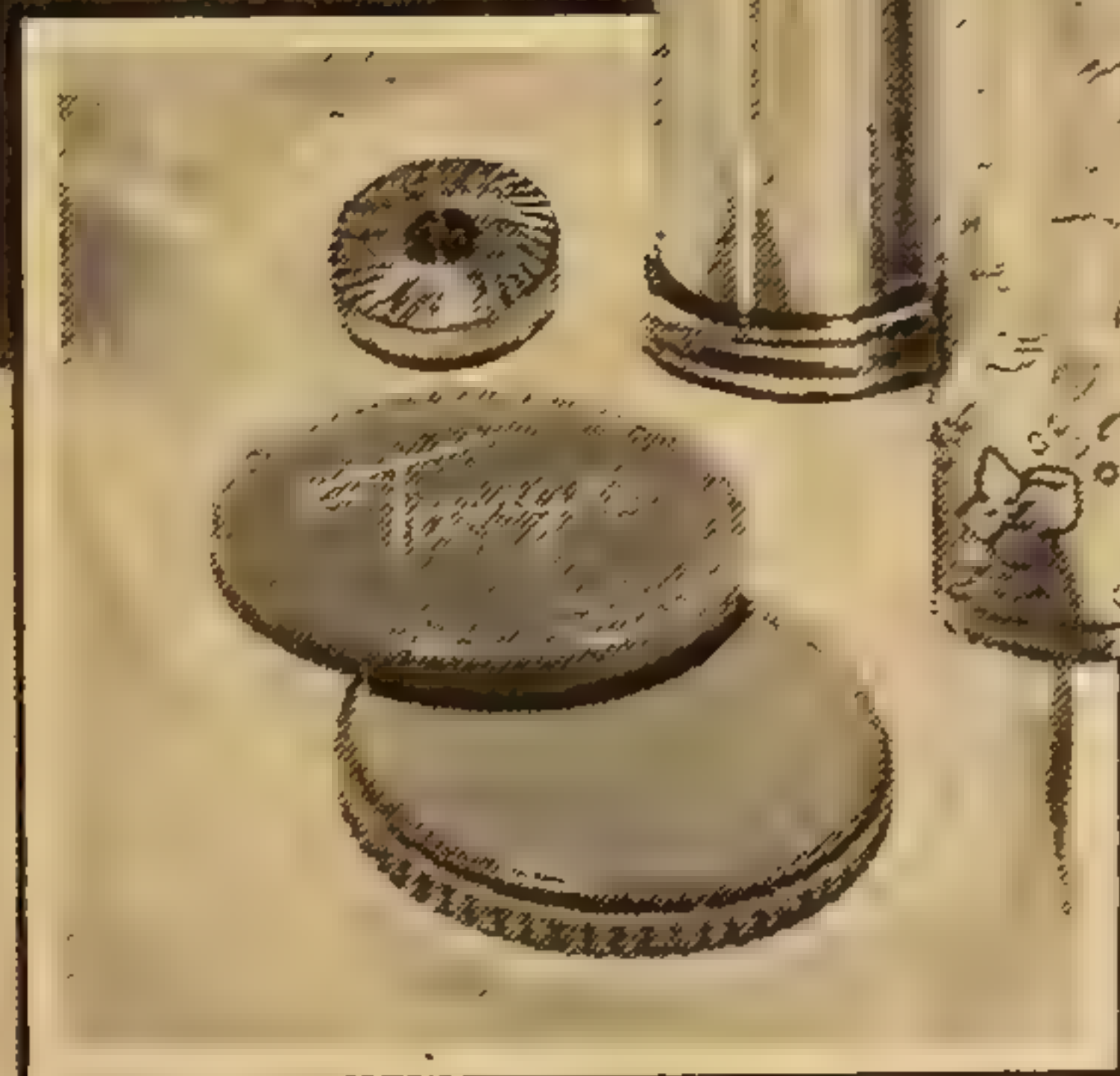
In a recent test of 27 leading lipsticks (conducted by a group of impartial experts) Tangee Satin-Finish lipstick was rated No. 1...receiving particularly high marks for "staying power" and ease of application.

PRESENTED IN:

RED MAJESTY RED-RED GAY-RED
THEATRICAL RED MEDIUM-RED NATURAL



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and creator of Tangee Red
Majesty Lipstick and Petal-
Finish Cake Make-Up.



USE

Tangee...

AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE



Dean Stockwell and his pooch take a snooze for a scene in "The Mighty McGurk," while waiting for Wallace Beery. Below, Ellen visits Pa Powell on "Johnny O'Clock" set.



day night people. We might go out more often, but it's something of a job getting June to venture into the bright lights. She'd rather stay at home. Always before we go somewhere, we discuss where we should go. I suggest Ciro's, for example. June thinks about this for a minute and then says, 'No, let's go to the Mocambo.' So we talk it over some more. And after we've had dinner at the Mocambo—" he shrugged his shoulders and said with a wide grin, "again—the male wins out!"

The matter of early rising has also been a subject of much discussion between June and Dick. Dick likes to retire early and get up around seven. June stays up late and sleeps late. "I decided we'd have to rearrange this schedule," Dick commented. "We finally reached a compromise. I now get up at eight. June stays in bed as late as she always has."

"You may begin to wonder by now just when I win out. Well, you know those things called 'family discussions.' June and I have them—just like any other happily married couple. Just when I think I'm leading the way, up comes June with her sad little face. You should see how much sadder it can get! I take one look at it and every big idea I have goes sliding down the drain. I don't believe any man can successfully survive the sad face of a charming wife."

"The same thing happens when I'm being the typical male and giving out with a solution to a problem. I discuss my analysis in a very authoritative manner. I'm all steamed up and then what happens? June looks up at me and breathlessly utters something as profound as, 'Do you really think so?' I end up wondering if I ever knew what I was talking about."

"Not so long ago, I had a boat. *Had* is the right word for it too. June didn't like it—and I did. So after I sold it—well! Anyway, when I did own it, I was all convinced a trip to Catalina would be great for us. I talked and talked about it. I was sure I'd convinced June. Then she threw me another curve. Quietly she said, 'Really, who wants to go to Catalina?' Some day, I must go there!"

Dick's a lot braver than most husbands. He dares to tell June what he

thinks about her clothes. Most men air their views for a few times and then hopelessly resign themselves to weird hats and big monthly bills.

"June doesn't care much about clothes," Dick said to me. "Remember those oversize pajamas she wore in 'Sailor Takes A Wife?' Well, that's exactly what she likes. No fancy nightgowns for her. And she wore nothing but suits when I first met her. I told her right off the bat that she should get off her suit-binge, buy some ultra-fancy-glamorous dresses, and spread out in color. She agreed but asked me to go shopping with her. Said she needed me to lean on. We bought some knockout numbers all right. But just when I thought I'd dolled her up, she began buying suits again." Dick thoughtfully lit a cigarette, turned to

me, and said, "The dresses we bought? Well, whenever we do go out and she decides to wear one, they never fit. When I ask her why she didn't get them altered, she nonchalantly tosses off, 'Oh, I forgot to.' And so the dresses hang in the closet while she marches out bedecked—in a suit."

"But," he concluded with a smile, "who'd want a wife a guy could lead around by a chain? When you come right down to it, I'm a lucky gent. A darned lucky gent. And between you and me, I wouldn't want June to be any other way. I guess I'm a guy who likes to be kept guessing."



Don McGuire and Dolores Moran, who play husband and wife in Warner Brothers' romantic drama, "The Man I Love," play with their screen babies, Michael and Davis Chubb.

College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!



**IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS—
99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS**

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something *not* in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here's the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing* with *Free-Stride* Modess.

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton helps create an "absorption control." This acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.



Walk with comfort!

Move with freedom!

Try the new Free-stride Modess!

He's the Boss!

Continued from page 31

nick-name. This is in case her constant reference to "Richard" throws you somewhat.)

"When we thought of marriage, we took a good look at ourselves first," June went on. "We wanted something permanent out of marriage and we wanted to be sure we knew what we were doing. We're enough alike to be completely compatible—and that's important. But more than that, Richard is different enough in his reactions to make a good balance for our marriage. Where I was inclined to be impulsive and overly enthusiastic at times, he had a sound way of looking at problems and a firm way of meeting them. He balanced my enthusiasm with good common sense—and I'd needed that sort of balance for a long time."

After their marriage, June got a pretty good idea of what it was like to be Mrs. Powell. She was babied, as most brides are, but she was also to find that it was a pleasure to have a husband hold the reins firmly.

"Richard took over almost at once, but in a very charming manner," June remarked with appropriate emphasis. "Never in an authoritative manner, but always with consideration of my wishes. The one very definite thing he did, however, was to make me go out and buy dresses since he thought I'd been wearing too many suits. In fact, he went shopping with me—at my insistence, I might add. The change in dress was a little difficult for me at first but he was so pleased with the gowns—and I confess I liked them too—that I wasn't sorry to put the suits in the closet for a while."

"As for Richard's clothes, I don't have the wifely privilege of shopping with him. He goes into a store, picks out the material he wants in about five minutes and says, 'I'll have two suits in this,' and walks out. He hates to shop. He always wears exactly what he wishes and since I like his clothes, there's nothing to say. I often wonder what I'd do, though, if I didn't like what he wore."

June still likes to surprise Dick whenever she can. She tried it for a while by managing the house but got slightly involved. In fact, it seems that most of her surprises don't come off as planned.

They were in San Francisco not so long ago. While there, Dick had a birthday, so June decided to give a surprise party for him. She spent all day shopping for presents with a friend who was on the trip with them. She bought little glass boats and other knick-knacks. She then arranged with the hotel for a dinner that night. She specifically gave instructions to have the cake brought in after they were through with the dinner. She met Dick later and asked him, in a consciously mischievous way, where he'd like to eat. He suggested a certain restaurant but June quickly said, "Oh, let's eat at the hotel tonight." Dick agreed. But as they walked into the dining room, June's face fell to the floor—and with it, her surprise. There was the cake all covered with candles in the middle of their

table. June was so disappointed she looked as though she'd cry, but Dick managed to convince her he thought the whole idea pretty darned swell anyway.

Dick and June are two people who love sports—with slight variations, I admit. There's the matter of boats, for instance—certain kinds of boats. Dick likes the rough and ready kind. June goes in more for the luxury type.

"At one time," June said as she came back from doing a scene with Van Johnson, "I had firmly made up my mind that Richard was going to buy me one of those ultra motor boats. I was sitting blissfully waiting for him to announce the purchase. He told me that it wasn't a very practical kind of a boat to buy, but I remained unconvinced. So Richard simply didn't buy me one and I went on waiting."

"We both like planes. Richard had already bought one, a three-wheeler type. I was learning to fly, and really loving it. Then while I was making 'High Barbaree,' he came on the set one day and told me he had bought another plane. Naturally, I was very excited. 'Oh, that's wonderful!' I said. 'I want to go right out and fly it.' He looked at me very calmly. Then he smiled and said, 'Yes, dear, but not until you know how to fly the other one first.' I tried to convince him I knew how already. Well, to make a long story short, I'm still taking lessons on the old plane—and looking enviously at Richard as he flies the new one."

Discussions about boats and planes don't come up in the average family. But Dick and June have the same types of discussions as Mr. and Mrs. Jones do. It's only in the way these problems are settled that they are a little different.

"Richard almost always wins out when we're in a discussing mood," June continued. "Oh, I may be sure that I'm right, but somehow he manages to convince me *he* is. I've tried to analyze it and I've come to the conclusion that he wins most of the time because there's never any question in his mind at all that he's not right. He doesn't do any talking unless he's sure of his facts. When you live with a man like that, you suddenly

find yourself not doubting his wisdom at all. And, personally, that's the way I like it."

"Most of our discussions for a while were about going to parties. Richard felt I was too shy and he wanted me to go out and meet people. I realized how right he was so we went to parties for a while. Now I'm not nearly as shy as I once was. And as a result we don't go out now unless we both want to." Turning quite serious she added, "I can never thank him enough for helping me overcome my shyness."

"He also advises me about my career. And I'm taking his advice now, I assure you. He's so seldom wrong about my work. He knows what I should and shouldn't do more than I. Then, too, his philosophy is so right. He has always said to me, 'If you're going to work, do it the best you know how or not at all.' He insists he's going to campaign so that I get the rôles that will really be right for me. And if I can't get such parts, then he thinks I should not make pictures at all. He feels this way because he was typed for so long and knows what a drawback it can be—and I agree with him. When it comes to managing my career, he's very definitely the boss. I wouldn't make a move without him."

June has never tried to change anything about Dick, which is contrary to the cases of some wives who marry a man for what he is and then try to change him.

"Why should I change him when I like him so much the way he is?" she asked. "But he's changed me in several ways—all to the good. For one thing, I've always been inclined to worry about little things and to neglect my rest. I'd get myself all tied up in big, beautiful knots. Richard tried to tell me that it was silly to worry about unimportant matters and that the big problems won't be settled by getting into a dither. I don't think I really knew how right he was until I saw the way he handled his problems. No matter how complicated a deal may be in his business, he's calm about it and always gets it cleared up with little or no to-do. He's methodical and business-like. He lets nothing worry him. So I've managed to stay out of tizzies myself by merely watching him."

"In so many ways, he's taught me to think things out more clearly. To pick out an objective and to work for it alone



Paulette Goddard greets her host, Ernest Heller, at the La Tausca Pearl party, with gay exuberance while Chico Marx (would you recognize him?) enjoys the scene.



**No Other Cigarette
Can Make
This Statement!**

Of all the leading cigarettes, PHILIP MORRIS is the only cigarette recognized by eminent medical authorities as being to the advantage of those who smoke!



**The Flavor's
All Yours...**
when you smoke
PHILIP MORRIS!

CLEAN, FRESH, PURE
America's FINEST Cigarette!

An important difference in PHILIP MORRIS manufacture lets the FULL FLAVOR of the world's finest tobaccos come through for your complete enjoyment—clean, fresh, pure!
That's why the flavor's ALL yours!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
ALWAYS BETTER... BETTER ALL WAYS

and forget everything that might sidetrack me. He's made me single-minded.

"He helps me a great deal. His patience and tolerance have been of so much value to me. When I made mistakes while I was trying to be a housewife, he never became annoyed or sarcastic. He let me learn my job the slow, hard way and he always praises me when I do something right. He is always tolerant of my ideas—and I assure you I can get some beauties. Richard never belittles anything I do or say. He discusses everything with me in such a way that he shows me where I'm wrong—or right—without assuming the attitude of a Great Mind.

"Well, here I've shown how he holds the reins in our house, how he is actually the 'boss.' But I don't think there should be anything like a boss in marriage. You should be able to talk things over and come to an agreement. At the same time, I know that a person like myself has to have someone who is strong and definite like Richard. That's why I'm glad he is as firm a man as he is. Other men make a career out of being positive. Richard merely uses his characteristic to help me become more the calm and steady person I want to be.

"Life with him has been such a wonderful thing that if I were asked what is the one moment I treasure the most in our marriage, I'd have to say, 'Every moment.' I've never known such happiness. The way I feel now, Richard can go on forever being the 'boss,' if that term must be used. He's been the tonic that I've needed for a long, long time!"

Taboos of Hollywood

Continued from page 40

the way Hollywood usually operates.

Contradicting this, on the other hand, is the fact that if you *do* frequent the night clubs and your name is always in the columns, then producers perversely say that your mind isn't on your work or that you aren't serious about your career. Just the other night I heard a girl's name mentioned who is always Mocambo-ing. "Don't consider *her*," said a producer, cryptically. "That dame's always out having fun. She'd be too *tired* to work!"

Another Hollywood taboo is listening to yes-people. This may be hard for the layman to understand, but most Hollywood stars are surrounded, day and night, by people who constantly tell them they are wonderful. There's nothing wrong with a compliment now and then. We're all human, and we all like appreciation. But there is something insidious and damaging to your point of view when you hear nothing but praise. You pick up a magazine, and the article about you raves and raves. The cameraman says you look beautiful. The hairdresser says you are wonderful. The director, the technicians, your stand-in all say, "That scene was wonderful!" If no one is honest with you, you may start thinking you're pretty special. And when a star begins to believe she's perfect, that's when she's apt to get careless about her work. It's only a step from that type of conceit to the bottom of the ladder.

Every day I thank God for my wonderful family. They are such level-headed, honest, forthright, fine people. They want to see me improve as an actress; they don't want me ever to become self-centered. So they are honest with me. If they don't think I played a certain scene as well as I could have, they say so. But I'm just lucky. Not everyone in Hollywood has people near her who love her enough to be honest.

Another Hollywood taboo is listening to everyone's advice. *Don't!* I discuss things with my family, but that's different. They really have my interest at heart. The thing you have to steer clear of in this town is taking just anyone's advice. I never saw such a place for exercising tongues. When I first came to Hollywood, everyone used to advise me like mad. I listened to it all. One woman used to tell me, "You shouldn't live with your family. You should have your own private apartment, get a maid, have a car. They are treating you like a child of fifteen!" The point is that I *was* a child of fifteen. Wouldn't I have been precocious to have had an apartment by myself at that age?

Still, I used to listen and worry and wonder how my career would be affected if I didn't follow this woman's advice. Finally, I had to start arguing back, telling my own thoughts, exercising my own judgment. And that's one thing I dis-

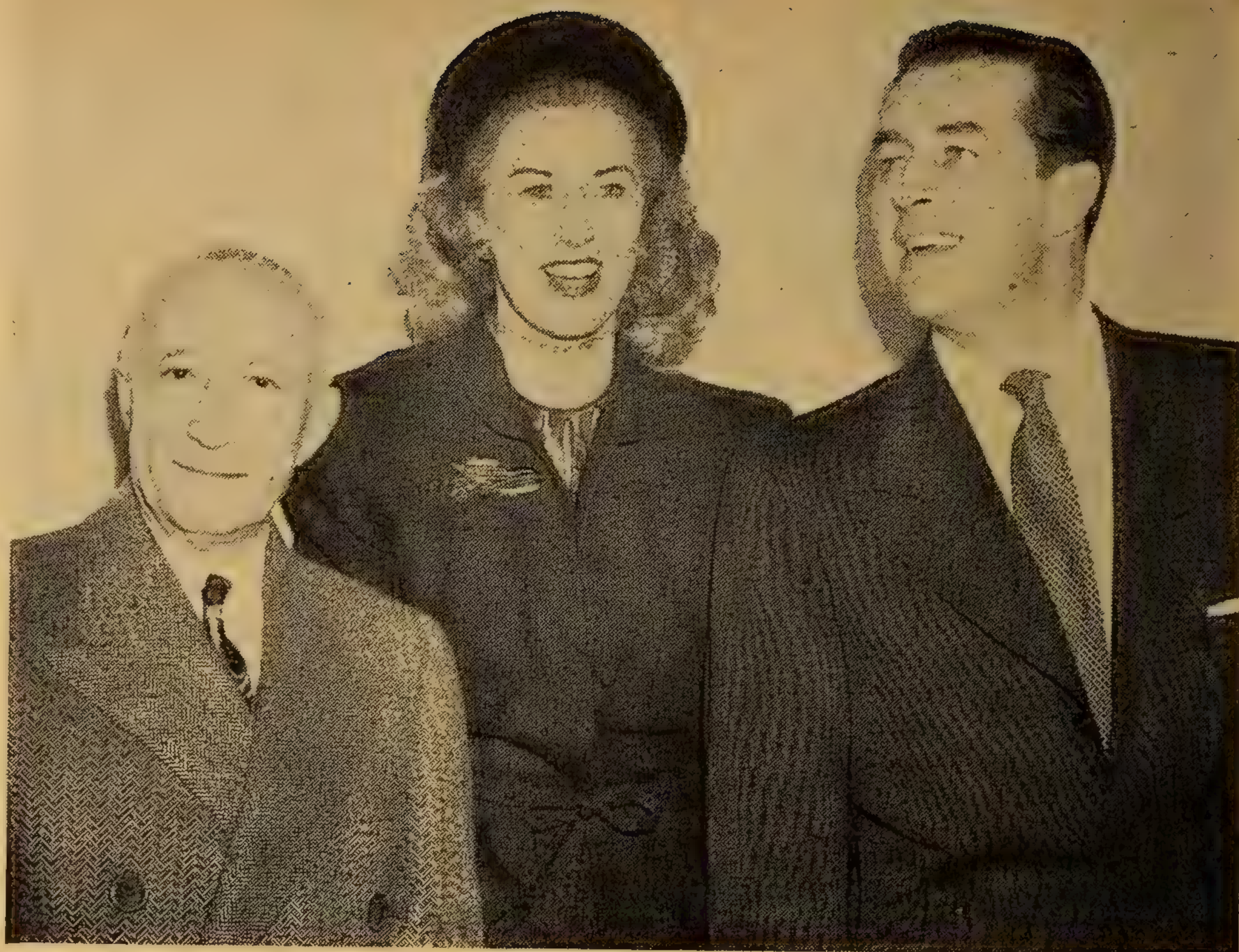
covered you must do if you want to succeed in Hollywood—you *must* exercise judgment every minute of the day. You have to sift everything you hear, weigh it, think it over. Wrong decisions can cost you your career.

You have to think before you speak, particularly to the press. I never will forget talking to a woman reporter when I first came to Hollywood. I didn't realize how careful you have to be. I was working on a picture, and I was very enthusiastic about it. So I rattled along about the picture for awhile. Then this woman asked me, "How did you receive the name, Joan Leslie?" I replied, "My real name is Joan Brodell, but of course they never use your real name. That's Hollywood for you. Then they decided to call me Joan Brooks, but they found there was another Joan Brooks. I really don't know how I got this name." Then the woman asked me, "What's your favorite flower?" I had just received my first orchid. At fifteen, that's a pretty important occasion. So I said, "Orchids!" Well, the interview came out, and everything was twisted. She wrote something about my babbling like the Brooks I was talking about, and that I liked orchids—in much the same tone as if I had said I liked caviar. The whole story hurt me very deeply. But I had the sense to realize I had brought it on myself. I guess I *had* babbled. I guess it did seem pretentious for me to like orchids. I realized that these things I could tell my family or friends, but that I had to think twice before I told them to the press.

I guess one of the major taboos of Hollywood is to ask favors. This is the payoff town, like any other big industry. If you ask for one thing, you have to pay back double. Any favor you receive always has a string attached. If you ask the studio for a car to go to Palm Springs, they'll come back the next week and say, "Look, we loaned you that car; now we've got a bunch of visiting firemen, and we are giving a big dinner, and we want you to sit by so-and-so." If you don't ask for favors in the first place, you can be your own boss.

Once, on a picture, the stage man said he would get a dressing room for me. I thought that was wonderful and thanked him. It wasn't two days later that he came on the set with his wife and someone else. He said, "Joan, will you pose for a picture with us?" I said, "Sure, just as soon as I finish this scene. Where's the photographer?" He said, "Oh, will you arrange for a photographer?" I said, "Didn't you get an okay from the publicity department?" He said, "Oh, will you get the okay?" The point is that it developed into a vicious circle. I had to ask the publicity department for a favor for this man, and then the publicity department wanted me to spend the next day doing a fashion layout, and so it went. Now fashion layout publicity furthers my career, it's true, but I would have liked to have done that posing one day when I had just a half day at the studio. I was rather counting on a nice, lazy day at home. The ball had started rolling, however, and I couldn't stop it.

Speaking of starting the ball rolling, perhaps the greatest Hollywood taboo of



The Ray Millands, with Adolph Zukor, Chairman of the Board of Paramount Pictures, when England-bound for Command Performance of screen stars before the King and Queen.

all is to tear anyone to bits. Mother has always said, "If you can't speak well of a person, don't speak at all." That had been drummed into my head since I was so high. Still, the time came when I forgot that Mother Knows Best, and I hurt a fine man very deeply. I was in a discussion on the picture business with a group of people, and I compared a director who always made B pictures with my first big director, Howard Hawks. Hawks got all the bouquets. Well, the next day I saw this B director, and he said, "Oh, so you think I'm a lousy director? It's okay. It doesn't matter to me what you think, but you aren't going to get very far in this town if you go around making remarks like that." He was really hurt, and it did no good for me to explain to him that I hadn't meant the words the way he took them. I've always been grateful to that B director. He taught me a very great lesson: to think of my remarks the way the person discussed would think of them. Hollywood is a small town, and gossip travels fast.

Since gossip flames overnight, there are many things you cannot do. For instance, it isn't smart to dress sloppily. You might be able to relax around the house, but you can't so much as step to the corner without being dressed to perfection. I used to go for a walk in the evening, and I'd wear just any old thing. I found I couldn't meet anyone looking like that. I had to get a walking outfit to go walking in, because I met people who knew me and judged me by those brief encounters. In this town you can't buy clothes because it's fun; you buy them because they are going to be seen in public, and people are going to judge your good taste, or lack of it, by what you have on.

Nor can you speak for publication on such taboo subjects as religion, politics or race. No matter how many people

agree with you, there are always those who do not. And they are the ones who write nasty letters. Nor can you ever make any sort of a disparaging remark about any type of occupation. If you do, everyone engaged in that occupation feels entitled to tell you off with "Who do you think you are?" letters.

On the other hand, as I mentioned in the beginning, you have the contradiction to this which is that you cannot be a door-mat, either. You have to express your opinions. You have to be direct, honest, forceful, because no one respects you if you don't respect yourself. Conversation is always arising on forbidden subjects like religion, and you have to be a diplomat to answer honestly and still not step on anyone's toes.

And occasionally you have to get out of Hollywood for awhile to get back your perspective. It is really such a small town that you get all tense and twisted unless you go to other parts of the country and look back on Hollywood as a part of the whole, instead of the complete world. Sometimes, things have looked pretty black to me. One of those times was when I was fighting my studio for a choice of rôles, and people thought I was fighting for a salary raise. Money had nothing to do with it. It's hard for an actress to do her own fighting. You get the reputation of being temperamental. That was one of those times when I would have liked to get away.

I'm serious about Hollywood taboos. They are not things you can take lightly. Some people are even superstitious about them. When you read headlines: "FIFTH MARRIAGE FOR STAR" or "YOUNG STARLET GOES HOLLYWOOD," you can understand why. The adverse fan mail that follows every such unfavorable story, and the accompanying box office slump, is enough to make anyone knock on wood!

Portrait of a Perennial Bachelor

Continued from page 46

he is also reminiscent of every boy who came back.

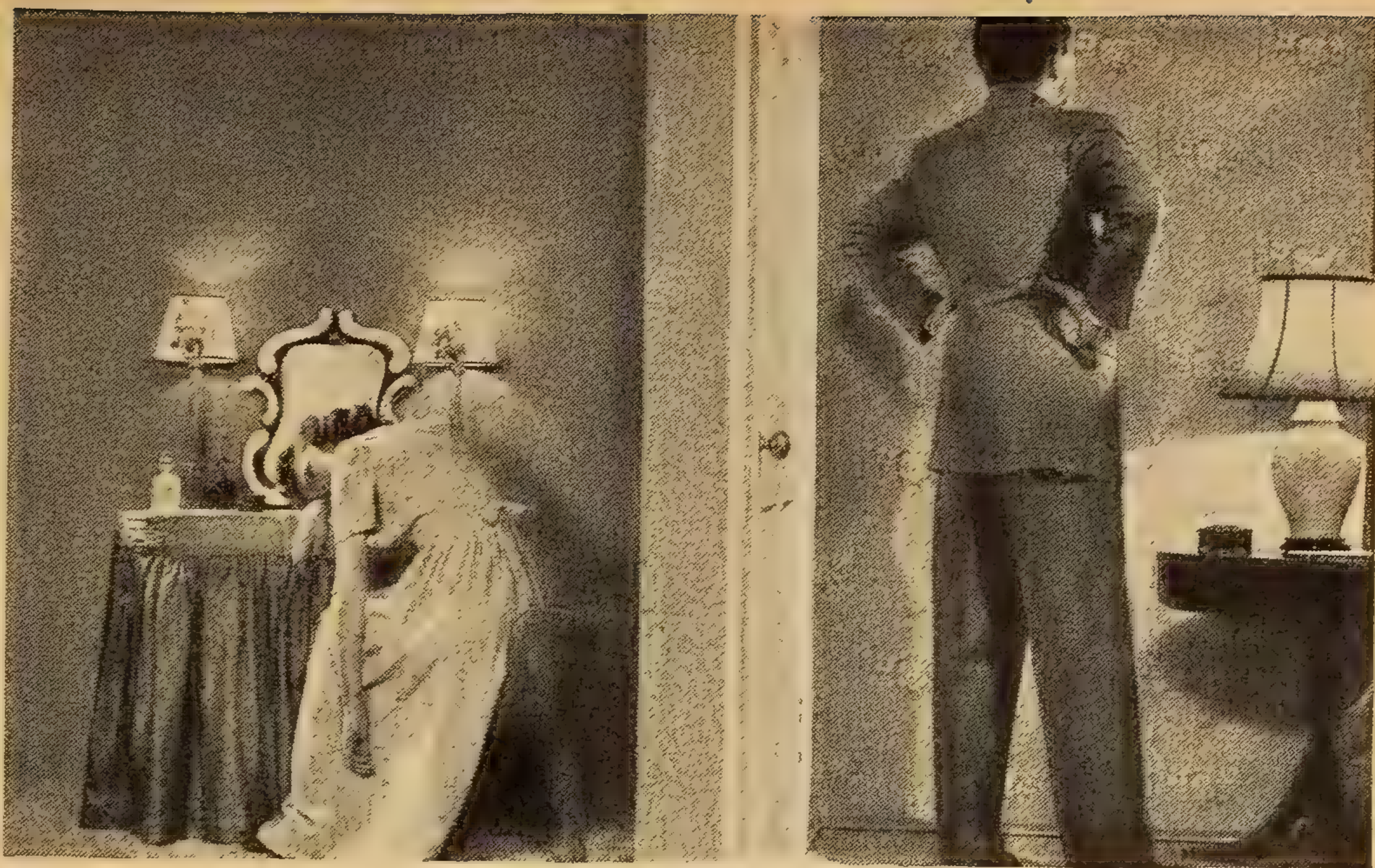
Like them, he is having his own problems of readjustment. He is finding he can't just jump back into picture making after a five year absence. Motion pictures have speeded ahead. In five years, new techniques, even new equipment, have been developed. Jimmy found he was nervous before the camera. He found he had forgotten a lot. He found he had a lot to learn. Since his particular trademark has always been an easy and relaxed casualness before the camera, it has been real work for him to snap out of his nervous tension. Other ex-service men—sitting at bank desks counting change; with memories of days and nights of fright and butchery in their hearts; or polishing cars at the corner gas station thinking of the jeep that disappeared in a hole in the ground with just one shell; or clerking at the grocery after months of K-rations—well, they know how it is. They aren't quite used to civilian life, either. Back at their old jobs, they are nervous, too. Nor do they want to talk about their war experiences. Like Jimmy, they all feel their part was so little. Like Jimmy, they want to jump back into the business of living.

There have been many changes since Jimmy went away. Without a doubt, he was one of the top money makers for his studio, MGM. But his contract with MGM ran out, and Jimmy wanted to free-lance. Now he has the privilege of selecting his own stories, deciding what rôles he will play. Does he like it? Even here, he is cautious. He doesn't know. It all depends on how well "It's a Wonderful Life" turns out.

When he went away, he was the most eligible bachelor in town. He was the guy who dated only the loveliest—Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner. While he wasn't exactly shopping around for a wife, maybe he was thinking about it. But five years are five years. He's in his middle thirties now, and he's dated them all. He hasn't found the Right Girl. There's a loneliness about Jimmy that perhaps he, himself, doesn't see. Somehow, Jimmy and a Right Girl seem to go together like pie à la mode. There is no sense in his traveling alone. But you know that Jimmy will never settle for anything less than a stars-in-your-eyes kind of feeling. About love, he's idealistic.

How can such an appealing guy as Jimmy not have found his girl? Well, strange as it may seem, there really aren't many eligible girls in Hollywood. Most of the young and beautiful stars are happily married. As Van Johnson once said: "Be honest, Alyce. Who is there out here? Look at Jimmy Stewart, he's dated everyone datable in town. If he can't find anyone, how about the rest of us? The truth is that all the glamor girls are either all tied up, going steady, or already married."

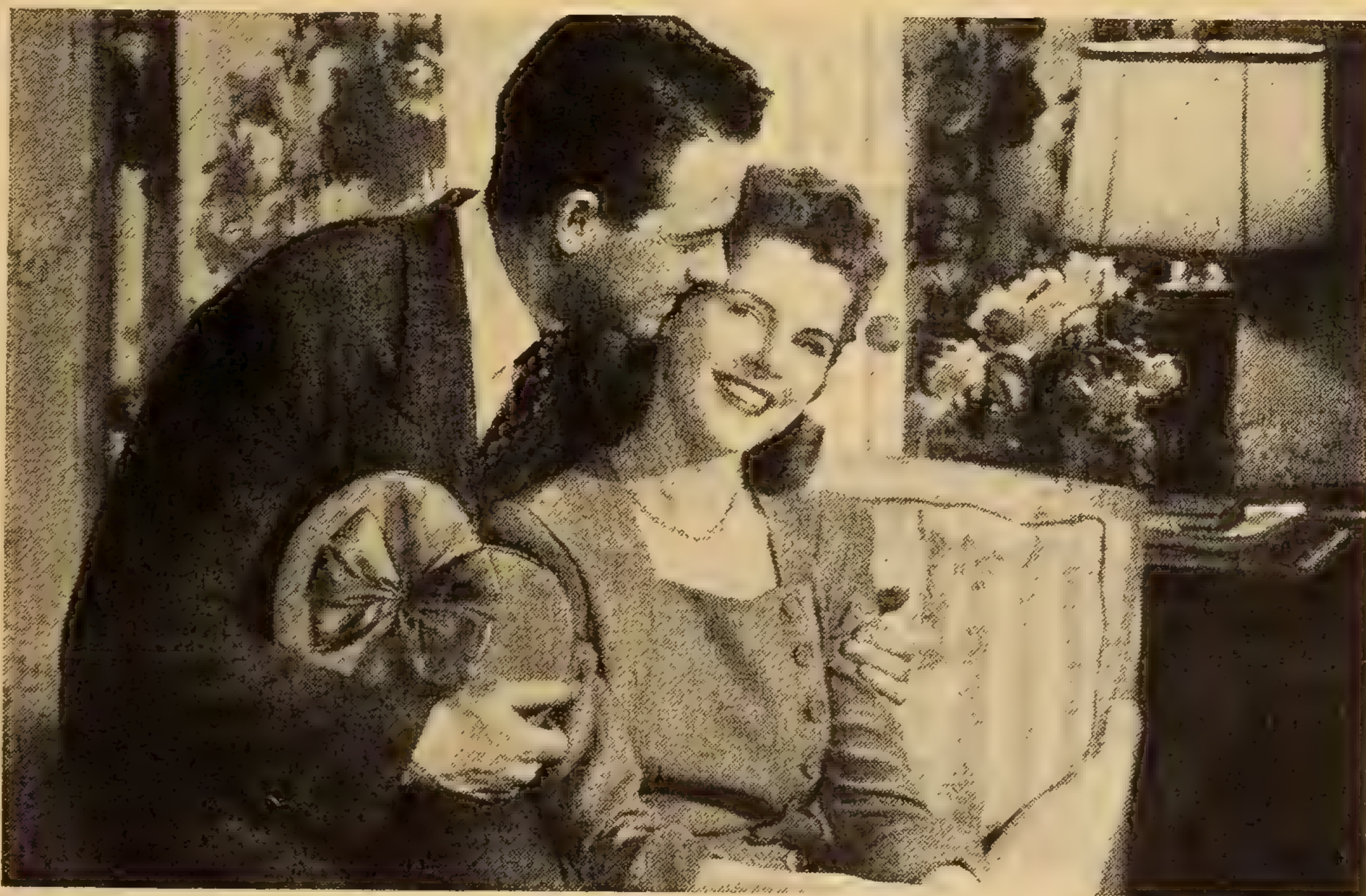
Of course, to the little girl who dreams



"Divided hearts at our house..."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness*. I didn't realize that *I* was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene... or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the

careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect... advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right*! I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and

can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide... for 6 reasons

Reason No. 4: CLEAN ODO?—"Lysol's" clean, antiseptic odor disappears quickly after use. Being an effective deodorant, "Lysol" helps to solve an

important problem of personal daintiness.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution... always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant



Yodora checks perspiration odor

the **SOOTHINGEST** way

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

It's Effective! Gives lasting protection.

Won't Rot or Fade Fabrics. Better Fabrics Testing Bureau says so.

No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H-25, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Song Poems Wanted A.S.C.A.P. PUBLISHER

Our Composers Need New Material for Immediate Music Setting

We have published for the writers of the outstanding "hits": "My Melancholy Baby," "Music Maestro Please," "Be Honest With Me," "No No Nora," "Six Lessons From Madame Lazonga," "Diane," "Roll Along Prairie Moon."

CASH ADVANCE

From \$50.00 to \$1500.00 under Standard S.P.A. Contract on all material accepted for IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION

Send Your Poems—Lyrics to Us Promptly.

GORDON MUSIC COMPANY
Dept. L. 1651 Cosmo St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

of Jimmy Stewart, this news is all for the good. Because, it could be that Jimmy might just take a trip one day and meet the one girl. It's happened before: a classic example is Gary Cooper and his Rocky.

Puzzling as is the enigma of Jimmy Stewart—a perennial bachelor in a town loaded to the gunwales with beautiful girls—it is also typical of a lot of other men who were in the service. They have come back, and they've found it hard to get used to girls who have no knowledge of war. In the European countries, the women were closer to their men in this respect. There, both men and women knew the fear of bombs dropping; both felt insecure; both had known the unpredictability of tomorrow. Here, men who had starved on Bataan were amazed to hear petulant girls complain about the butter shortage. And, in many cases, there is no reaching across the abyss.

While Jimmy Stewart may not find this same lack of understanding in the girls he dates, he must feel, occasionally, that the world stood still at home. He will even tell you that Hollywood hasn't changed a bit, that it is still the same town. He goes on to say that he is glad of this. It's nice, sometimes, to come back to things which have not changed, to towns that are not bomb scarred.

But, perhaps, what Jimmy Stewart does not realize is that he matured and grew up while he was away. He saw more of life's reality and grimness in those five years than he had ever seen before. And all his tomorrows will be influenced by this new maturity, this older set of values, this analytical way of looking at things. If there is ever a girl to share life with him, she will have to possess a deep maturity and awareness of reality, too.

Like all other men who were away, Jimmy wants to have his share of fun. One of the biggest parties ever tossed in this town was co-hosted by Jimmy. What a night! What a beautiful, wacky, mad, wonderful night! The party was star-studded. All the girls were dressed in the most ravishing gowns. There was dancing, music, laughter, fun. There was romance on the half-shell. Everyone had a wonderful time, including Jimmy. It was sort of a celebration. Maybe other ex-service men tossed smaller parties, but I'll bet they had the same ingredients: beautiful girls, laughter, dancing, soft music.

Jimmy is as American as hot dogs with mustard. All his reactions are everydayish. He's the fellow who lives in a plain little home, and—like many other American men—doesn't know or care what kind of furniture he has. Ask him if his house has eighteenth century decor, and he'll tell you quite frankly that he doesn't know. Talk about rare patinas, and he'll give you a blank stare. Talk about books, and he'll look apologetic. Jimmy knows he *should* read something besides the morning papers, but he just hasn't the reading habit. His favorite dinner is fried chicken, mashed potatoes, apple pie and milk. His favorite Sunday is to play eighteen holes of golf. His favorite date is to go to a movie. He likes to dance, sometimes, but he makes a face when rhumba music begins. He gripes about

his car, loves to fiddle with engines, loves to make model airplanes and tinker in a workshop. Do you see the resemblance to Jimmy and the boy who lives next door? Jimmy is the boy next door—a little older, perhaps, and more mature; for he's America, as we Americans understand America.

He's taciturn, with a slow, gremlin-like wit. When you try to pry conversation out of him, he's like a clam. And he parries your questions neatly. An interview goes something like this:

Question: "Are you shy when you are alone with someone?"

Jimmy: "You mean when I'm alone with a dame?"

Question: "Some people are shy when they are alone with a girl, and you always appear shy in your pictures."

Jimmy: "I'm—! You mean with some dame? Well, that's a hell of a thing!"

As you can see, he doesn't say yes and he doesn't say no. He has his own brand of svelte diplomacy, like a younger and much handsomer Will Rogers. Talking with Jimmy, you have to read between the lines. You have to pick his reactions from the slow, wicked grin he gives you; or from the way he *doesn't* answer a direct question. Like a psychiatrist, you have to be aware of all the little things he does or does not do in order to discover what he is really like.

Jimmy is no kid, and he's frank about it. He will refer to the old silent pictures and the stars of another era. He thinks it's silly to talk about dates, girls, romances. "At my age," he'll grin, as if he were at least a grandpa, and as if half the glamor girls in town weren't busy like little bees turning on charm for him.

He's also utterly without conceit. Asked if he feels his appearance has changed any in five years, he'll reply, very factually, "No, I don't think so. I always looked pretty funny, you know." Here again, he has the same odd embarrassment most American men feel when you make any remark about their looks. He gets uncomfortable, changes the subject, or cracks wise.



When glamor meets glamor: Carole Landis visits Ann Sheridan on the set of "Nora Prentiss," Ann's first picture on the Warner Brothers' lot since her suspension.

You see, Jimmy Stewart is like any other fellow you know. This isn't the old corn. It's not pat publicity. It's really so. And maybe that's why he can play such memorable American heroes in pictures such as "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "You Can't Take It With You," and "The Shop Around the Corner." He may be a Princeton graduate. He may have apprenticed on the New York stage. As a matter of fact, his background may be quite suave and sophisticated. But a lot of people have forgotten all about that. They only see him as young America—small town, earnest, honest, God-fearing. The stage, the lights and the greasepaint are only props: pure make-believe. Jimmy Stewart is real.

Tough Luck Lew Ayres

Continued from page 51

attend his pictures." Loyalty like that is something few actors ever encounter, and anyone in the public eye might well envy him that.

Personally, I think a man with that much courage deserves a very great deal of credit. Lew has had more ups and downs (mostly downs) than anyone I have ever met in pictures. After plummeting from the height of popularity to the depths, he had got an MGM contract and was gradually creeping back to popularity as *Dr. Kildare*. Yet he unhesitatingly and unflinchingly took his hard-won recognition and threw it out the window to keep faith with himself and his ideals.

Before that boar hunt he and I used often to go target practicing. I had a .25 Colt automatic and he had a German Luger. We used to go out on the police pistol range and try our skill and luck. We never went afterwards. If just shooting a pistol soured his stomach like that, think what shooting a human would have done to him.

I told you he is stubborn as a mule. "There *must* be some other way of settling these things besides killing," he argued persistently.

Finally, after spending months in a conscientious objectors' camp, he hit on a solution for himself. He, himself, wouldn't kill but he would do what he could do to alleviate the sufferings of those who had and those who had been victims of others. He applied for a transfer to the medical corps—and got it.

I met a chap who had been at Camp Barkley, Texas, when Lew arrived. "The fellows there," this chap told me, "almost crucified him. They didn't ask *why* he had behaved as he did. They just took the results at their face value—and it wasn't fair. He was an excellent soldier and no task assigned him was too dirty or too much trouble. I guess he was too proud to explain how he felt. His unit was in the first invasion assault to hit the Philippines. Everybody in that unit was brave and all of those men were highly specialized, but Lew really distinguished himself."

An officer under whom Lew once served told me, "I've seldom had as fine or brave a soldier under my command as Lew."

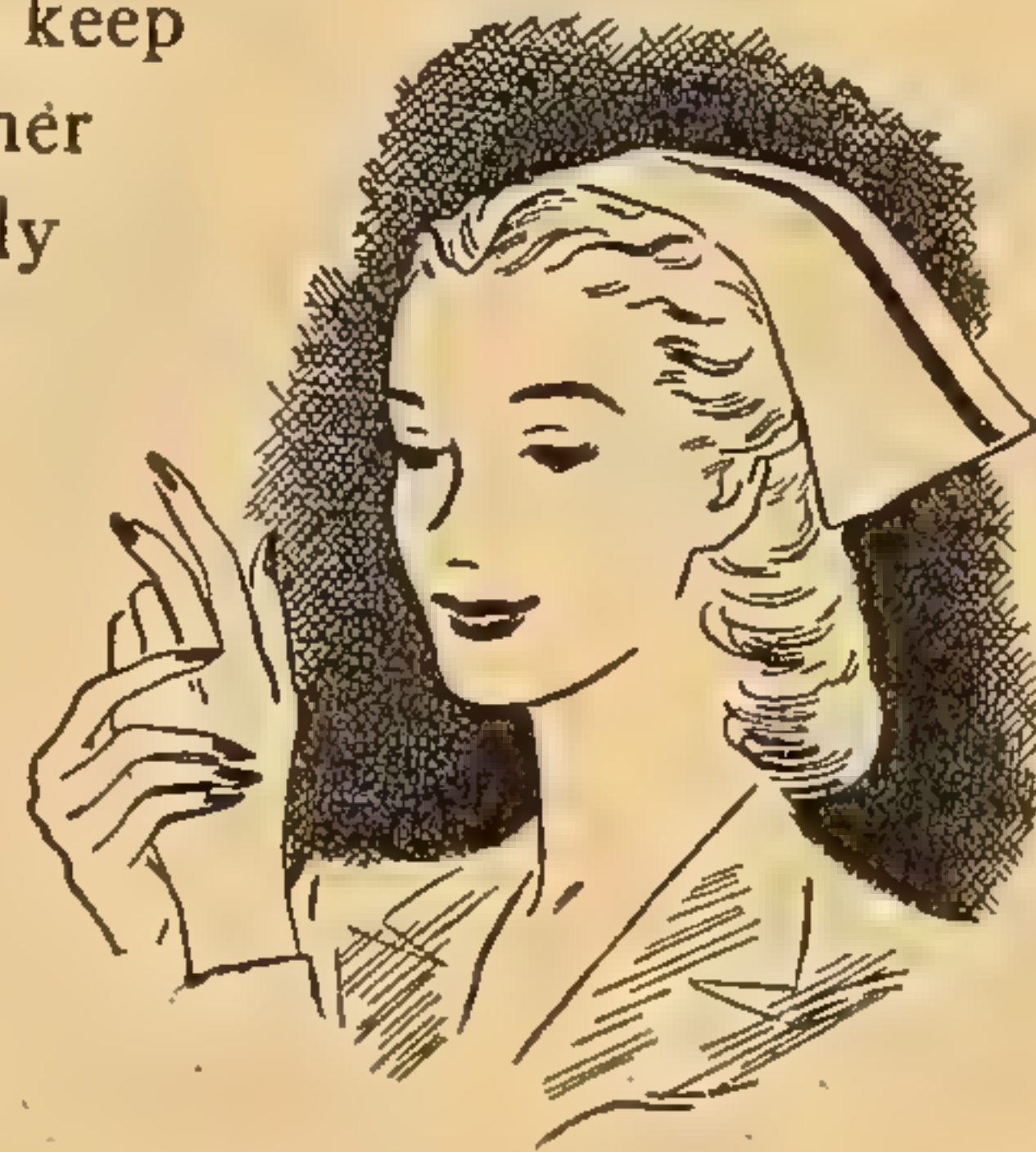


...symbol of noble birth
her *Fair and Fragile Hand*



Don't let housework be unfair to your hands

Yes... housework *can* leave your hands rough, red, and dry as dust. But... don't blame the housework... blame *yourself* for not taking care of your hands. Pacquins helps keep your hands looking smoother and whiter in spite of daily hard housework.



Doctors and nurses use Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot soapy water from thirty to forty times a day. Pacquins was first made especially for them. If Pacquins can help their roughly treated hands... imagine how much it can do for *your* hands!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT,
OR TEN-CENT STORE



JUDY CLARK

Featured in
Monogram's
"In High
Gear," a
Jan Grippio
Production.



So Easy to Have Lovely Hair

The undertones of beautiful hair glow with rich, radiant color; fleeting, brilliant flashes shimmer in the high lights. Its tresses are soft, silky, snarless and easily arranged. People say, "Oh! What lovely hair! Isn't it beautiful!"

If that's the kind of hair you want, you can have it—today! But you will have to do something more than just wishing and shampooing to get it.

The right shade of Golden Glint will set free the true beauty of your hair as silver polish reveals the true luster of silver or as bluing brings out the true whiteness of linen. Golden Glint rinses come in 12 shades. They are harmless, quick and easily removed. Why not have beautiful hair today?

Get a 10c or
25c package
now from
variety or
drug store.



GOLDEN GLINT



WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When diamond-dazzling Zircons from the mines of far-away mystic Siam are so **effective and inexpensive?** Thrilling beauty, stand acid, true backs, full of FIRE! Exquisite mountings. See before you buy. Write for **FREE** catalog. National Zircon Co., Dept. 34, Wheeling, W. Va.

Catalog FREE!

REAL COMPOSER OF MUSIC WILL CO-OPERATE WITH LYRIC WRITERS IN SONG PRODUCTION FINE PUBLICATION PROPOSITION.

National Distribution of Publication
C. Isabel Mayer, Box 3896, Portland 8, Ore.

NEW GLAMOROUS

Broadway Stars and
Models Rave About These
**HAND PAINTED
SHEER PANTIES**



You'll be delighted for, they really are a marvel of skillful fit, expert tailoring. Guaranteed washable, extremely **SHEER**, soft, lovely, yet strong and exceptionally long-lasting. Just imagine yourself in panties that hug the form, caress the skin and at the same time have something different and distinctive—a dash of color—A **HAND-PAINTED FLOWER DESIGN**—that is perfectly alluring. Elastic Top—Lace Trimmed! They come in bewitching colors—Alluring Black, Pastel Blue, Shimmering Pink and dazzling White. Small, Medium and Large Sizes. **TRULY**—the finest quality PANTIES you've ever seen at anywhere near the price. Money back if not satisfied.

Order **NOW** . . . Only \$2.00

Bandeau to match—only \$1.59 A & B cups—32 to 38

SPECIAL OFFER

Smart girls who order both panty and bandeau are also entitled to receive a beautiful pair of hard-to-get **NYLON HOSE** for an additional \$1.35. Same offer good for any number of combinations you order. If you are not completely delighted with your order, return within 5 days and your money will be immediately refunded. **SEND NO MONEY**—Simply send size and color desired and mail your order. It will be shipped same day received. Pay the postman for your order plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you prefer, send remittance with order and we will pay all postage charges—Same money-back guarantee.

COB UNDERWEAR CO.—Dept. A
542 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

What few people know was that for over a year before he entered that conscientious objectors' camp, Lew had, voluntarily, gone back to the studio several nights a week to give Red Cross courses in life saving.

I have dozens of mental pictures of Lew Ayres. I remember how, whenever I would come on a set where he was working, the moment he caught sight of me he would come rushing up, clap his arm around my shoulder and say, "Hi, Dick! How's tricks?"

Then I think of our first meeting after his return from the war. It was on the set of "The Dark Mirror." "You won't mind if you don't see Lew, will you?" inquired the head of publicity as we started out. "He doesn't want any interviews."

"No," I agreed amiably. "But I think when we get on the set he'll want to see me."

We got on the set, all right. In his trailer dressing room sat Lew. "Hello, Dick," he called in a quiet voice through the open door. "Come in." He did not get up, nor was there any glad hand around my shoulder when I entered. We shook hands ceremoniously and he began talking in a clipped voice. This was not the Lew I knew. "What is this, Lew?" I burst out finally. "Are you putting on an act for me? This is Mook."

"No, Dick," he replied without changing his tone, "I'm not putting on an act for you."

"Skip it," I answered shortly.

He went on with what he was saying, and I, realizing I was talking to a stranger, let him run on without further interruption.

Harking back to the old Lew I knew, I remember another time when he explained in all seriousness to me, that one of the reasons he wanted to get rich was so he could wear old clothes! "If I'm rich," he vouchsafed, "it'll mean I'm famous, too. If I'm famous everyone will know me and if everyone knows me they'll know I'm wearing old clothes because I want to and not because I can't afford good ones. I'm more comfortable when I'm not dressed up."

There was another time when he, Lola and I went horseback riding. Lew was dressed in an old pair of dungarees, worn high-heeled boots, an old, patched shirt, and a ten gallon black Stetson. As he went to see about a horse I turned to Lola. "Lola," I protested, "why don't you make Lew get some decent riding clothes? He can afford them."

"Riding clothes!" she echoed. "He's playing cowboy!"

Once, nearly eighteen years ago, when I first met Lew, we belonged to a club. One of the members was a young girl whose family was fabulously wealthy. She used to give parties for the club and we'd all go. (It might be noted that it was at one of those parties I first met Bing Crosby—before he got into pictures, before he was on the radio. He was just one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys). I think it was at the first of those parties that Lew discovered a giant built-in pipe-organ in the house. From then on it was practically impossible to pry Lew from that room. The rest of us might lounge

in the yard, laughing, joking, playing pranks on each other but Lew was glued to that organ. "You know," he remarked to me once, when he was still struggling along, "when I'm rich I'm going to have a big house on top of a mountain with a \$50,000 built-in pipe-organ."

He has his house on top of a mountain, but it's a much smaller house than he had originally planned and instead of the \$50,000 built-in pipe-organ he has a small electric portable.

Shortly after those parties he lost his taste for a pipe-organ and astronomy obsessed him. He told me once he did not know much about it but he liked to take a telescope up on his roof and look at the stars.

Astronomy palled and he took up bridge. Abruptly he dropped bridge. "When I think of the time we've wasted over a deck of cards my hair stands on end," he observed.

Horseback riding, ping pong, tennis and swimming followed each other in rapid succession. Then, when his career was at a low ebb, he took up reading. "So many thousands of books have been written," he remarked to me once, "and when I think how few I've read I realize what a lot of catching up I have to do." His passion for books is one of the few things that has lasted.

"I read a few hours every day," he told me another time, "and then I walk for a couple of hours and try to digest what I've read. It's like a giant jigsaw puzzle. I know the answer is in all those books. Every day I manage to fit a couple of pieces together and, some day, if I can get that puzzle all worked out I'll have found the answer to life."

With all his fads and idiosyncrasies, he has always had a terrific sense of humor. He used to call up and if I wasn't home he would leave word that Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Warner or Mr. Zanuck had called. I used to go crazy trying to figure out what those men wanted with me. Once I happened to be in when the desk clerk announced Mr. Zanuck on the phone. I grabbed the instrument and it was Lew. "You dog!" I yelled.

"Why," he replied in amazement, "I thought you, of all people, would know it was I."

Once, after both Fox and Universal had let their options on his contract lapse, he took a contract for three pictures with Republic with the proviso they let him direct a fourth. It was after he had directed his picture (and very good notices it got, too) that he was acting in another picture. I told you he is true to his beliefs and ideals. When the director wanted Lew to act a certain scene in a way Lew believed didn't ring true, he protested volubly and at length—without convincing the director. Lew refused to do the scene the director's way and the latter refused to give in. They reached an impasse. "It's funny," Lew mused, "when I directed a picture I didn't have all this trouble."

"When you directed a picture," the director retorted, "you didn't have Lew Ayres to contend with."

In view of Lew's changeability it was no surprise to me to read he had become a chaplain's assistant in the Army. It

was our meeting that surprised and took me aback. I hadn't thought a few short years could make such a change in anyone.

"How did you ever come to get into church work?" I queried curiously at that meeting, when I realized how far apart we had grown.

Lew faced me without any quibbling. "I thought you would understand that. You know something of what I've been through. Well, working with the wounded as I did, I began wondering how I could be of further use. At first, I found that because I could play the organ I could furnish the music for services. When I was all set at that, I wondered how I could be of still more help. I was quite a bit older than most of the fellows (that was *really* a blow between the eyes for me. I still think of Lew as being nineteen or twenty, as he was when I first met him). I had gone into philosophy quite a bit before I went into the service. Those boys wanted someone older than themselves to whom they could talk and tell their troubles. All it needed was a little sympathy and understanding and some philosophy, so it worked out fine."

"But," I objected, "what of the statement you made that you were going to continue in that work—that you definitely would never come back to the screen?"

"I never made any such statement as that," he retorted hotly. "This war is over, and most of the boys are home with their families again. How could I continue in that work when there's no longer any need for it? As for not coming back to the screen, I never said that either. You remember, once I told you I would never stop fighting for a place on the screen until they shoveled six feet of earth in my face."

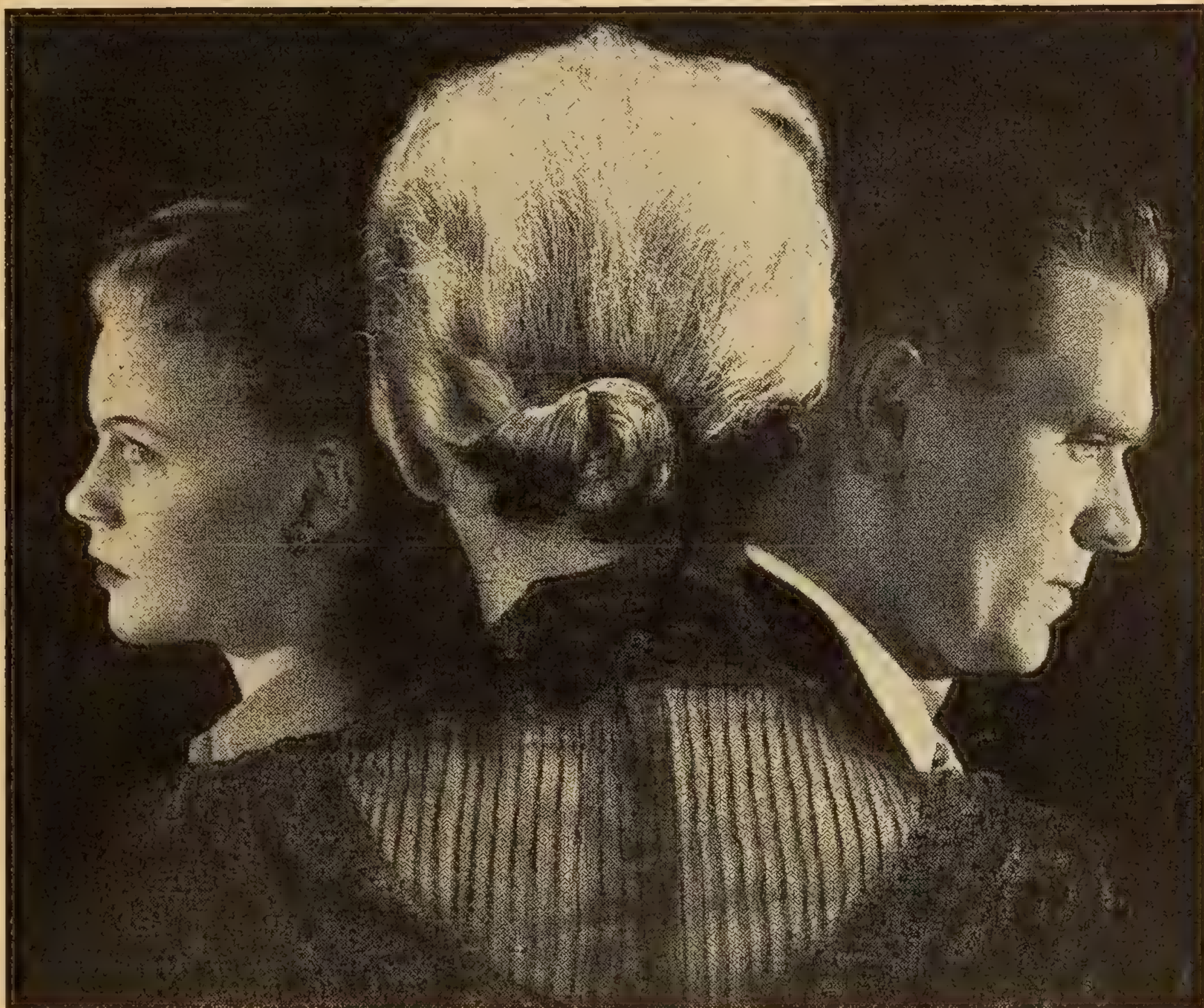
I like to think of the Lew I first knew. When you asked him something he had a habit of running his hand through his hair and hesitating before he answered, as though he was not quite sure of his words. I like to think of the boy who used to phone and if I was out, left word that Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Warner or Mr. Zanuck had called. I like to think of the boy, in his outrageous get-up, with whom I used to go horseback riding.

But that boy is dead. He doesn't run his hand through his hair any more. Nor does he hesitate before answering you. There are no more calls from the Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, Warner or Zanuck, and the lad who played cowboy is gone. In his stead is a man who has drunk the dregs of life and found them bitter—a man "sadly sane and weary-wise."

"You know, Dick," he said, "for five years now people have been gouging down beside me, trying to find out what I'm like—what makes me tick. One of the big magazines calls up about once a week and they say, 'Lew, we've got to have a story on you. But we want something with *guts*.' What they mean is, they want me to come clean, to tell them everything I've been through. I can't give it to them. The war is over and all that belongs in the past. I'm tired. I only want to be quiet and to try to find myself again."

And that, so far as space permits, is the story of Lew Ayres.

Is your daughter's marriage being ruined by *half the truth*?



A Mother's Ignorance of These Intimate Physical Facts Often To Blame!

Before your daughter marries—it's your solemn duty to instruct her on how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important it is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

But FIRST—make sure *your own* knowledge is just as up-to-date and scientific as it can be! And it *will be* if you tell her how important ZONITE is for the douche—

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and a skilled Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE principle—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, weak or dangerous products for the douche.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid anti-

septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. ZONITE positively contains no bichloride of mercury, phenol or creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does —

ZONITE's *powerful strength* and *safety to tissues* make it of great worth for feminine hygiene. Ask your doctor.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE kills *every reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. SS-27, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name

Address

City State

Continued from page 35



What spoon would you choose?

Surely the one with these

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (tax free)

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN

Lovely solid sterling silver cushion shape set ring in your own Birthstone Color given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25¢ each remitting the \$1.00 to us. Send No Money. Order 4 Rosebud Salve by one cent postcard. (Will mailing and 4 salve now, if you send \$1.00 with order.)

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 73, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

★ **SONG POEMS WANTED** To be Set to Music
★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. **PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.**
★ **FIVESTARMUSICMASTERS, 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR



until you try Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. This famous "Color Control" method gives hair the lovely, appealing color you desire, quickly—or so gradually even close friends won't guess your secret.

So simple! Safe! Sure!
Comb this clear liquid through your gray, bleached or faded hair. Watch "Color Control" action give your hair the youthful-looking shade you want. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities (no skin test needed). Won't harm wave or hair texture. 50 year favorite of millions. Now help yourself to lustrous hair beauty easily—in the privacy of your home!

Buy a bottle today! Sold on money-back guarantee by drug and department stores. Or if you prefer, order direct from Mary T. Goldman Co., St. Paul 2, Minnesota. Send \$1.92 (includes tax) for regular size, mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. State color desired: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Blonde, Auburn.

Joel. What was that opening-paragraph remark about remaining in the swim? I didn't mind, and sat on a plain wooden bench, half in the sun, half in the sun-flecked shade from the arbor, while Joel and David water-luxuriated until they thought politeness demanded they scramble out. Then they stretched themselves on a tiny beach, just wide enough at its widest point to accommodate the host's six feet three, and let the sun make vitamins. In the interests of good reporting, I record that the actor who once played in a loin-cloth opposite Dolores Del Rio (that was in "Bird of Paradise"—you don't remember) could do it again. He simply has no stomach for a man his size and one wonders where he stows those double lunches.

Joel and I were talking (while thoughtful-eyed David listened) about such profound subjects as, "What the blank have you been doing lately?" when a warning "Yoo-hoo!" sounded from up the path, beyond the trees—and the two sunning McCreas, like a team in an outdoor vaudeville act, rolled over in one motion and drew towels across their rhumbas.

I started up the path and, at the arbor's edge, met Frances, wearing a soft yellow affair that might have been a blouse, might have been a ranch sport-shirt, above equally feminine wine-brown slacks. Nature designed her to wear slacks. (Yet people who see her in her latest picture, "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," say, "She was designed to wear beautiful period clothes.") Looking at the pointed, elfin face, the almost secret green eyes, the russet hair softer in texture than the blouse, a thought recurred: in ten years of virtually daily contact with the Hollywood scene, this writer has seen only seven wholly beautiful actresses. (The other six, in case Gentle Reader wants to get mad and write the Editor, are, listed alphabetically: Virginia Bruce, Madeleine Carroll, Joan Fontaine, Anna Lee, Vivien Leigh, and Ilona Massey. Please mail all brickbats to the nearest housing contractor—he needs them.)

The "boys," doing some deft towel-knotting as they got up, joined us in the arbor, where Frances, when asked to name the principal fault of the head of this apparently ridiculously happy family, said: "I can't get him off the premises. Each year he promises to go to New York with me for three weeks, to see the shows. He goes, saying 'This year we'll stay the whole three weeks.' By the third day he's thought of a dozen things—pure imagination—that'll go wrong at the ranch if he doesn't hurry home. Once, by more tact than any woman could keep up long without collapsing, I persuaded him, a day at a time, to stay ten days."

"The word for me," Joel agreed cheerfully, "is barn-sour."

"Barn-sour?" I hadn't heard that one.

"You know those livery hacks"—note for auto-born teenagers: a hack is an old horse—"folks used to rent to go buggy-riding? If you stopped the buggy any-

where, the hack would try to turn it around and head for the stable. No interest at all in proceeding anywhere but home. The liverymen called them 'barn-sour.'" Then, to Frances: "Don't you think it's impolite to keep a visitor waiting for lunch?"

Frances, to Joel, sweetly: "When did you get to be a visitor, dear?"

We walked single file along a narrow path that hugged the side of the ranch-house and came to a ground-level flagstone porch, fronting on a sixty-by-sixty, unfenced front lawn (graced by an aged pepper tree) that fell away first to the tops of fruit trees, then to a valley vista among the rolling hills. Most of what rambled in sight was the McCreas' 2300 acres—not large for an honest ranch in California.

While Joel and David retired to change from towel to shorts (formal attire), Frances brought out to the porch the lunch, prepared by the ranch-house's one servant—a dignified colored person of the authentic "Mammy" type and the exotic name of Ozella. Authenticity in the "Mammy" line was proved by fried chicken and biscuits, relays of which were fetched by David (who served blithely from the wrong side). Eating my way happily through this feast, plus mixed salad, followed by strawberries heaped with whipped cream, I shared the understandable McCrea appetite—and checked back mentally a spot or two of history:

Frances. Born in South Pasadena, seven blocks from Joel's birth-place. To Chicago as an infant; high school there—best grades in English and French. Dull job filing clippings in a newspaper office. Parents re-moved to Los Angeles, where Frances, differently from Joel, found dull and discouraging her year-less-a-week as movie extra. Papa Dee having ruled at the beginning, "Make good in a year or go back to school," Frances was lunching dispiritedly, and inexpensively, the first day of her deadline week, in RKO's commissary. Entered the current rage, Maurice Chevalier, worried because his leading lady for "Playboy of Paris," due to start shooting next day, had fallen ill. Clutching with one hand the shoulder of the RKO executive with whom he was lunching and pointing across the commissary at the green-eyed beauty he'd never seen before, M. Chevalier demanded Frances as his leading lady. When, eighteen months later—an established star—she reported for a highly dramatic rôle in "The Silver Cord" (and saw for the first time one Joel McCrea, also starring in that picture as the devil-may-care young screen husband of Irene Dunne) the lovely ex-extra was being ardently courted by another Frenchman: first initial C; last name begins with B, ends with r, y in the middle. (No prizes for answering this quiz.)

Joel. Movie-minded, and ranch-minded, from the beginning. Delivered newspapers to motion picture greats, including Sam Goldwyn and Douglas Fair-

banks, Sr. Held horses for Tom Mix and Bill Hart. Plowed up what's now Sunset Strip! Worked each summer—by choice and how!—on ranches. Found fun and mischief in extra work when that profession was very prankful, except for serious-minded youngsters like Frances. (Joel, today still incurably full of beans, was then nothing else but.) Was turned down, after tests, for more than fifty good parts, finally given a lead in "The Silver Horde" because none of RKO's male stars cared for Alaska location work in winter. And there wasn't time to test him! Became a tuxedoed Beau Brummel (except for that loin-cloth rôle in Miss Del Rio's picture) opposite a dozen or more glamor stars. When "Silver" in a title proved lucky for Joel a second time, and he met Frances in "The Silver Cord," he had recently completed "Bed of Roses." In that he had co-starred for the fourth plush time with Constance Bennett, and, out of hours, was squiring her actively in night clubs along the Strip he had leveled with a road-scraper! (Whereupon, Miss Bennett and Mr. C. B-y-r, we bid you, for the purposes of the present article, a pleasant farewell.)

Enjoying the breeze that never fails on the flagstone porch of the McCreas ranch home, and rushing Squire (different kind of squire this time) McCreas to a photo-finish tie in the fried chicken contest, we thought of when Hollywood first began to cry, "Crazy! Crazy!" about the couple: Joel, finding that he wanted Frances most of everything in the world, and wanted her on that ranch he had always dreamed of—and beginning to work seriously at acting, so he could fulfill his dreams; Frances, wanting Joel if she had to take the ranch with him, and wanting children for her own sake (Joel told me once, "I'd always loved children, but somehow never visualized myself as a father"); Frances and Joel each turning down separate offers to do films in England, a new development at that time, paying from two to four times a star's Hollywood per-picture salary and, in the day's mode, crowning any star "tops" (Joel and Frances each felt: "Young married people, if they possibly can, should stay together"); Frances deciding children were more important than career; getting ready, while "Jody" was being expected, to wind up her Paramount contract (she was drawing more money than Joel); making "The Gay Deception" between the babies' arrivals, and missing the preview because David *did* arrive; finishing regular movie work in a blaze of glory in "If I Were King" and "Wells Fargo" (the latter box-office smasher downing more cries of "Crazy! Crazy!" because any husband and wife, up till then, were supposed to be a dud impossibility in a screen romance). Meanwhile, Joel, the young Old Master, busy putting his career permanently on the upgrade, to the present point where he can skip the tux rôles he hates, play the outdoor parts that spell pleasure to him, and give that ranch and the family on it his A-plus-1 attention—which he's done all along.

(It's an odd world, about "following rules." One of Hollywood's acknowledged experts on talent value, when asked for an opinion, told the writer:

I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"



NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex*, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!



Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!



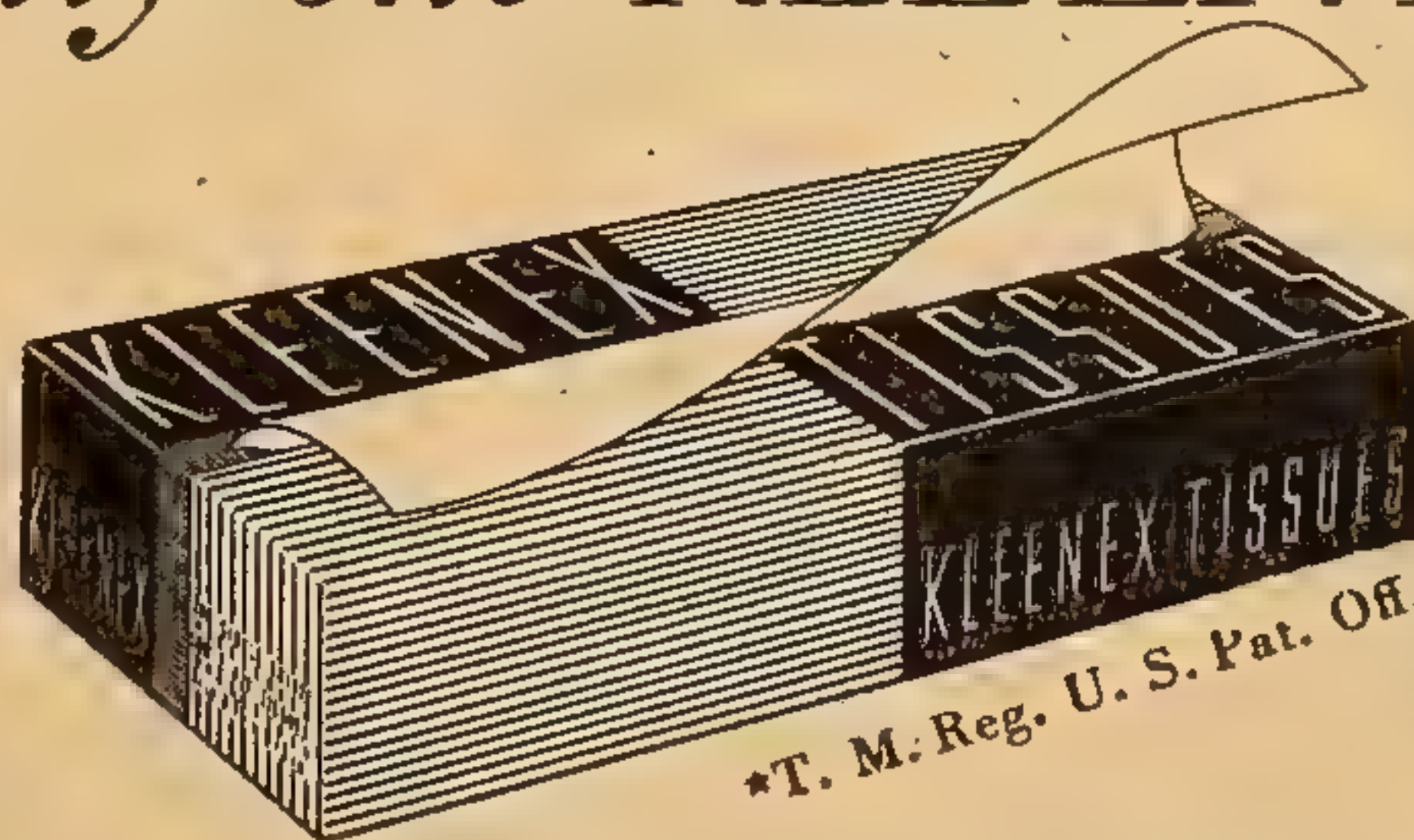
It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way...



Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be heavenly *soft*. And *husky!* Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX



America's Favorite Tissue

REDUCE UP TO 7 lbs. A WEEK



...OR
**DOUBLE YOUR
MONEY BACK!**

Eat WHAT YOU WANT
Get a Slender Figure

**NO
Exercise
NO
Massage
NO
Drugs**

YOU cannot have a slender, graceful figure, which is every woman's desire, unless you rid yourself of the flabby, excess fat which covers the feminine curves. You can rid yourself of this ugly, excess fat in an easy, healthful way. **MYLO...**

Brings REMARKABLE RESULTS

Grateful persons report amazing results in loss of weight after taking MYLO, delicious and highly nutritious food energy. It gives you all daily normally required vitamins and minerals. Contains no drugs—absolutely harmless. Eat what you want, yet it is possible for you to lose as much as 7 lbs. unsightly, excess fat in a week.

7-DAY NO-RISK TRIAL!

Either you are more than delighted with the results MYLO brings you in loss of weight or you get double your money back. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail us your name and address and on delivery of MYLO pay the postman \$2.00, plus C. O. D. charges or send \$2.00 with your order and we will pay the postage. Follow directions for 7 days. Then, if you are not truly amazed at the loss of weight, if you don't notice a remarkable improvement in your figure, if you don't look better, feel better, you will get double your money back. Don't let ugly fat distort your shape. Send for delicious, nutritious MYLO today.

INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES
329 So. Wood St., Dept. 4-BB Chicago 12, Ill.

CONFIDENTIAL LOAN SERVICE

Borrow \$50 to \$300.00

Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow **BY MAIL** \$50.00 to \$300.00 this easy quick confidential way.

BY MAIL

**IT IS EASY TO
BORROW
BY MAIL!**
Completely confidential and private
**CONVENIENT
MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

NO ENDORSERS NEEDED
EMPLOYED MEN and women of good character can solve their money problems quickly and in privacy with loans **MADE BY MAIL**. No endorsers or co-signers. We do not contact employers, friends or relatives. Convenient monthly payments. Send us your name and address and we will mail application blank and complete details **FREE** in plain envelope. There is no obligation.

STATE FINANCE CO.
511 Walker Bank Bldg., Dept. C-94 Salt Lake City, Utah

SONGWRITERS

PROTECT YOUR IDEAS!
HOLD ALL SONGS, POEMS!
Write for safe, correct procedure!

SONG SERVICE

Dept. 3-333 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.

32 ACTUAL PHOTOS of the Favorite WESTERN STARS



Roy Rogers

Including Sunset Carson, Gene Autry, Tex Ritter, "Wild Bill" Elliott, Bob Steele, Bill "Hop-along" Boyd and many others. Action poses, portraits, and on horseback.

25c

FOR THE COMPLETE SET OF 32

Catalog of 100's of stars with first order.

Stewart-Croton Studios, Dept. HS-14, 1408 Westwood Blvd., West Los Angeles 24, California.

"Frances Dee? There could never be a question of 'come-back' in her case. All she need ever do is let it be known she's available. She'd get a flood of scripts and command top price." I learned that when Frances agreed to do three and a half weeks' work in "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," she *did* draw a pay-check that would arouse envy in many a star who is surrounded by continuous build-up and never dares to let her public "forget her" a couple of months. The "hardboiled" talent expert explained: "There's something extraordinarily fine in Miss Dee, that the camera always catches. And, of course, she's more beautiful than she used to be. Must be the way she lives." To which your correspondent adds an appraisal—Frances lives the way she *thinks*.)

Joel asked David to take a message down to the barn and that youngster (on the slight side with cloudy blue eyes that have the something-going-on-inside-my-mind-that-I-don't-talk-about look of his mother's green ones) hit the front lawn like a sprinter away from a starting-gate, seized the brief cross piece of a Tarzan rope that hung from the old pepper tree, let his momentum carry him out thirty feet over the fruit trees on the level below, swung back in a sweeping arc, hit the ground running (in the opposite direction from which he swung out) and disappeared past the side of the house.

"Whew!" I caught my breath again. "Is that a dubbed-in camera trick or what?"

Joel laughed—the good, lazy laugh of an active man who's relaxed. "Oh, no. That's the usual way, going out or coming in. You know"—his eyes grew reminiscent—"who rigged the first Tarzan rope for the boys? Doug Fairbanks, Sr., shortly before he died. We spent each summer at the beach, then, right near Doug's. He came over one day, showed me how muscles rippled across his chest when he raised his arms. He said protection against pneumonia, that blanket of muscle. And extra strength when you need it. There's only one way to get it." Then Doug rigged a Tarzan rope, a very junior specimen, indeed. Few days in the boys' lives have passed, since then, without them swinging on one."

Various topics led back to boy talk and brought on that rare phenomenon—McCrea explaining himself. "You know," the big man said, "Frances and I located this place while we were waiting for Joel, Jr. My motive was partly selfish—I simply loved ranch life. I hoped, too, the boys would take to it, from the standpoint of body-building. But, for them, I had a deeper reason. All the hard work I did as a kid, and the people I met while I did it, gave me a resource that's the most valuable thing I personally own."

He paused. I waited while Joel, a true Scot, carefully arranged his thoughts. "Varied work among many kinds of people," he went on, "gave me absence of fear, the only real security there is. I notice that, not only in Hollywood, but everywhere, people who have gotten a little what they call 'up' in the world, carry around a gnawing fear lest they do what they call 'slip back.' That's pa-

thetic! If I had to return to digging ditches—which I've done—I wouldn't mind. I can do it. And I know there's no such thing as 'low' work and 'high' work. One magazine writer, friendly but not knowing me very well, wrote, as if it were something special, that he found me swapping tales with the car-drivers at the studio. He called me 'democratic.' We have to watch that word—not get smug about it—like we have to watch the word 'tolerance'. Since we *are* all equal, where's the virtue in recognizing it? The fellow who knows it and practices it isn't, by any stretch of imagination, doing somebody else a favor. He's just being lucky—for himself. I chin with the studio car-drivers, because I *like* them, just as I value the friendship of men I ride the ranges and brand cattle with. If they value my friendship as much, we're even—Steven—the only basis on which any human relationship is worth shucks. I want my boys to know that all people, all work, are equally valuable and necessary, equally the stuff for fun and enjoying life."

I watched as a twinkle lit the blue eyes (that look so coldly at evil-doers in "Ramrod"). "That fun angle's important," Joel said. "I remember working on a dynamite gang where the foreman was a little Italian, the cockiest guy I ever saw. He'd stand in the middle of the road and wave his red flag at a car, stop it and say, 'No go thisaway. We gonna blast!' I think, each time, he was hoping he was stopping a millionaire. He had the *authority of his job*. All the lives of us who worked with him, incidentally, were kept safe under his expert skill. But he was full of jokes, too—a merry guy to be with. Mostly I remember that job as fun. And extra work. If, in the profession of acting, I had to go back to being an extra, I'd face it not with any fear, or feeling of being lowered, but with memory of the grand people I met in it and the *fun* we had. I'd have fun again, too."

"You!" came a light voice from the dining-room door, where Frances had been standing quietly several minutes, listening with an understanding and appreciative smile. "You'd have fun no matter what on earth you were doing."

"Yeah?" Joel sat up in his reclining porch chair and, as Frances started to step around him to a seat, he pulled her—she looking rather startled—down onto his lap. Knowing that *he* knew she was the last person on earth for public demonstrations of affection, she looked quickly into his eyes to see what kind of mischief brimmed there. Just as promptly, Joel kissed her—sparking a blush like a ranch sunset—and before she could escape, he devilled: "Well, here's one for *you*, Miss Analyzer. While you were gone Lupton and I agreed on what actress you remind us of sometimes—in looks. Want to hear?"

"Is it," inquired the fussed Frances, "someone I'll *like* to resemble?"

Joel looked at me. "What about it?"

I said, "It wasn't *meant* as an insult."

Frances wriggled. "Well, tell me!"

Joel said quietly, "Vivien Leigh."

"Goodness!" The Dee blush revived, but brighter. This time Frances *did* escape and fled for the dining-room door

again. There, before further retreat, she recovered enough to turn and flash back, "Now—if I could only learn to act!"

The door closed. Joel laughed. "Here comes David with the horses. We've got a couple of things to look at. Get Frances to tell you about life out here. It's her home, you know. She is related to the boys, too." The 'Twa' McCreas were off at an easy trot—a small boy on a medium bay, a big man on one large and fine-looking enough to have served Robert E. Lee.

Frances and I went into the cool, ranch-type living room and she said:

"Joel has never been as happy in his work as he is about the two pictures for Charles Einfeld, president of Enterprise Productions. Both stories, 'Ramrod' and 'They Passed This Way' were best-selling Western novels, bought with Joel in mind by wise and lovable Harry Sherman—'Pop' to everybody—who is producing and directing for Charles. The location work in a wild and beautiful section of Utah was heaven for Joel, and in these hard-riding, outdoor stories he's 'doing what comes naturally.'"

Frances admitted that she first agreed to *partial* ranch life because of Joel's great love for it. She kept her "lost" feeling from her husband. When the war came, and she knew Joel would be using his expert knowledge to buy and raise cattle, and would get overseas one way or another (he did, you'll recall, as an entertainer), she decided to try, with the children, one year at the ranch "full-time." By the end of the year she couldn't have got the boys back to town, as she puts it, "without lassoing them and dragging them in, then tying them down." She, herself, now genuinely likes the life, and the McCreas are far from isolated. Many of Hollywood's most brilliant and entertaining people regard an invitation to the happy Santa Rosa Valley ranch as "tops."

The boys, Frances explained, attend a "country" school in the vicinity. "Some of their friends are pretty rugged," she said. "One Sunday Jody had five or six in to mid-day dinner, and I remarked 'later on this 'rugged' quality. 'Gee,' said Jody, 'did you notice the tall one?' I admitted I had. 'He,' said Jody, with pride and admiration, 'files his teeth!'"

Getting the boys to leave the ranch at all is a problem. Both belong to 4-H clubs and always have "projects" under way—ducks, rabbits, or raising calves. Frances tries to inculcate a reasonable amount of culture into the boys, shows them books illustrated with reproductions of fine art, plays the piano or classical records each evening. (Believe it or not, entirely of their own choice, the two Santa Rosa Valley "hard boys" have settled on, as their favorite composer—Bach!)

Joel came back, and I asked him about Jody, who, with three days still to go before his twelfth birthday, was already taller than his mother's five feet five. "What's this," I wanted to know, "about his doing a man's work?"

"His choice," said Joel (who has always, himself, had a limitless, vital capacity for hard work). "He, of course, keeps what he earns, including the profits on his ducks, rabbits and calves. He's quite a lad, that boy. We never know

3 PRETTY GIRLS TESTIFY TO DR. PHILLIPS' REDUCING PLAN

We lost weight—and it was so easy! It's a wonderful feeling to know you're wanted—to know that a pretty, slim, glamorous figure is admired by all our friends. And if you want a figure to cause admiring glances without difficult and tiresome routines, here's the easy way to do it. . . .



3 GIRLS SAY "THANKS A MILLION"

The glamorous creature at the left is a well-known model, Miss Marilyn Reiner of Newark, N. J., who says: "Dr. Phillips' Reducing Plan is wonderful. I lost 15 pounds in six weeks." The middle figure is Mrs. Ann Mack of Patterson, N. J., who says: "Dr. Phillips' Reducing Plan and Fucine are wonderful. I lost 20 pounds in eight weeks." The water nymph at the right is Miss Sonia Freedman of Brooklyn, N. Y., who says: "I lost 12 pounds in five weeks following Dr. Phillips' Plan for Reducing. It is the only one that ever worked." We have many, many more testimonials, unsolicited, stating in glowing terms the wonders performed by Fucine with Dr. Phillips' Reducing Plan.

DO YOU HAVE A REDUCING PROBLEM?

Knowing how is more than half the battle—and we'll give you the answer to your problem. We think you'll like our solution too because you won't have to knock yourself out exercising either. It's really so simple and easy, you'll want to write, telegraph or telephone us as soon as you've seen for yourself how quickly you lost that extra poundage and those extra inches that have been causing sleepless nights and the wrinkles in your forehead.

LOSE 8 TO 10 POUNDS IN ONLY 30 DAYS

Dr. Phillips, M.D., a recognized practicing physician, after treating hundreds of overweight men and women, formulated a plan which we call the Dr. Phillips' Reducing Plan. He recognized the fact that too many people really did more harm than good in trying to reduce. Therefore Dr. Phillips included in his plan an Iodine Food known as Fucine. This plan has proved a huge success. A deluge of mail poured in from grateful users testifying to the acceptance and the success of his Reducing Plan.

WHAT IS FUCINE?

Fucine is an aid to reducing, in tablet form, easy and pleasant to take. It is a Food Iodine, a nutritional food supplement derived from mineral-laden vegetation growing at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. There is medical authority that Fucine has been used as an anti-fat and as an aid to reducing. It is endorsed by The Bureau of Health Products and is classified as a food by the War Production Board. It is not a laxative.

NOTICEABLE RESULTS HAVE BEEN OBTAINED IN A SINGLE WEEK!

Better yet, give yourself 30 days and you'll be amazed at what your mirror will show—a slimmer, lovelier YOU. No more carrying those extra bulges around—and the resultant loss of energy. Be more vivacious and charming. A prettier, glamorous figure will give you more confidence and poise. And it's all done without tiresome exercises.

GLAMOUR FOR SALE—ON A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

All you need do is send for Dr. Phillips' Reducing Plan with Fucine, the nutritional food supplement for use as part of your breakfast. For only \$5 you get the Economy 3-months supply. For only \$3 you get the 30-days supply. Trial package, all sent prepaid. If you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be refunded in full. Don't delay. Send cash, check or money order now! to THE FUCINE CO., Dept. KF-1, 871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey. Write your name and address clearly.—Adv.

TEETHING PAINS



**RELIEVED
QUICKLY**

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. *Buy it from your druggist today*

**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

MAKE YOUR OWN! STATUETTES ★ CUTOUTS ★ PINS

with the new and exciting
**MOVIE STAR
CUT-O-GRAPHS**

Glamorous, Glossy Photos
Easy-to-do instructions.

8 Glossy Photo Cut-O-Graphs **35c**
Different Poses of each star A SET

Special! 3 Sets for \$1.00

Order your favorite stars today! State 2nd choice!



Van Johnson
M-G-M Star

HOLLYWOOD PHOTOS • Dept. F-2
P. O. BOX 64 • JAMAICA 1, N. Y.

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay — Send us your Original Poem at once — for immediate consideration and **FREE** Rhyming Dictionary.

RICHARD BROTHERS

28 WOODS BUILDING — CHICAGO 1, ILL.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

**This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

exactly how to figure him in advance."

It developed that when Jody reported he had landed the threshing job (which kept me from seeing him this day), Joel, after some thought, said to him: "Son, I don't want to horn in on your business. But, in case you don't know it, that family you're going to thresh for is headed by a returned veteran. He's having a kind of close time getting by at the start—equipment to buy, one thing and another. If you're doing all right financially this summer, might be a nice thing, when pay day comes around, if you were to say, 'Thanks, but this was just by way of being a neighbor.'" (Joel has done many a free day's work, helping brand cattle for valley friends.)

"Jody," Joel went on, "walked away without saying anything. A day or so after the first pay day, I asked him, 'How much did you roll up last week, son?' Jody said, offhand, 'I gave some thought to what you suggested, Dad. It seemed a good idea.'"

As the teller of this finished, Frances put in, "Don't look so like you were going to burst in half with pride, Joel."

We all laughed. My hosts rode down to the gate with me, Frances in the car, David and Joel alongside, one on the small bay, one on the large. Those two had some more "inspection" to do, then they'd go pick up Bean-thresher Jody. "Not, you understand," said Pa McCrea, "that I want to make a softy of him."

Can You Say "Gay-Zah"?

Continued from page 53

Consul in a photo finish. He was very sympathetic—God bless him!—but there was still one hitch. Having done no military service in my native country, I had no passport. He said, 'I'll get you a visa all right, if you can get that passport!'

"Don't ask me how I did it. A real optimist not only hopes for the best; but sees that he gets it! Between us, we got around things. I got a passport—valid for ninety days!"

It was on the boat coming to America that Fate again took a hand; by sheerest accident he met novelist James Hilton. "The first class passenger deck was near that of the third class, by which I was travelling," Korvin explained. "Mr. Hilton and I used to talk on deck. It was he who invited me to come to California for a visit."

In 1937 he did come, stopping enroute at Philadelphia to visit young Bond and meet his Quaker parents.

"They took me to their Meeting House," he said, "and introduced me to everyone as their 'fifth son.' They had four other sons of their own—but when I got married a couple of years later I received the same wedding present from the Bonds that all their boys got: a Bible—and a double blanket, woven from the wool of their own sheep!"

Because James Hilton had told him he might come to California by any route he chose, Charles Korvin chose to cross the United States by bus. "I had seen that picture 'It Happened One Night,'" he grinned. "And while I did not expect

Frances came as near snorting as a lady does and said, "Try!" Then she declined an offer from the "men" to give her a lift back to the house, saying she would enjoy the walk. As I turned my car toward the state highway, five miles away, I looked at a late-sunlighted pasture of young Hereford cattle. Against the bright green grass their white faces looked snow-scrubbed, their coats were the color of Actress Susan Hayward's honest-to-goodness red hair. "No ancestors of those beauties," I thought idly, "ever got into the late unlamented black market."

I thought, too, of all the alibis I'd heard, in Hollywood and elsewhere, for broken-up homes. Here on the ranch, I reflected, were two people who, on the way up, and after they had won an independence enabling them to live any way they chose, had put the first things first. They had let no one cut a pattern of life for them, and had adhered to the bright pattern they had cut for themselves. I wondered how much culture Frances would get into the "hard boys," and whether it mattered.

Back at the home, I'd made a light crack to Frances about "the great American family," and she had countered, "Oh, Lupton, we're not 'great' anything! We're just four people, trying to get along." She'd meant, of course—get along with life.

to meet Miss Claudette Colbert on that bus, I did think it a good way in which to see the country, and it was! I saw the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert—but by the time I reached California I could scarcely get out of my chair, because of all the food fed to me by kind old ladies aboard that bus!"

It was in California that Charles Korvin (still worried about his inability to become an American) made the discovery that he had only to cross the Mexican Border to Encinada, and then return, in order to come in on the Czechoslovakian quota. "It was the happiest day in my life!" he tells you. And he means it.

Back again in New York, he took a part in "Winter Soldiers," an experimental play, produced and enacted by professionals, without pay, in a New York theater. It was this rôle that gained for him the male lead in "Dark Eyes," a Broadway production. It also gained him his wife.

"During my evenings, after the performance, I worked at the Stage Door Canteen. I was captain of a shift of bus boys, actors like myself. One night, when one of the motor-car drivers was ill, I agreed to take over his duties—driving around to different food-marts, picking up supplies for the Canteen. 'Where's the beautiful girl tonight?' I was asked at one place I stopped along the route. 'The other driver usually has a beautiful dame from the Canteen along!'

"It seemed like a good idea; so, on my

next trip out, I asked that one of the girls come along, too. She would go into the food mart and ask for the stuff and someone would carry it out to the car for her. All I had to do was sit behind the wheel. So they gave me a girl, one of the Canteen workers who had nothing to do. She was a right nice girl—but I could see why she had nothing to do. She talked all the time, mostly in small shrieks."

It was a week after this, at a midnight meeting of the Canteen workers, that he saw the girl he knew he wanted to accompany him on his rides. "Her name was Helena Fredricks," he said. "She was a radio actress, one of the volunteer workers at the Canteen. I was so carried away that I walked right up to her and said: 'Hi, Beautiful!' before I thought. Her hair was all mussed up, and, well, she was cute! But *did she give me the freeze!* Nanook of the North was cozy by comparison. It was eight whole months before she spoke to me again!"

She did speak to him, though; she and her mother even went back-stage to congratulate him on his acting in "Winter Soldiers." "I got up my courage," he tells you, "and asked her if she'd like to come with me next evening to make the food collections."

"Telephone me tomorrow, and let me know," I said.

"I telephone you!" Her eyebrows went up to her bangs.

"Sure," I said nonchalantly. "This is business. Let me know if you can come."

So she came. And the first evening we went out we had the worst blizzard New York has ever known.

I had it in mind to find myself a piece of rubber hose, to fix a leaky faucet in my kitchenette-apartment. So, in spite of the storm, every time we passed a hardware store, I'd draw up to the curb, and leaving her sitting in the cold, I'd dash into the store. She has never forgotten that night—in fact, it's one of our family jokes now. Driving around Hollywood, even today, she will nudge me and say 'Hardware store!' whenever we pass one. But that night in New York was the beginning for us; though neither of us knew it then. 'How about a cup of tea?' I asked her when the evening collections were all made. 'My apartment is just around the corner, and I'm a very good cook!' She looked a trifle startled, but she came along. I was most correct; I did not live up to my reputation at all!"

So rapidly did their romance prosper that, when "Dark Eyes" went on the road, Charles Korvin persuaded Helena to go along as understudy and assistant stage manager. Then it happened—that electrifying and wished-for highlight—an offer to come to Hollywood for a screen test. "If I am signed to a contract, we will be married," he told Helena. "If not—well, we shall have to wait."

"I am sure she thought she had seen the last of me," he chuckled, "the chances seemed to me to be very remote. I would return, I told myself, and she would be married to someone else. I had grown accustomed, by now, to having my cup of happiness spring a leak long before it could possibly run over. But this time I was wrong; two days after I reached Hol-

BESTFORM

Strapless Bra

artfully wired, made of finest

nylon marquisette . . . \$3



BESTFORM *no finer fit at any price*

lywood, I was signed on the dotted line! 'I am going back to New York,' I told the studio firmly, 'at your expense. I want to get my books, my records—and I want to get married, in exactly that order. If I were back there, you'd pay my fare out here, would you not?' So I returned to New York. And when the train stopped at Chicago, I put through a long-distance call to Helena. The chances of my reaching her on such short notice were 100 to 1, but the call went through. 'I'll be there in the morning,' I told her. 'And we'll get married!'

"Instead of answering me, she started to cry over the phone. 'For heaven's sake, don't cry!' I said, 'I want to *talk to you!*' But she continued to cry. Finally, I said, 'I'll call you back in an hour,' and hung up the phone.

"I called her back in an hour. *She was still crying!* 'It's because I'm so happy!' she said over and over. 'Perfect ladies reply to a direct question,' I said. 'Will you marry me?' She said, 'Yes,' and I hung up the phone.

"Getting out of Chicago on those crowded trains took a bit of doing. Finally, after I'd told them I had a New York broadcast at noon, they got me on my way. I was due back in Hollywood; we had very little time—then I discovered that you cannot get a marriage license and be married in New York on the same day. So we got married in Greenwich, because I was lucky enough to have a Connecticut friend. We wanted to stay there, but everything was crowded—so we went back to New York. I had a reservation at the Madison Hotel, and that was where we stayed.

"I had kept my bachelor apartment in Hollywood—the smallest room in the memory of man—and it was into that we had to move when we returned to the Coast. Even two people in love found it hard to navigate; we kept bumping into one another coming in and out of doors—but it had a kitchen, a place where I could cook. There is an old proverb, you know—'Success in marriage depends on good cooking; out of the kitchen comes the tune.' But I think I like better a line my father used to say: 'The heart is a machine—for making miracles!' That's how it is—with Helena and me."

Most of all, he insists, it is important that people let one another alone. Human dignity, human privacy, even in marriage, are necessary things. "Whenever a friend comes up to me and says: 'Here, let me fix your tie!' I always want to say: 'That is the way I like my tie—please leave it alone!' I suppose this is because I was a bachelor so long; you do get set in your ways. But Helena is like that, too. Both of us like our room door closed when we are dressing; we don't even mix our linen in the clothes hamper. Yet there is never an hour of any day when each is not utterly conscious of the other's needs."

Even when they differ (and dull, indeed, would be two humans who always agreed) they have a system worked out to cover that, too. One of them draws a picture and writes a message on the white-painted panel of the kitchen door; and leaves it for the other to read. "Usually," Korvin smiles, "we draw 'Piglet'—you know, the little pig from 'Winnie-the-Pooh.' He is our whipping-boy;



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Send for FREE TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

322 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Without obligation, please send me, free and post-paid, Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting illustrated booklet. Check shade wanted:

☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Print Your Name and Address

"BEFORE & AFTER!"



Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations. 125 pages. Only 25c—mail coin or stamps. Glenville Publishers, 60 E. 42d St., Dept. HA, New York 17, N. Y.



SONGWRITERS

Do your words need music? We supply the best music...written for you by a composer of HITS! Recordings made. Send for free booklet.



TIP TOP TUNES DEPT. HS-2
BOX 309 • HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

BACKACHES CAUSED BY MOTHERHOOD

Muscles are often strained by motherhood and cause backaches for years. Allcock's Porous Plasters give prompt effective relief. They support the muscles, bring heat to painful spot. 25c at druggists.



ALLCOCK'S Porous Plasters

Everyday GREETING CARDS BRING YOU MONEY



NEW ASSORTMENT OF 15 STUNNING FOLDERS
Sells for \$1

GET SAMPLES

Exclusive • New • Beautiful

YOUR friends and neighbors will appreciate these unique cards for Everyday events—and they will order quickly. The Everyday Assortment offers cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, other occasions. 12 different ass'ts. Stunning designs, luxurious papers, heart-warming sentiments, unusual values.

MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

You make up to 100% cash profit. Taking orders brings you steady income all year. Handi-Notes, Gift Wraps, Humorous, Gift Cards, other boxes retail 60c to \$1. Also Personal Stationery.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Just show samples. They'll get the orders and big profits on sight. Start earning at once. Get Sample 15-card Everyday Assortment on approval. Write today.

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, Inc.,
316 Adams Street, Elmira, N. Y.

we write each other messages over his name. Next day, we wipe the message away, and start over again."

Starting over again has long been a habit with Charles Korvin. Even the name "Charles" was a new start, bestowed on him when he came to Hollywood, because the studios thought his real name of Geza (pronounced Gay-zah) would be too difficult for movie audiences to pronounce. Geza, from his native word, "Gyeich," means victorious—as perhaps the mother who named him knew!

He has been victorious—because he knew patience; because under all the

cynic nonsense is that dark tenderness for all that is beautiful and real; because the laughter he has known has been very close to tears. "The people who work with him," a studio executive said, "not only like him—they respect him, because he is sincere."

He has three ambitions today: to own a Capeheart for his beloved records; to drive a Buick—and to play "Liliom" on the stage. "I shall have them in four years," he says with confidence and pride. "But most of all, when I've lost this small place that is mine in the sun, I'd like to be a good director. I can wait for that, too!"

This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 36

you were a Christian slave," but I never believed it.

I don't believe in heaven or hell as definite places. I think you make your own hell within you, just as you make your own heaven. When I was a kid, I was scared of fire and brimstone. I once went into a church, where the clergyman yelled at everybody about the terrors to come, in that very warm world he pictured. I thought he was yelling specifically at me. I never went back. In time I got over my fears.

Religion: My views on religion are rather contradictory. Somebody obviously created the world, because it's here. I believe there is a God, because he appears in a million forms, in thoughts, ideas, beliefs, in a rose, a tree, a child, perhaps in you and me. Sometimes I think there is some sort of order about the universe, and that order is God.

Of course, I never see God as an old gray man with a beard. He seems rather to be a great impersonal Force. I'd like to believe in a kind, merciful, just God whose eye sees the fall of every swallow and who cares what happens to that swallow. But it is hard to believe in that kind of picture of God if you look at the world as it's been for the last five years. Why have so many millions of innocent people suffered torture and death? Ask your priest or minister that, and see what answer he gives. Some say that the devil created all evil, and some say that man himself did. But no one yet has given an explanation of the slaughter and torture of innocents that explains what God was doing when the slaughter took place and why He did not intervene.

Church: I believe that going to church does people a great deal of good, if they believe in its doctrines. Even a telephone pole, if you believed in it and it gave you a foundation for an ethical code, would be an instrument of great good. The churches have helped millions who have had faith; and good churches have given them a code to live by. However, whether or not you go to church, the golden rule is still a very good foundation for decent, humane behavior.

Prayer: Sure, I believe in prayer, if a life raft is handy, too. I'd be very glad to have a prayer book handy, if I had both feet on a life raft. But I'd hate to

be in the ocean with a prayer on my lips but no life raft under my feet.

War or Peace: Much as we would like to believe that World War II is the last war, I cannot believe it. Of course, if the United Nations organization, which was formed to prevent war, would live up to all its doctrines, then we could hope for permanent peace. But I'm afraid that human and national selfishness will ruin the peace the UN was formed to preserve. Already, there are many individuals who are trying to steam up another war.

The Atomic Bomb: I believe it should be outlawed. War, I suppose, was a fine, romantic thing when it was fought by men in armor with plumes on their heads. But when women and children are involved and bombs strike those who are too young and too old to fight, war becomes slaughter. When atomic bombs destroy innocent women and children, war isn't romantic. It's murder. And the atomic bomb should be outlawed among nations, just as we outlaw murder within any decent nation. I don't know enough about the subject to know by what methods nations could be watched to see that they never manufactured the deadly bombs. But I do know that if we don't do away with the atomic bomb, the atomic bomb will do away with sex.

Sex: Sex is as necessary as food, drink and fresh air. Sex is fun. Let's not knock it.

Pictures are sometimes criticized because some of them are supposed to be too sexy. I think this is nonsense. Pictures passed by the Johnston office can't be too sexy, or the Johnston office would have plenty to say. I don't believe in the theory, sometimes expressed by reformers or professional dirt-hunters, that girls sometimes go wrong because they've seen girls seduced in pictures or have learned through pictures that the stork doesn't bring babies. This doctrine is a hangover from the nineteenth century. In the twentieth century, how many kids still believe such nonsense? In these days of modern hygiene, biology classes and lectures on sex in public halls, what can the movies tell young people about sex that they don't already know?

By the same token, I don't believe the argument that boys go wrong because they see gangster pictures. I don't be-

lieve that such pictures as "Petrified Forest," "Maltese Falcon" or "Dead Reckoning," though they deal with murder and crime, will cause anyone to commit a crime. Before I would believe that, I would want to see definite proof of it.

In a previous generation we had Jesse James novels and pictures. Boys have always liked to read about and see pictures about desperadoes. But whether they watch a picture about Jesse James or Dillinger, or about a girl who commits a dozen murders, I don't believe that any boy will be tempted by a movie to go out and rob a bank, hold up a grocery store, or commit a murder. It isn't the pictures that cause delinquency and crime. It's the environment in which kids are brought up, the surroundings in which they live. It's society's fault in not providing them with better conditions. If you think otherwise, sister, let's see you prove it.

Politics: I'm a Democrat. I believe in the ideals and principles laid down by the late President Roosevelt. Still, in spite of my Democratic affiliation, I feel that we should all vote for the best man available, regardless of the ticket on which he runs. If Stassen, a Republican with liberal sympathies, is nominated at the next Presidential election, I believe I shall vote for him, if he appears to be the best man available. At the present time he does. I hope he gets the Republican nomination. He appears to be a bit too much to the left for the Republicans, and a bit too much to the right for the Democrats; but many people with liberal sympathies will vote for him, if he is nominated.

Education: I'm a fine person to be talking about education, since I have no children of my own. However, if I ever do have a son or daughter, I would approve of progressive education in a good school for them. To be sure, progressive education does turn some children into difficult little devils; but on the other hand it doesn't repress them, regiment them or fence them in too much. In a good progressive school, they have an opportunity to do whatever they want to, yet the school provides some guidance. I believe that this free expression releases young people, which is all to the good. The methods of the old-fashioned school seem a bit archaic to me. Sure, they teach you the three r's. But what's the good of teaching a youngster reading and writing till he knows what he's reading? What possible value can there be in learning to read such deathless ditties, as "I see a cat," "I see a hat," "I see a man." It seems to me that the progressive school does a great deal more for youngsters by letting them do things first, thus tying up learning with living.

Your old-fashioned school taught a lot of subjects which had no relation to life on the theory that learning Latin or how to dissect a frog would teach you how to think. Now the professors are ruefully coming around to the theory that learning how to add teaches you how to think about learning to add, and learning how to translate Latin teaches you how to think about translating Latin. But there's no carry-over from a specialized branch of learning into the art of thinking. Once you learn how to do some-

thing, in accordance with the methods of a progressive school, you probably have learned something really useful.

The Post-War World: What's the world coming to? I don't know. Wait a second, while I ask Lizabeth Scott, who's working in "Dead Reckoning" with me. Maybe she has some ideas.

Lizabeth Scott says she thinks the world is getting better. I'm inclined to think she's right. If only the United Nations Conference works out all right, maybe the world is getting better. There's a new thought in the world—a new tolerance. Look at the world 60 years ago. Then ideas and people were much more hide-bound. There was much less freedom of thought and expression.

I like the fact that labor today has gained strength and power. When labor handles itself properly and with dignity, it will gain its rightful place in the sun. I believe in unions, provided they are properly run. I am a member of one myself—the Screen Actors' Guild.

I think the idea of starting an American Authors' Authority to protect the rights of writers is a good one. Such a movement is gaining strength in the Screen Writers' Guild. They believe that just as writers submit the same screen story to various studios at the same time and get competitive bids on their stories, so they should have the privilege of submitting the same story to various magazines and getting competitive bids. One writer called this a nice scheme on the part of one group of capitalists to get money away from another group of capitalists. Maybe so. But the fact remains

that the writer is a laborer, too, and unions of all kinds have been useful in protecting the rights of labor.

Work and Success: To win success, you have to work for it and be lucky. Luck is important, especially in my business. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. I think to win success, you have to have the same capacity. Otherwise, if you're just lucky, your success will have no feet under it. Sure, I know, a girl who is beautifully endowed by nature can sometimes win a comet-like success without working very hard for it. But if all she has to offer are those Earl Wilson endowments, I doubt very much if her success will be lasting.

Love and Marriage: To make a success of marriage, you need hard work and luck and an infinite capacity for taking pains. And I speak from experience.

I don't know whether or not there is such a thing as love at first sight. There never has been for me. I didn't fall in love with Betty at first sight but shortly afterwards. I liked the way she thinks. I still do. I guess I always will. She is not jealous or envious. She is kind and tolerant, pleased to see the other person do well.

Much as I love Betty, even we fight occasionally. I think married couples should fight occasionally, get things out of their system, lay their cards on the table. But fights should be conducted with some dignity, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The fight that hurts and leaves scars is the one where nasty epithets are flung around. It's all

GIVE YOURSELF A PROFESSIONAL SHAMPOO & SET

FOR ONLY 7c



CAESAR LIQUID-CREME SHAMPOO

"This is the shampoo which we use exclusively in our Fifth Avenue Salon. It is our own formula, fortified with rich lanolin easily absorbed by the scalp and hair. This Creme Shampoo conditions and naturalizes your permanent and helps eliminate kinkiness. It leaves the hair soft and lustrous. Adds body, too . . . you need no lotion to set your hair."

Caesar

88¢ BOTTLE
Does over 12 shampoos

INSTRUCTIONS ON EVERY BOTTLE

LEARN HOW: to wind a curl;
to arrange your ringlets when setting;
to comb and restyle.

CAESAR-FIFTH AVENUE
431 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

CAESAR-FIFTH AVENUE Dept. HU
431 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16

Please send me:
..... bottles at 88c each

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

ALMOST INCREDIBLE NEW
scientifically compounded treatment for

PIMPLES

TING works while it
helps hide them!

You simply apply TING to
pimples, let it dry—and whisk
off excess powder. TING is both
fungicidal and germicidal—
really works wonders for ex-
ternally caused pimples. Even
if other products have failed,
ask your druggist for new TING
antiseptic medicated cream.
Stainless, greaseless. Only 50c.



Ting
ANTISEPTIC
MEDICATED
CREAM

Be as **BLONDE** as You Please!

LIGHTER, FINER BEAUTY Overnight
Lighten your hair to the most flatter-
ing and glamorous Blonde shade! So
easy—economical—just shampoo with
Lechler's "569" Hair Lightener. NO
fuss—NO bother—NO brush applica-
tions. PIN A ONE DOLLAR BILL to
this "ad"—sent by return mail in
plain wrapper.
HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 142
560 Broadway N. Y. 12, N. Y.



SONG WRITERS ATTENTION

The amazing demand for phonograph records,
accelerated by more than 300,000 Song-Hit
creating Juke-Boxes, warrants your immediate
investigation. We are offering song-poem writers
the rare opportunity of having qualified com-
posers furnish music for any approved poems
received this month on percentage basis. Recola
Recording Co., Box 987-S, Hollywood 28, Calif.

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering,
Its Cause and Correction," describes the
Bogue Unit Method for scientific
correction of stammering and
stuttering—successful for 46
years. Free—no obligation.

Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 3287, Circle
Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

GET THIS
FREE
BOOK!

240 BARGAINS

Used Dresses, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and
Army Goods

FOR ENTIRE FAMILY

Write for FREE CATALOG

BROADWAY MAIL ORDER HOUSE

637 Broadway, Dept. 79, New York 12, N. Y.

BE A NURSE STUDY AT HOME

HIGH SCHOOL
NOT NECESSARY

Prepare for experience as a Trained
Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 55. Many earn
while learning. Easy payment plan. Write for
facts and fascinating free sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. AD-13, Chicago 14, Illinois

SONG WRITERS

SENSATIONAL PRIZE OFFER. Write a "hit" song
with a "hit" writer. Fame and fortune can be yours.
Limited number of song poems, melodies or complete
songs accepted for consideration. . . . Each song ac-
cepted will merit legitimate publication and recordings
by "top artists." Free monthly "Hit Tuners Chatter"
folio. Recording and manuscript service for hit tune
members. . . . Join the "HIT TUNERS." Don't delay!
Write today!

HIT TUNE SOCIETY Studio A
1446 Morningside Court, Hollywood 28, Calif.



ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY

Sufferers from the torturing itch
caused by eczema, pimples, scales,
scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch,
and other itch troubles are praising
cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.**
This time-proved medication—devel-
oped by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively
relieves that cruel, burning itch.
Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and
comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A
35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back.
Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**



Richard Conte, Annabella and Frank Latimore don flying togs for their action-packed,
dramatic rôles of American spies in 20th Century-Fox film, "13 Rue Madeleine."

right, it seems to me, for married people
to have some differences of opinion, so
long as they don't start calling each other
names or telling each other how little
they think of the other's family.

I remember one argument Betty and I
had when she put her hands on some
wet varnish on our boat. My general
attitude toward the boat is one of rev-
erence. "Take my life, kill my wife, but
don't harm my boat." So I started bawl-
ing Betty out. She argued right back,
and she did it very well too. She said it
was not her fault. "Why didn't you tell
me the varnish was wet? How was I
supposed to know it?" She had me there.

Remembering anniversaries, they tell
me, helps to keep your wife happy. With
Betty, I have no chance to forget. Hang-
ing from my pocket is a gold chain with
miniature gold plaques bearing dates on
them, which Betty has thoughtfully giv-
en me.

Happiness: A good prescription for
happiness, I think, is to marry a girl like
Betty. However, since there's only one
Betty, I'm afraid that's not very helpful
advice. Aside from finding the right girl,
I think laughter helps a lot. If you get
angry your stomach tightens up. Laugh-
ter is good exercise for the right mus-
cles. I wouldn't be surprised if laughter
at the right times adds years to your
life.

Health is important to happiness.
Keep all your teeth if you can, or as
many of them as possible. Avoid ulcers.
I understand they're caused by nervous
tension. Relax. You might even go in
for Yogi stuff, if that'll help you relax.

I don't believe in formal exercise, such
as weight-lifting or bell-lifting. I do be-
lieve in the kind of exercise out of which
you can get some fun. For me work
around the boat, such as pulling ropes,
etc., is the kind of exercise I like. It
would bore me to death to throw a medi-
cine ball around; but the kind of exer-
cise involved in tennis, golf, swimming
or any other sport makes sense to me.

Friendship: I don't like rules on how
to win friends or influence people. I don't
think we consciously set out to make
someone our friend. I believe that there
is such a thing as friends at first sight.

I think it is ridiculous to say that you
can't have friends who think differently
from you. It seems to me that some of
the greatest friendships are based on ar-
guments and differences of opinion. I be-
lieve the Dale Carnegie theory is that
you should never argue with a friend. I
think that's silly. If any friendship can't
stand up under a few arguments, it's a
very poor sort of friendship. The man
who agrees with everything you say is
apt to be death to conversation. If I
say the weather is grand in California,
and you agree with me, what more is
there to say on the subject? If, on the
other hand, you disagree, there is at least
a basis for conversation.

To sum up my views, I believe I am
an agnostic. I don't know very much
about any of the subjects SCREENLAND
has persuaded me to talk about.

On such subjects as religion, immor-
tality and the value of prayer, the most
honest answer I can give is that I hon-
estly don't know any answers. I think
there must be some sort of divine force
which created the universe, but I can't
understand what that divine Force has
been doing, while innocent people have
been slaughtered in two World Wars.

Yet in spite of the fact that we have
progressed in the most terrible fashion
imaginable—that is, in finding greater
and better instruments of destruction—I
believe the world has also progressed in
other, better ways. Side by side with
progress in destruction has gone progress
in tolerance, in government, in the status
of labor. A fair deal for labor is no longer
just an ism in this country; it's been put
into practise to a large extent.

The discovery of the atom bomb may
mean the destruction of the world even-
tually or it may mean the greatest era
in the history of mankind, provided we
use atomic energy for useful purposes
and prevent its use for destructive pur-
poses.

If the atomic bomb is here to stay,
we're not. If we don't do away with the
atomic bomb, the atomic bomb will do
away with sex. And that would be a
great pity, for sex is not only useful, it's
also wonderful.

I rest my case.

In Style With the Stars

Continued from page 49

of a simple collar and two wide tabs, the tab ends turned back to form a "V." The cuffs are of the wide variety, simple to make. Be sure the cuffs are large enough, for they should be as important as the collar and front. If the sleeves of your old dress are long, snip them off to bracelet length, then add the new cuffs. Don't let the fact that the blouse in the picture is checked make any difference. Any dress will look more charming, when highlighted by similar sparkling collar and cuffs.

The sweater, worn by Miss Day, is the answer for you girls who have wanted a really original type of knitted garment. The treatment that lifts this sweater from the usual into the distinctive class is immediately apparent. It is the embroidered design on the turned back turtle-neck, on the yoke, and on the linked cuffs. Every detail is yours to adapt. There's no problem if you are about to knit yourself a sweater. All you have to do is to put in every detail as shown. For those of you who want to use the sweater you already have, a slightly different detail will be used. First, buy enough piqué, or flannel, in the same shade as your sweater, for a small turn-back collar and a pair of linked cuffs. Now, using contrasting color embroidery, follow through with the design on the yoke line, on the collar and on the cuffs.

There are also lots of pointers to be had from the clothes Shirley Temple wears in the RKO picture, "Honeymoon," in which she stars. First, let's examine the suit with the piqué embroidered yoke, small collar, and cuff ruffles, as pictured in the accompanying illustration. Every detail can be transferred exactly to your old suit. Is your suit loose-fitting? If so, darts under the breast line will achieve a form-fitting appearance. Darts may have to be used in back, also. Is your jacket squared off in front? Then round the edges. Is your skirt full? Remove some of the fullness. Are your sleeves tight? Use some of the excess skirt material for making gussets to insert in the lower sleeves. The result will be a balloon effect. Make a looped cording bow to fasten at the waistline. A soft bow will do just as well. Now comes the easiest and most fascinating part of all. By means of a two or three-inch embroidered, piqué edging, form a snug Peter Pan type of collar. Make a ruffle of the edging to finish off the sleeves. Outline with the edging a wide, low yoke. I'll wager none of your friends will recognize in this smart, fresh suit that drab number you'd stopped wearing.

The yoke idea is young and ingénue. Mr. Edward Stevenson, the designer of Shirley Temple's wardrobe, uses it in another costume, shown in the illustration. This time it's a make-believe blouse and skirt. You can dress up one of your plain blouses by outlining on it a wide yoke of scalloped edging. Form a little, stand-up collar of the edging. Use a bit of the edging to finish off the cuffs. Now, around the neckline wear a black velvet ribbon, holding it together with a brooch. A charming, Victorian idea. Take par-

ticular notice of how the skirt of the dress is cut in an inverted oval that comes high under the breasts. The look of a separate blouse and skirt is retained, and the use of different materials is made more effective by this type of cut. If you have an old dress you don't intend to wear any more, why not make a skirt similar to this out of it? You can couple it with the scalloped edged blouse.

Another grand idea is the jumper dress. This gives you a chance to slash away at a dress you're fed up with. It's not difficult to cut away the sleeves, and to cut out a low oval in the front of the dress. Buy sufficient new material for a blouse and a hood, similar to the one Miss Temple wears in the picture. If you have trouble with the hood, an inexpensive pattern will help you. On Miss Temple's dress, the belt is "jewel"-studded to conform with the shoulder strap of her bag. Even if you follow the lines of the belt without ornamentation, you will have sufficient interest in that part of the dress. If, however, you are clever at embroidery, work a design on the belt that looks like the "jeweled" design on the original model. Not one of the ideas in this costume is hard to copy, and you'll be delighted with the results.

One other suit, worn by Miss Temple, becomes charmingly different by the addition of a tiny, close-fitting collar and cuffs. That's an easy idea. How about copying it? The waistcoat Trudy Marson wears, in the same illustration, can be adapted, too. Such a waistcoat, made of a plaid or a striped material, could tie together any number of skirts and blouses, and transform otherwise dull effects into exciting costumes.

Let's hear how you made out. Look for more pointers in future articles. And don't, for goodness sake, throw away garments you've lost interest in! You're going to have loads of fun fixing them up so you will be "In Style with the Stars."

Compare These Values!
MOVIE STAR PHOTOS
 12 for 50c ★ 25 for \$1.00
 Now... get MORE for your money. Choose your favorite Hollywood Stars and we'll send YOUR SELECTION of beautiful, glossy photos. Smallest order 50c. Name second choices. **FREE!** Folder of 250 NAMES and ADDRESSES of popular stars with each order.
BRITESHINE PRODUCTS Dept. A-23
 Box 352 Church St. Annex N. Y. 8, N.Y.

SONGWRITERS
SONGS PUBLISHED MONTHLY—ADVANCE ROYALTY
 Send your songs or poems today for our exciting offer. **FREE** book on songwriting to subscribers. We have helped many new writers find their first success. Why not let us try to help you?
HOLLYWOOD TUNESMITHS 1537 N. Vine St. Dept. M-16
 Hollywood 28, California

WE WILL PAY YOU \$25
FOR SELLING 50—\$1 ASSORTMENTS
 Great Demand for our Birthday and All Occasion Cards. Sell for \$1—your profit 50c. It costs nothing to try. Write for samples today
MERIT CARD CO., Dept. P.
 70 William St., Newark 2, N. J.

UNWANTED HAIR
 Are you a victim of ugly unwanted hair and feel miserable? Unwanted hair can be removed quickly—easily. Lovely, hair free skin—beauty—happiness. Write for interesting free booklet. House of Lechler, Dept. H152 560 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Marvel
 WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE
 for Women
 At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Free Booklet, Marvel Co., 90 East St., New Haven, Conn.

SONGWRITERS
POEMS WANTED AT ONCE
 Send Your Poems, Any Subject, for Immediate Examination and **FREE BOOK:**—
"YOUR FUTURE IN SONGWRITING,"
RADIO CITY MUSIC ACADEMY
 1674 Broadway New York 19, N. Y.

use the MODEL METHOD to REDUCE FAT

Loose 10 to 20 lbs. QUICKLY!

Have a slim, glamorous figure like the famous New York models, without endangering your health by strenuous exercises, drugs or starving yourself. Just follow the Model Method and look and feel better than you ever hoped you could! Watch the fat disappear and be prepared to take in your dresses from 1 to 4 sizes, depending on the amount of present overweight.

30-Day Money Back Trial!

Let your mirror be the judge! The Model Method is sold on an absolute money back agreement if you are not completely satisfied. Mail the coupon today for the complete Model Method including 30-day supply of Model Tablets. Send no money and pay \$1.98 plus postage on delivery, or save postage by including \$1.98 with order. Don't wait! Get your share of love and attention now! A beautiful figure is the quickest way to get attention! Mail coupon today.

THE MODEL METHOD Dept. S-1 342 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

The Model Method, Dept. S-1, 342 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Gentlemen: Send me complete Model Method plus 30 days' supply of Model Tablets. If I do not lose weight and feel more "alive" you will refund my money at once.

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

Canadian Orders not accepted.

Blonde Mothers and Children *Shampoo Hair Shades Lighter!*



When They Use This New SAFE 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich-cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

12 For 50c
25 for \$1

Take your pick of gorgeous, glossy photos of your favorite Hollywood Stars in their newest poses. Smallest Order 50c. Name 2nd choices. **FREE! THREE 8 x 10 PICTURES, GIFT COUPONS and CATALOG of OVER 200 EXCITING PHOTOS with each order.**

DE LUXE PHOTO SERVICE Dept. H28
Box 953 Church St. Annex New York 8, N. Y.

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

Famous Speedwriting system. No signs or symbols; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet to: Speedwriting, Dept. 6902-7, 55 W. 42nd St., New York 18

SONG POEMS **WANTED**

We offer services of a noted Hollywood Motion Picture composer and arranger. Recordings made by NBC singer. Send your poem on any subject today for consideration and our liberal offer.

HOLLYWOOD MELODIES
P. O. Box 2168E Hollywood 28, Calif.

TRULY SENSATIONAL VALUES! GENUINE DIAMONDS

**14 KT. SOLID
GOLD**

**NO PRICE
INCREASE!**



16 gen. diamond, 14 kt. Solid Gold wedding and engagement set, each with a guarantee bond, in a beautiful gift box! Pay postman price plus postage and Fed. tax.

Each ring \$10.50

Both for only \$18.00

**FREE CATALOG OF
GREAT RING VALUES!**

L'AMOUR JEWELRY CO., INC.
DEPT. T2, 545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

The Montgomery Method

Continued from page 45

Montgomery first conjured up this manner of telling a story in 1938, and rushed to Head Office at MGM to explain the broad general theory of his brainstorm. The background of the notion was this: the motion picture has confined its camera conception—except on rare occasions and in brief, unrelated sequences—to the universal viewpoint, used of necessity in the theater, and for speed and clarity in most novels. You, as a member of an audience, for instance, have been given knowledge about the secret activities, the emotions, and thoughts of each character.

Bob's idea was to allow the camera to be the eye of a chief protagonist in the drama and to record the story from that character's normally restricted vision. In that way, he explained, each member of the audience could take mental part in the action. Such a technique would make it possible, he argued, for a motion picture to parallel actual life with its gradual development, its conflicting forces, its bewilderment, and its recurrent shock. Instead of withholding knowledge, as has been done to heighten the dramatic impact of stories told from universal viewpoint ("Woman in the Window" is a good example of this method), Bob wanted to unravel a story plot by revealing clues honestly, then leaving it to the audience to reach a conclusion.

The Front Office cooked the inspiration over the slow fires of an executive session with the result that it went up in smoke rings signalling zero. Back to the primitive, you see. Some of the executives patted Bob's shoulder and said to stay right in there, boy, but not to work so hard.

When developing his plan, Bob had thought of "Escape" by Galsworthy, or "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" as possible vehicles, but contemplation of the technical problems persuaded him to allow his invention to ripen; he was further delayed by an interruption called The War, in which he participated first as an ambulance driver for the French Field Service, and later by serving as a Commander in the U.S. Navy.

Upon his return, Bob worked in "They Were Expendable," followed by "The Beginning or the End," then—after he had insisted that he wouldn't add his baritone to form a quartet of the current trio of cinematic Philip Marlowes (Humphrey Bogart, Dick Powell, and George Montgomery have also enacted the Raymond Chandler hero) unless he could write his own score—he was told to go ahead with his idea. The okay was given in the tone of an exhausted mother telling her teasing young son to go ahead and play with Daddy's hand grenades—see if she cared.

The first technical difficulty to present itself was the need for the camera—as Marlowe—to move through doorways. However, a camera on its rubber-tired dolly is about two men and a boy wide, and four chubby housewives long. A new dolly, compact but steady, had to be designed and built. This agile item of transportation was named "Leaping Lena."

On those sets so cramped that the

camera—despite its streamlined figure—was still too large to imitate human movement, flying walls, disappearing ceilings, and vanishing windows had to be installed.

The problem of player-reaction was acute. In an ordinary picture, or in the living theater, the principles react to one another; each contributes to the other's power to project an emotion to the audience. In "Lady in the Lake," Audrey Totter was required to make ardent love to the camera, a feat made possible only by her radio experience in wooing the microphone.

Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, Tom Tully and Jayne Meadows were required to look into the camera and register everything from amusement to terror with only the critical lens as stimulus. That they met the challenge is proved by Bob's praise of his cast. In his gratified opinion, every performance rates an Oscar.

Originally, Bob had planned to allow no advance publicity to be given "Lady in the Lake." He wanted to spring his innovation and await public reaction. Many writers, hearing this, protested. This was, they insisted, a story that should be told in the conviction that Bob's technique may well mean almost as much in the further development of the motion picture as the origination of the dolly shot, the introduction of sound, and the perfection of color.

To the enjoyment of all other arts, the audience has long been required to bring attention, some knowledge, and—if possible—an intellectual appreciation. A symphony concert, an art exhibit, good theater, or a book all exact a certain type of passive, but positive, audience participation. Many past motion pictures have strongly resembled a Mount Lookout view—the spectator has had nothing to do but hold his eyes open. Not so "Lady in the Lake" which will keep you as busy as a retriever at a ping-pong tournament.

Furthermore, there are indications that future pictures are going to be made according to a pattern that will prevent you from staring blankly past the screen.

Two prominent producers were overheard discussing a new picture, sustained by a million-dollar budget and entrusted to a celebrated cast. One producer complained, "What we need for that scene is a gimmick, a pick-me-up, a clincher."

The other answered, "We might hypo it by shooting a sequence in the Montgomery manner—you know, audience identification technique."

Pleased as Bob is at having given his name to an innovation, he is even happier about the conversation of several technicians on the Metro lot who, for reaction, were shown an early cut of "Lady in the Lake." None of them guessed the solution. Their gasps of surprise at the denouement proved that.

No one moved when the picture was over. Finally one shaken spectator called out, "Hey, somebody, turn on the lights! I'm not going to take a step until I can see where I'm going. I don't want to stumble over a dead body."

How Una Merkel Won Her Victory

Continued from page 42

own a ranch not far from Palm Springs invited my father and me to stay there," she said. "It's not a dude ranch, but a real one. The stronger I got the more I enjoyed it. I found that even in the little hospital—though it's a small one, all kinds of cases came in—the more ounces and pounds I gained, the more interest I took in the new babies, the operations, the accident cases, the recoveries. I began actually to care about what was going on around me.

"It was like being born again. Everything I looked at, every little, common, daily experience I had was like a beautiful, new adventure." Una reached into a desk-drawer and took out a newspaper clipping. "I think the way I felt is expressed better here."

The words were Thomas Gray's and the poem had headed E. V. Durling's column a few days before:

"Note him that long has tossed
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length regains his vigor lost
And has his health again.
The meanest flower in the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies
To him are opening paradise."

She folded the scrap of paper carefully and put it back into the drawer. "It seems to tell so clearly the joy in little things a convalescent feels after being seriously ill, doesn't it?"

Una's father is a promoter; business takes him everywhere. So after two precious health-giving months on the ranch, he and Una went to Florida.

"We rented a little bungalow in Miami Beach," she went on, "and I kept house for him for a year and a half. I did *everything*—cleaned, sewed, cooked—I have bales of recipes cut from newspapers and magazines that I'll never find time to try out! And I got pretty good at that cooking-business, too!" she added proudly.

But the most healing part of the experience was that Una *enjoyed* what she was doing. She threw herself into her new life with all the energy she had.

"I did the washing, too! After rushing out the front door to hail every laundry-truck that went by—and getting this—" she imitated the drivers' independent, derisive gesture "—I saw plainly I'd have to do it myself or it wouldn't be done at all!"

There was a washing-machine in the little house, of course? "Oh, no—I did it in the bath-tub—sheets and everything. Wrung them out by twisting them around the faucet!" She laughed at herself. "I even washed my father's seersucker suits, the kind men wear so much down in Florida. At first I had to do the pants over four times because I didn't get the creases right. Poor Father looked as though he were going to jump!"

The year and a half in that modest bungalow restored Una to health. The ocean was only a few blocks away and the quiet hours on the sun-soaked sand gave her quietude and peace.

"Whatever's happened has given me

sympathy and understanding of people I'd never had before," she explained. "Perhaps it was better expressed by a friend, a Lieutenant who had long active service in the South Seas during the worst part of the War. He said he felt *sorry* for the 4-F's who thought they were lucky not to have been in service. I know this sounds strange, but as he explained it I can understand what he meant. He said they'd *missed* something—a brotherhood with other men they couldn't have gotten any other way. What one had, they all had. What one did without, they all lacked. The danger faced by one was faced by all."

When I asked her what her plans were after "It's a Joke, Son," was finished, she replied, "Plans? I have none. That's something else I've learned. Things don't matter so much any more. Don't think, though, that I mean I'm not grateful for everything. But it's just that that *intensity* about the future, that anxiety about what tomorrow will bring, is gone.

"I lost my home, my career, my husband. But some day I'll have another home. I'm starting my career all over again—and perhaps some day I'll have another husband. Who knows?" She threw her hands out expressively. "But we'll let that ride. We'll take each thing as it comes.

"It's just that the loss of my mother meant so much to me that the loss of anything or anybody else can't mean very much any more," she continued. "Of course I've always loved my career—and I say that sincerely. I went into it first to please my parents. But it pleased me, too.

At the time of her trouble three years ago, Una had been working too hard. Under her Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, she'd often been in three pictures at once, one overlapping another to the point of exhaustion. Then she went on the road for fourteen months with the stage-play, "Three's a Family."

"The tenseness, the pressure of those years is gone," Una said. "The worries and anxieties of that time are all wiped away. It just doesn't seem worth it. Everything will come out right. It always does. Fretting and fussing and trying to *force* things your way never works. There is so much in life right today, this hour, this minute of more value and meaning than trying to anticipate what tomorrow may bring."

I asked Una if any particular religious belief or creed had helped her through. "No, not any special one," she replied. "I don't suppose I'm what you'd call a very religious person—though I used to teach Sunday School in the Dutch Reformed Church. And, though I'm not a Catholic, I've been often to Catholic services and find great peace in them. And I've been to the Christian Science Church, too, and find a lot in that, though I've never studied as a Scientist.

"I guess," she candidly summed up her belief, "if you follow the Golden Rule every hour of every day, you're kept pretty busy. I don't see that any creed has more than that."



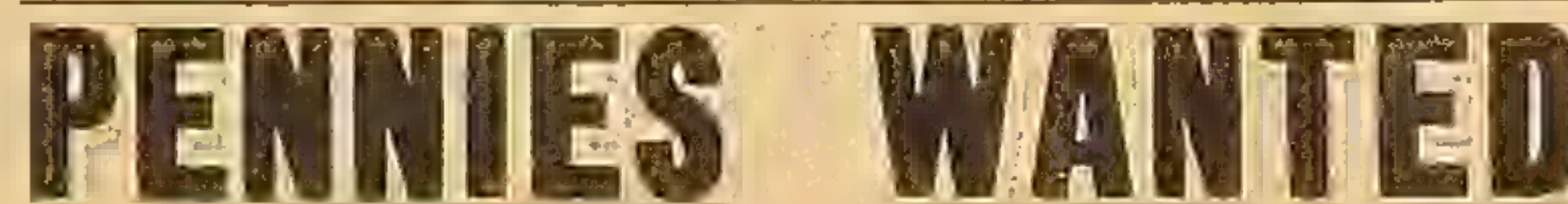
GUARANTEED SAFE* Tested by eminent Scientists and well known Laboratories. Manufactured under accurate Electronic Control. Harmless to normal skin and hair.

Save \$18.00 with safety by doing your own Permanent at home in about 2 hours with the new liquid Lanolin Creme MOVIE WAVE. As simple as rolling hair on curlers.

Only MOVIE WAVE comes complete with materials for 4 ounces of Conditioning Shampoo and 16 ounces of Wave Set. MOVIE WAVE gives perfect results on fine, coarse, white, bleached, dyed and children's hair if you follow directions. ☆ Get your \$20.00 Cold Wave for only \$2.00 TODAY and have your soft and natural looking curls be envied and admired.



\$100 CASH EVERY MONTH for best song placed with us. Hollywood composers write melody WITHOUT CHARGE. Lead sheets and records furnished. Send song material TODAY for FREE EXAMINATION. You may win \$100. Write for details. CINEMA SONG CO. • DEPT. 21 BOX 670 • BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



WILL PAY \$10 EACH FOR CERTAIN LINCOLN PENNIES! Indianheads \$50.00; Nickels \$500.00; Dimes \$1,000.00. All rare coins, bills, stamps wanted. Catalogue 10c. FEDERAL COIN EXCHANGE, 1-HSU, Columbus 5, Ohio



The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and world-wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives. No obligation. Write for your FREE copy today.

INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. 287-B 213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Continued from page 29



DO WRINKLES OR FROWNS
mar your Beauty

B & P Wrinkles & Frownies will help smooth them away. Be sure you get the genuine, the Box with the two Women used by Ladies of discriminating taste for over 40 years. 65c & \$1.00 per box—trial size 35c at Drug & Department Stores or sent direct on receipt of price.

THE B & P CO.
P. O. Box 2632 Cleveland, O.

SONGS WANTED

A well-known composer will write the music for your words on a professional basis. His songs have sold millions of copies. Send for free booklet.

The MELODY MART
Dept. H, 165 Tremont St., Boston

LASHES LOOK LONGER

Eyelashes seem lovelier, longer—Eyes seem lovelier, brighter, gayer when you beautify your eyelashes! Gain glamour and charm this easy way, with Lechler's famous EYELASH GLAMOUR KIT. Use according to simple directions and watch yourself grow more stunning. Enclose only \$2.40 (tax incl.) with this "ad." Also C.O.D.

House of Lechler Dept. E142,
560 B'way, N. Y. 12, N. Y.

The Hollywood Lipstick
In Sterling Silver!
A Moveable Charm!

Designed and made in Hollywood. An essential addition to your Charm Bracelet. \$1.50 Postpaid—Remit by Money Order or Check. No Stamps or C.O.D.'s.

CRAIG SALES Actual size
Box 2884, Hollywood 28, Cal.

ACTING STAGE
SCREEN
RADIO

PREPARE AT HOME FOR AN ACTING CAREER
Exciting! Thrilling! Easy to understand. The finest training at lowest cost. Develop a glamorous personality—charm—radiant appeal. Invaluable for self-confidence and social success. Write for details and FREE BOOKLETS—today. 12th year.

NATIONAL DRAMATIC GUILD
Suite 7 240 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.

Destroy UNWANTED HAIR

Temporary relief not enough—you want freedom. Only by KILLING THE HAIR ROOT can you be sure your unwanted hair has gone FOREVER. The Mahler Method—used successfully all over the world for over fifty years—positively enables you to do this in the privacy of your home. It brings relief and social happiness long denied you. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet, "New Charm for Madame."

MAHLER'S Inc. Dept. 297B, E. Providence, R. I.

A VEST POCKET SIZE RADIO!

So small it will slip in your pocket or purse! Actually smaller than a pack of king size cigarettes! Weighs but 1/4 lb., complete ready to play—as shown with self contained earphone for personal use. No extra wires or special attachments required. Streamlined, attractive and durable black and silver plastic cases. Uses new preset "crystal diode" rectifier same as used in Army-Navy ultra hi-frequency radar sets during the war. Has slide tuning dial for station selection. Since no tubes, batteries or electrical socket power "plug-ins" are ever required, the radio should operate for years with little or no upkeep expense. Usually receives local radio broadcasts simply by clipping self contained connection "snap" to metal of telephones.

GUARANTEED TO WORK for you in your locality if attached and used according to complete operating instructions sent with each radio. Can be used at home, in offices, hotels, cabin camps, in bed, after hours on farms or most anywhere in the United States or Canada.

SEND ONLY \$1.00 (currency, express or postal money order, bank draft, or personal check) and pay postman \$2.99 plus delivery and postage fees on arrival or send \$3.99 for postpaid delivery (O.P.A. ceiling). Ideal gift for children or adults alike! A truly practical novelty radio capable of real radio reception! Order your "Pakette" radio today for real enjoyment. Critical material shortages may limit future production so order today—NOW—to assure the earliest possible delivery. (Canada, Mexico and foreign orders \$5.00 U. S. Cash with order.)

PAKETTE ELECTRIC COMPANY DEPT. HSU-2, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

with us again. Using his slingshot against, of all things, women's clubs, club women, he said in effect, should get their figures down and their aspirations up. And more of the scurrilous same. That he concluded his caustic comments with a laugh did not seem to placate the National Federation of Women's Clubs in America, which is said to have issued an edict that in every city in America in which the Federation has a chapter, motion pictures with Mr. Sanders in them would be banned.

Since the Federation of Women's Clubs has a chapter in practically every key city and in many small towns, from coast to coast and beyond, this pronouncement rang like a knell in the ears of Mr. Sanders' producers. Particularly in the ears of the producers of Mr. Sanders' latest release, "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," who were, in four words, fit to be tied.

Figuring that actor Sanders might, sufficiently intimidated by the jeopardy in which his japes may have placed his pictures, if not his person, wish to backwater, your reporter, liking the big Englishman as, she must admit (in a hoarse whisper) she does, offered him out of the kindness of SCREENLAND's heart an opportunity to do so.

After referring specifically to his verbal offenses against our offended sex and stressing the possible consequences thereof, we said, over the luncheon table at the Hotel Plaza in New York, "Perhaps you may wish to retract your wounding words?"

"I do not wish to retract a word of them. Why should I?" said Mr. Sanders.

Then he, unabashed and totally un-intimidated, dipped his tongue in fresh vitriol and went to it: "Women are aboriginals," he said. "From the aboriginal characteristics in woman stem the savage demands that compel men to knock themselves out in order to provide the female with funny pieces of stone and rings for her nose. Since everything is relative, what difference," George asked his plate of English sole toward which his sleepy eyes, and most of his attention, was directed, "between a ring in the nose and a ring in the ear? What difference, for that matter, between the primitive woman who drove her man to the jungle to hunt the pelt of the ocelot for her midriff and the modern woman who drives her man to bankruptcy for the sake of a mink for her back? Between them," George said, "there is less than little to choose."

"If women would turn about and show some genuine modesty in their demands and devices instead of goading their husbands into making more and more money in order to provide them with useless gewgaws, competition would dry up at the source, envy would be erased from the human heart and the teeth of avarice would be pulled."

"Women, however, do nothing of the sort," sighed Mr. Sanders. "On the contrary, they first germinate, and then inflame, the avarice which, beginning with man's prodded desire to provide his rapacious rib with a better set of china than Mrs. Drawlegs can boast grows, like a rank weed, into the global avarice for territorial expansion and power."

"Men," Mr. Sanders continued, with the complacent expression of one who has scored an inarguable point, "are less greedy than women, less competitive, more content with what is nowadays referred to, rather patronizingly, as 'the Fundamentals,' and less acquisitive."

After waiting for an argument he didn't get (since such total heresy falls into a silence that doesn't believe its own ears) George said, shrugging, "Women have this 'thing' about fashion, clothes, glamor, useless trinkets, and men must provide them with the wherewithal."

"The great majority of people are born into the world, slaves. Slaves to their need of food and shelter. Slaves also, according to the wisdom (and the woman) allotted to them, to totally unnecessary accessories. They buy their freedom from the pressure of their necessities, by work. Immediately they have attained freedom from pressure, *men without women*," Mr. Sanders italicized, "would, I believe, quit work."

"Speaking for myself, I know that if, at the age of seventeen, I had been left a trust of which I could not touch the capital but which would yield me a lifetime income of, say \$15.00 a week, I would never have done a day's work, never."

"The trouble with most of us is, we are geographically bound. Which is to say, we have a house, land, possessions and are chained to them like slaves to their galleys. Without your galleys, with nothing but your person, your bicycle and fifteen dollars a week, the world is yours."

"The wonderful things you can do on fifteen dollars a week," sighed actor Sanders (whose weekly paycheck must be, want to bet, two hundred times fifteen). "Travel, for instance," he said, adding, "How, at the present rate of transportation, can you travel on fifteen a week? I'll tell you how: you buy a bicycle. Having made your initial investment in freedom, your only cash outlay, you take off for, naturally, climates in which you can live in shorts or a fig-leaf. Arriving at your destination, or one of them, you spend two, three, perhaps more weeks sleeping out of doors, on a beach, in green fields, under trees. Meantime," continued this dreamer of dreams (or is he?) "not having spent any money, you have saved enough to sleep, for a time,

in little inns or to go into a city for whatever amusement your still unregenerate taste may crave. You then return again to the beach, the fields, the trees.

"If, or when, you feel the need of a wife, you look for a wife who also has," Mr. Sanders smiled, "fifteen dollars a week. You then have," he added, quite amiably now, pleasuring himself, as he obviously was, with his mental antics, "the perfect companion and the perfect design for living."

"The great thing is, of course, to have the income, to know how much it is and to be satisfied. This is the freedom to which a few, a very few of us are born and for which the great majority of us must work from puberty to senility."

"I," said wage-slave Sanders, "am working for freedom and have, in some measure, attained it. Sitting here in New York, not in a hurry is, for example, a freedom I did not have five years ago. Free-lancing in pictures, as I am, able to choose what I will do and will not do, and when—planning, as I am, to make a picture in Italy, another in France, another in England—all this indicates that reprieve is at hand."

"Even so, and relatively agreeable as my working schedule now is, on the day when I feel I can invest my money and live on it, I will quit work. Since with every year that passes, I have just that fewer years to live, my problem," said Mr. Sanders, "improves daily."

"Women," George said then, "are stupid about money, too." ("Too!") "I know a film star in Hollywood who has half a million dollars in jewelry. This means that, in terms of cash investment, she has nothing. Crazy thinking, that's what it is, to tie up in jewelry capital that could be put to work. The lady should, in my opinion, be certified."

"If," it was then suggested, on impulse, to scalper Sanders, "you were given the power to create, or recreate, woman after your heart's desire—?"

Mr. Sanders roused, ever so slightly, from the lethargy in which, even in his most spirited moments, he appears to be going down for the third time and, raising his eyes from the wedge of honeydew melon that had replaced the English sole, "Pygmalion?" he asked. "Pygmalion," he repeated, reluctantly amused. Then, "Well," he said, "if Pygmalion, with a lump of clay at hand from which to fashion what I consider an adequate and attractive female I would shape her, physically, pretty much according to the existing standard of beauty which is, when unpainted and unadorned," said Mr. Sanders, with what, coming from him, is fulsome flattery, "reasonably personable."

"Having given my Galatea form I would then, in an attempt to keep her as I had made her, refuse her any adornments whatsoever, with—exception!—natural ones. A flower in her hair, for instance, or over her ear, a lei around her neck—such as any woman in the world could have for the plucking. But no adornments of the sort that are calculated to, and do, arouse envy in other women."

"You take out a very pretty girl, marvelously done up," Mr. Sanders said, in a tone of voice that can only be described as aggrieved. "You see her again,

let us say, the following day and she is, with her face off, an entirely different person to whom you must, starting from scratch, readjust. Speaking for myself," George said, "acting, indeed, as spokesman for my fellow-men as well as for myself, I maintain that *we must be able to see what we have got*. In a Galatea of my fashioning her—er—hand would be exposed."

"As for dress, I would dress my Galatea in, in the wintertime, a coat and skirt and, in the summertime, a flowered dress, simple, form-fitting and well, very well, within my means."

"The more formally women dress—and this goes for men, too—the more stupidly they behave. I am not a Nudist—that, although there is something to be said for it, is going too far. But it is a fact that the minute we take our clothes off, or as many of them as is compatible with the customs of the country in which we live, the more rationally we behave."

"Where men are concerned, it is absolutely stupid, this tying of a tie, absolutely senseless. Men, in summer, should wear shorts, sandals, sleeveless shirts, if any, and hats on either sex are, of course, medieval."

"In order to prevent my Galatea from becoming what is so unpleasantly but pertinently known as a 'gold-digger,' I would show her none of the so-called 'attentions' of candy, books, garden flowers, cigarettes and telephone calls which, booby-traps that they are, lead inevitably to the more costly attentions of mink coats, white orchids, diamond bracelets and other insignia of the sadistic female and the masochistic male. I would, in short, treat her as my equal which, it is my hope," Mr. Sanders said, "she would become."

"If women want to be treated as men's equals," Mr. Sanders added, in conclusion, "if they want complete emancipation and a valid shoulder-to-shoulder status with men, they must forego their feline prerogatives and rid themselves of their aboriginal characteristics."

"Mind you," George counselled with, doggone him, that smile of his, "I have no resentment against women, I merely criticize them. An impartial critic of the human race, I could criticize men, too, ably and very fluently, and would—except for the provocative fact that my criticism of women seems to be more interesting to," Mr. Sanders smiled and your reporter winced, "*women*."

Does the man mean, d'you suppose, can he mean, that he even blames his censure of women on women?

BEVERLY HILLS PHYSICIAN
REVEALS REDUCING PLAN

HOLLYWOOD ACTRESSES
Reduce
THIS PLEASANT
WAY!

The same successful plan that has cost Hollywood celebrities hundreds of dollars is now brought to you at low cost by their prominent Beverly Hills Physician.

NOW YOU CAN TAKE OFF THOSE EXTRA POUNDS. No harmful drugs or starvation diet to leave you craving for food. No special exercise—no steam baths or massage. Simply follow this remarkable Formula 17 Plan while enjoying three satisfying meals a day (with tempting desserts). Loss of excess weight should make you feel better—look better—have more personality and sparkle. Noticeable results have been attained in a few weeks.

Be More Attractive—Appealing! Order Pleasant, Easy-to-Take Formula 17 Plan today!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

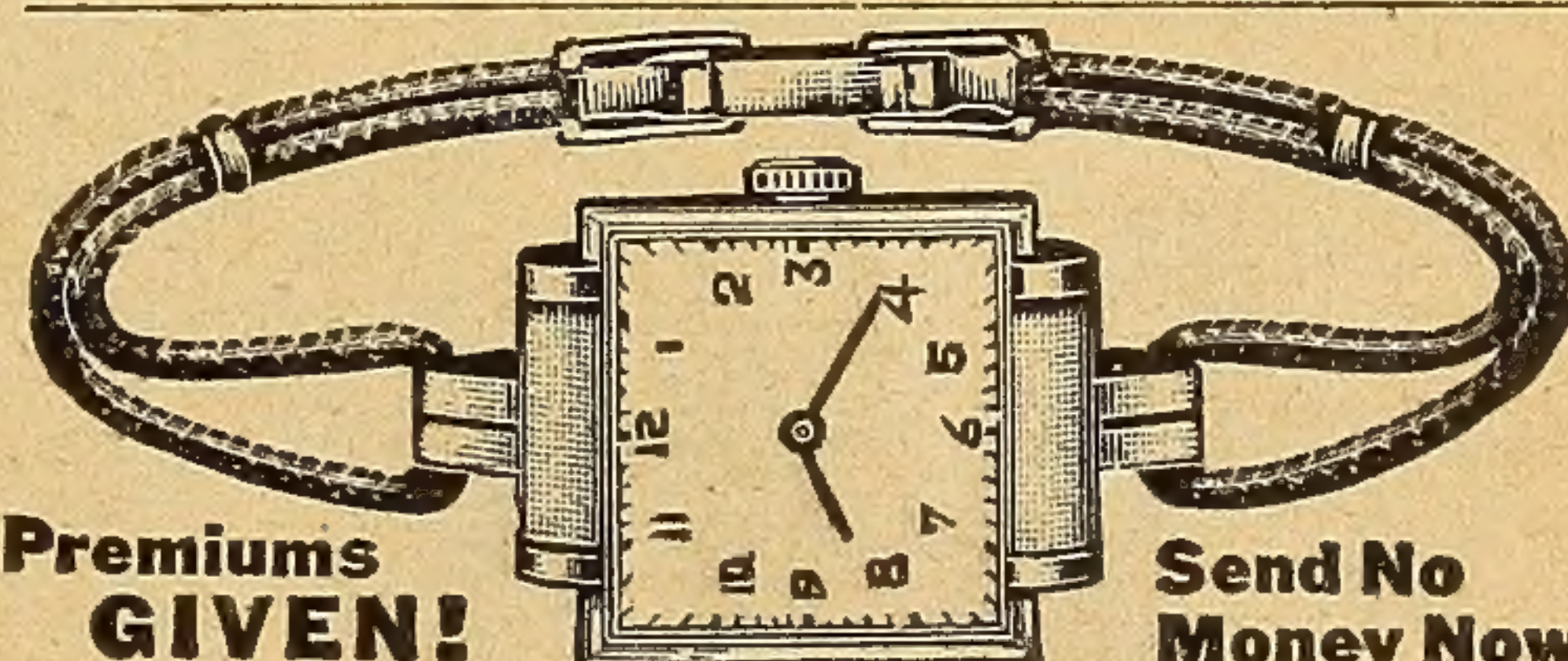
ORDER "FORMULA 17 PLAN" TODAY! Do It Now!

BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL LABORATORY, DEPT 105 No. San Vicente Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. H-23

Please send me my 30 days' supply of FORMULA 17, and complete reducing plan for only \$5.00. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied after I have followed the FORMULA 17 PLAN for one week, I may return the remaining contents to you within ten days of receipt, and my money will be promptly refunded.

(Orders Accepted in U.S.A. Only)

C.O.D. ☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED ☐
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Premiums GIVEN!

Send No Money Now!

Just send name and address. Ladies! Girls! Men! Boys! Wrist watches, pocket watches, alarm clocks, food choppers, blankets—many others in catalog or Cash Commission. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with well known White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends and neighbors at 25c box (with picture) and remit amount called for under premium wanted in catalog sent with order postage paid by us. Be First! Write for order SALVE and pictures sent on trust to start—51st year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 82-56, TYRONE, PA.

LEG SORES

"Nurse Dencker's Home Treatment." This ointment affords soothing and palliative relief for leg sores and other surface lesions. It does not interfere with daily work. Thousands of users enthusiastically report favorable results from "Nurse Dencker's Home Treatment."

Write for Free Trial and reports of results from enthusiastic users. Send today. Dencker's Products, Dept. 42-E Bixby Station, Long Beach, 7, Calif.

FREE TRIAL

THIS AD IS WORTH \$1.00

Amazing NEW OFFER gives you 2 enlargements of your favorite photo FREE!

To introduce you to the superb quality of our workmanship, that has gained us millions of regular customers, we will make you a free gift of two 5 x 7 enlargements which regularly sell for 50c each. Just send us any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing—and get our bargain offer for having these enlargements beautifully hand colored in oil and placed in your choice of handsome frames. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing. Originals returned with FREE prints worth \$1. Act AT ONCE. Limit 2 to a customer.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • Dept. 2207021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

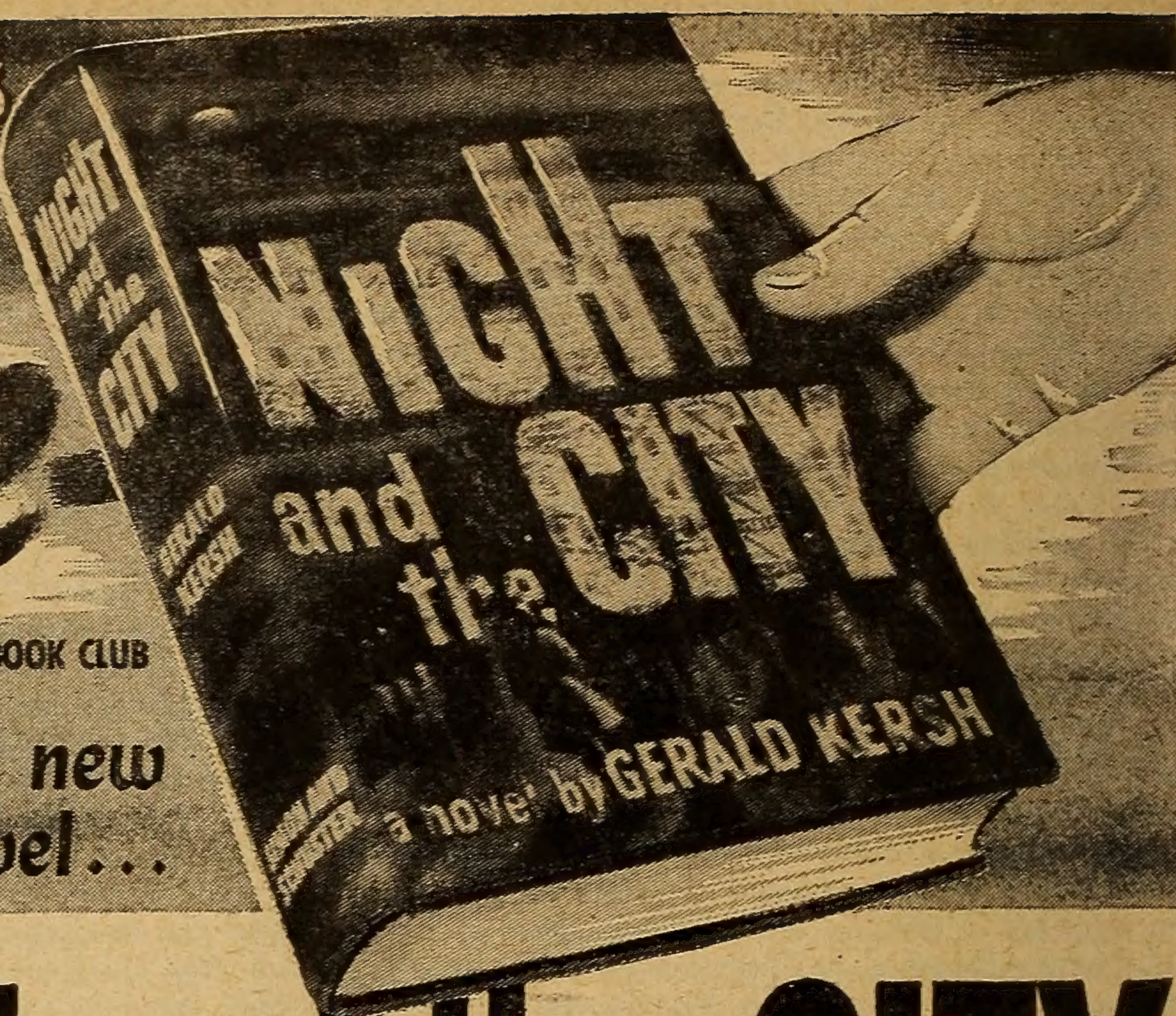


IT'S YOURS

Free

When you join The FICTION BOOK CLUB

the sensational new
best-selling novel...



NIGHT and the CITY

From the sinister shadows of the underworld comes this passionate and revealing story of two young lovers caught in the rip-tide of big city vice and greed



Not a "Pretty" Novel...
There's very little sweetness or delicacy in "Night and the City." But if you like tense, dramatic reading, and fearless frankness, you'll surely rave about this best-seller. New York Times says: "... Exciting, unflagging in its headlong narrative pace."

ADAM and Helen were young and fine—strangers to the sordid night life of the city. Yet fate brought them together in the "Silver Fox" where they both took jobs rather than starve. And there in the midst of frenzied night club gaiety and human corruption they found in each other the kind of love they were made for—honest, strong and beautiful. But Helen in her work as a hostess met Harry Fabian (one of the most loathsome yet fascinating characters in modern fiction) and become infected with his passion for easy money... began to dream of the security that comes from wealth and possessions. Adam, on the other hand, hated material success... wanted only to return to the creation of beauty as a sculptor. Could their love—strong as it was—stand this cleavage?

You'll find the answer in the terrific climax of this fast and tense novel of cabarets and clip joints and the waxen-faced creatures of the night who prey on pleasure-seekers... yours FREE—when you mail coupon—to introduce you to the savings, convenience, and wonderful reading pleasure of Fiction Book Club membership. Read below and act today!

"It haunts you... then keeps on haunting you for days after you've read it."
—The San Diego Union.

"A novel you won't forget for a long, long time." —New York Post.

"Throws a sharp searchlight on the underworld. No book for the queasy or squeamish, this is, however, a startling and compelling narrative." —Los Angeles Times.

It's the best novel... in many months. You just can't put it down." —Providence Journal.

No wonder this magnificent novel became an immediate best-seller, with 3 large printings ordered within 72 hours of publication! No wonder more and more book sellers wired in reorders and recorded it a front-rank best-seller—with sales of more than 1000 copies a day at \$2.50 a copy. For your FREE copy of this best seller, mail the coupon below right now!

Send No Money! Mail Coupon!

YOURS FREE... "NIGHT AND THE CITY"

Powerful, revealing novel of love and hate!

The FICTION BOOK CLUB, 31 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

I want to take advantage of your special introductory offer to send me free the outstanding best-seller "Night and the City," and at the same time (and also FREE) make me a fully-privileged member of The Fiction Book Club. I understand that each month I will be offered a new and popular best-seller at only \$1.39 (plus a few cents postage). This means savings to me of \$1 and \$2 on each

book from the regular price of the publisher's edition. (The current selection is that \$2.75 sensational best-selling romantic novel "Duchess Hotspur.") However I can accept or reject monthly selections as I please. My only agreement is to purchase 6 of the entire year's offerings. Rush me my free copy of "Night and the City" and begin club service with current selection.

Membership is FREE in The FICTION BOOK CLUB
...and you get all these Money-Saving advantages too!

You will be sent immediately FREE your copy of the best-seller "Night and the City" when you mail the coupon. You'll also become a member of The Fiction Book Club with your choice of the club's monthly best-seller selections and you'll get these four big advantages, too:

1. You save \$1 to \$2 on every book! Fiction Book Club contracts for big special editions—prints from original plates and in return for mass distribution, authors accept lower royalties. These savings are passed right on to you. You save \$1 to \$2 on every book you get. And you get the best-seller, "Night and the City," FREE as an introductory gift!

2. You get outstanding new books! Selections are made only after a careful study of current books from all publishers. From these reports of top-quality novels at \$2.50 to \$3.50, our editors select the available books that are "the cream of the crop." No guess-work. No opinions. Fiction Book Club selections are always outstanding best-sellers... books by leading authors... brand-new, full-size, cloth-bound books you will be proud to own.

3. You pay no special dues or fees! No trick obligation clauses. You simply agree to accept any six of the twelve outstanding books offered in a year. You do not have to accept every book offered—just those you decide you want after you have read a detailed description well in advance.

4. You'll find plan so simple and easy! If you decide you don't want the book simply notify us not to send it. Otherwise simply do nothing, and it will be mailed to you. For each monthly selection YOU decide you want you pay just \$1.39 plus a few cents postage.

SO ACT NOW!

Get your FREE copy of "Night and the City"—this powerful novel of love and hate and all the conveniences and savings of free Fiction Book Club membership! But hurry—offer is limited! It's first come—first served. Mail coupon NOW to The Fiction Book Club, 31 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

NAME

Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Zone No. (if any)

(Slightly higher in Canada—Address 266 King St. West, Toronto)

HSU-247



CURRENT SELECTION!
the best-selling novel
everybody's talking about
"DUCHESS HOTSPUR"
by Rosamond Marshall
author of "Kitty"

Now Sweeping the Country! High on Best-Seller Lists! If you liked Scarlett O'Hara, Amber, and Kitty, you'll really love "Duchess Hotspur." Says the New York Times: "You'll find the Duchess a rousing companion for your next idle evening." And no wonder—for her pranks and passions were the scandal of England's most scandalous age!

MAIL COUPON NOW! HURRY... OFFER LIMITED!

*無
以
尚
之



VITA · FLUFF
"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"
by
Duon

There is NOTHING finer



SEE THE DIFFERENCE Maybelline MAKES!

Compare the two sides of this revealing picture. First, cover the right side . . . then cover only the left. What a thrilling difference! Soft, lovely Maybelline Eye Make-up can do the same for you. It's amazing to see how much larger and more expressive your eyes appear when lashes are darkened to their very tips with Maybelline Mascara—and brows are gracefully defined with the smooth, soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Insist on Maybelline—the Eye Make-up in good taste.



MAYBELLINE
SOLID MASCARA
in the new gold-colored
metal vanity, \$1. Re-
fills, 50c. Shades: Black,
Brown, Blue.



MAYBELLINE
CREAM MASCARA
(applied without water)
comes in handy leather-
ette case, \$1. Shades:
Black, Brown.



MAYBELLINE
EYE SHADOW
in subtle shades of Blue,
Brown, Blue-gray,
Green, Violet, Gray.



MAYBELLINE
EYEBROW PENCIL
with fine, smooth, soft
point — so easy to use
Black or Brown.